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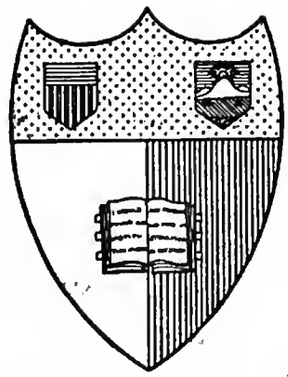

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LORDS AND COMMONERS

MEN & MANNER IN PARLIAMENT

By Sir HENRY LUCY

"These sketches have a singular interest to-day, dealing as they do with the great figures of Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Dilke, etc., during a momentous period in our Parliamentary history. . . . Here is history red-hot in the making, a book to read and a storehouse of political judgments."—*Sunday Times.*

T. FISHER UNWIN LTD LONDON

LORDS AND COMMONERS

BY

SIR HENRY LUCY

ILLUSTRATED BY ALMA TADEMA, ORCHARDSON, BRITON RIVIERE, BOUGHTON, FRANK DICKSEE, HERKOMER, ABBEY, PARSONS, OULESS, TENNIEL, PHIL MAY, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, E. T. REED & SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD

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PREFACE

THE articles forming this volume were originally published in some of the leading magazines. They may interest the passing generation familiar with the men and matters dealt with. Younger folk may gain information at first hand upon points of modern history. More assured is the belief that the collection of original drawings by eminent hands scattered about the pages will command pleased attention.

Lady Lucy's Fan (pages 56 and 64) was the result of a kindly thought of a well-known Royal Academician. He proposed to his colleagues that each should draw a pen-and-ink sketch on a blade of an ivory fan. The R.A.'s who welcomed the idea were Alma Tadema, Frank Dicksee, Walter Ouless, Luke Fildes, Boughton, Herkomer, Edwin Abbey, Briton Riviere, Orchardson and Alfred Parsons, not yet admitted within the charmed circle. Black-and-white artists who contributed their quota were Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Bernard Partridge, Tenniel and Edward Reed, all colleagues of mine on the *Punch* staff, and Sir Frank Lockwood.

Another picture by Alma Tadema not exhibited at Burlington House will be found on page 202. Lunching one day at Ashley Gardens, the great

painter turned over the menu and wrote on the back the figures thus arranged:

21
15
31

These cabalistic signs having been unintelligibly studied by the company present, Tadema turned the card round, connected the figures by pencil marks, and swiftly drew a woman's cap over the head thus formed. Behold! a living face with eyes, nose and mouth. This looks so easy that Canon Wilberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons, who was among the guests, asked permission to do the trick. "Why, certainly," said Tadema heartily. The Canon succeeded in placing the figures all right, but when it came to drawing the oval of the face and the features he was hopelessly baffled. Perhaps the reader, if he or she tries, may be more successful.

To present the other figure Tadema wrote at a certain angle the word "Cohen," placed a hat over it at another calculated angle, and there was an unmistakable Jewish physiognomy.

I have a heap of Frank Lockwood's drawings, some herein reproduced. Observe on the dinner invitation (page 112) the skill with which the locality of the feast is indicated—the man whose pocket-handkerchief shows the name Brooks, a club suspended in the air, and you know you are expected at Brooks' Club at the hour indicated on the face of the clock.

Phil May's exquisitely drawn sketch of Toby, M.P., astride a fleeing pig (page 232) arose out of a widely circulated newspaper report that the Dunmow

Flitch had been awarded to my wife and myself. What really happened was that, spending a week-end in the country with Sir John Aird, we one day drove to Dunmow. Sir John, who on the slightest provocation found opportunity for giving something to somebody, pulled up the car at a provision shop, bought a flitch of bacon and, baring his head with courtly bow, presented it to my wife. Hence the foundation of the fable which was hymned in verse by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Lord Aberconway. From a line in the latter's masterpiece Phil May drew his sketch.

"In the Kaiser's Uniform" (page 136) appeared in *Punch* with the following note: "Mr. Punch regrets to hear (from a thoroughly unreliable source) that some confusion has arisen at Kiel owing to the great physical resemblance between his representative on the *Tantallon Castle* and His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor. In fact, doubt is expressed as to which of the two opened the Kiel Canal."

The other sketches, several drawn at the luncheon or dinner table, explain themselves.

HENRY LUCY.

REFORM CLUB.

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LORDS AND COMMONERS

I

MY START IN LIFE

> Life! We've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
>
> MRS. BARBAULD.

I WAS born at Crosby, near Liverpool, in 1845. With shrewd prevision that has not invariably marked my progress through later years I took care to be born in the month of December, which practically makes me nearly a year younger than the almanac record. Crosby is not far off the hamlet where Mr. Gladstone, as he once told a Liverpool audience, "used as a small boy to look southward along the shore from my father's windows at Seaforth to the town." I went to school at Liverpool, and, later, for some dismal years, was more or less diligently employed in strengthening the basis of enterprising, but sound, commerce upon which Liverpool proudly stands.

The wisdom of my parents, and what seemed at the time the inscrutable purposes of Providence, originally embarked me in the hide and valonia business. My business address was c/o Robert Smith & Co., Red Cross Street, Liverpool. I will not mislead a trusting reader by allowing it to be

supposed that I was the Co. of the firm. To tell the truth, I was the office boy, engaged at a weekly wage of five shillings, which, after seven years' servitude—the period for which Jacob served for the guerdon of Rachel—rose by what seemed at the time slow degrees to the princely sum of twenty shillings. I was only twelve years old when I thus began to earn my own living. Having gained the head prize in a school of two hundred boys, most of them my seniors, it was prudently thought that for me schooling was finished. Happily, in accordance with inborn disposition, I have been at school ever since, and have in the interval learned much.

I have vivid recollections of an old tumble-down office and warehouse in Red Cross Street, long since swept away, where, fifty-three years ago, a very small boy took his seat on a very high stool, and began to address circulars in a very doubtful handwriting. The firm of Robert Smith & Co., housed elsewhere, still in its particular business holds a leading place amongst the merchants of Liverpool. By odd coincidence a near kinsman of mine is to-day the managing partner.

In my time we were not in a big way of business, and the staff was not embarrassingly large. There was the hide merchant, a tall, spare man who wore a blue coat, grey trousers, and a severe military aspect. There was an elderly, broken-down gentleman, who, having failed in his own business, came to help us in ours. There was a book-keeper and cashier, happily of literary tendencies. And there was Me. I dare say I would to this day have been deeply engaged in the hide and valonia business, but for the horses. Horses brought out

the criminal side of my nature as surely as pigeons indicated where, on moral grounds, Mr. Dombey's protégé, the Charitable Grinder, stumbled. Not that I betted upon horses. I had no money; but I was mad to ride them. My custom of an afternoon, when the hide merchant was out sampling, was to mount the leading horse in a team loading or unloading in the warehouse yard, and ride out into the street.

One afternoon I was thus engaged when my esteemed employer suddenly turned the corner of the narrow passage leading from Red Cross Street into the yard. The situation was exceedingly difficult. Our relations were already strained by his recent discovery of me suspended in mid air, with one foot in the hook of the chain that by an outside crane wound up bags of valonia to the topmost chamber of the warehouse. I often went upstairs that way. Looking back on the performance by the light of riper experience, I must admit that it in no way advanced, and was at best but distantly related to, my office work. The painfulness of this second situation was increased by the fact that there was not room in the passage for a man to stand with his back to the wall whilst a two-horsed lorry passed. I could see every hair on the short moustache of the hide merchant bristle and grow white with indignation as, having advanced half-way up the passage, he was compelled to face round and go back, whilst I rode forth in seeming triumph.

That incident nearly severed my connection with the hide and valonia industry. It should have taught me better; but it didn't. The hide merchant rode to and from the office daily on a

beautiful mare, which it was part of my somewhat miscellaneous offices to off-saddle and saddle. Our business increasing—thanks in some measure, I venture to think, to my aptitude and assiduity—we moved to more modern premises in King Street. The mare was stabled in a neighbouring street, and it was my duty to lead her thither, presumably by the bridle, and bring her back in the evening. This I did regularly. But never by the nearest route, and, to save time, having appreciably shortened the stirrups, I was seated in the saddle.

On Friday mornings, being market day, the hide merchant rode down to the office, read his letters, and rode back to Gill Street Market. Meanwhile, I was in charge of the mare, supposed to be walking her quietly up and down King Street. "Instead of which," as the Judge said in a famous address to a prisoner in the dock, I was riding full speed through the crowded streets. I knew how many letters awaited reading, calculated to a nicety the time they would occupy, and was back walking the mare up and down in meditative mood when the hide merchant came downstairs.

One morning I found this opportunity unusually prolonged. After waiting a quarter of an hour I began to think something had happened; and found that something *had*. The hide merchant having got through his letters with exceptional rapidity, came downstairs to take horse, and found that, like the Spanish fleet, it was not yet in sight. He bounced off to the market in a cab; when he returned he sent the warehouseman to take charge of the mare, and summoned me to his room.

"Henery," he said—feeling that he could not

have too much of a good thing, he always added a syllable to my Christian name—"do you want to leave this office?"

To tell the truth, I most earnestly did. I was sick of the smell of hides, of the dust of valonia, of the drudgery of addressing circulars, copying letters, and adding up columns of somebody else's money. But I'd nowhere else to go. Liverpool in those days was cynically indifferent to the fact of my existence. The ten shillings a week I at this time earned was a necessity.

So I answered: "No, sir."

"Then," said he, "don't do it again."

That was enough, especially as thereafter I was delivered from temptation, one of the porters being engaged to conduct the mare to and from the stable. So I stayed on, eating my heart out, but steadily keeping my eye on the goal of journalism, on which I had long been secretly bent. I taught myself shorthand, read incessantly, wrote the greater part of a three-volume novel, and occasionally dropped into poetry.

II

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

IN 1872 I entered the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as summary-writer for the morning edition of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the editorship of Frederick Greenwood. Thereafter, till, four years later, he walked out of the House for the last time, I saw Disraeli daily through successive sessions. Acquaintance was renewed when he went to the House of Lords, but not under equally interesting circumstances.

Between 1868 and the close of the session of 1873 Disraeli was leader of the Opposition, faced on the other side of the table by Gladstone, whose animated oratory he once genially touched upon, publicly thanking God that between him and the right hon. gentleman there interposed "a substantial piece of furniture." He was still handicapped by the distrust and personal dislike with which at the outset of his career he was regarded by blue-blooded Tories. They accepted his services because there was none other capable of rendering equal value; but they would gladly have got rid of him, setting up in his place one of their own caste and cult.

In 1873 he sorely tried the faith and patience of his followers. By a cabal among his own party

hostile to the Irish University Bill, Gladstone was placed in a small minority, and resigned the Premiership. To the angry resentment of disappointed place-hunters, Disraeli declined to undertake the conduct of the Government in the existing House of Commons. Pressure was put upon him to induce him to alter the determination. He stood firm, and in an eloquent passage, spoken in voice rarely broken, defended himself from attacks made from the rear and on his flank. "Sir," he said, unconsciously echoing a well-known passage in Peel's speech when driven from power by coalition between Protectionists, Radicals, and Irish members, "when the time arrives, and when the great Constitutional Party enters upon a career which must be noble, and which I hope and believe will be triumphant, they may perhaps remember, I trust not with unkindness, that I prevented one obstacle from being placed in their way; that I, as the trustee of their honour and interests, declined to form a weak and discredited administration."

His prescience was vindicated by the result of the General Election which took place in the following year, landing his party and himself at the head of affairs with a majority that for the first time in his political life endowed him with untrammelled power.

On one other occasion only have I seen temporarily fall the mask his countenance habitually wore, earning for him the cognomen of "The Sphinx." It happened at the funeral of his wife, who died at Hughenden in December 1872. Self-possession and immobility of visage had served his purpose at many crises of his marvellous career.

Both broke down as he stood by the grave of the woman who had devoted to his service the greater part of her life and the full measure of her worldly wealth. Had an artist desired to produce a representative face of Woe he might have sketched Disraeli's, and presented it without addition of fancy touch. Regardless of heavy rain, he walked bareheaded from the manor house to the church, and stood for full ten minutes in the sodden grass by the open vault, the December wind playing with his suspiciously dark hair.

Whilst the coffin was being lowered into the vault he never took his eyes off it, regarding it with steadfast, pitiful, almost hungry look, as if he grudged the grave its custody. When it reached the bottom of the vault he seemed to fall into a sort of trance. It was only after his faithful secretary, Monty Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, nudged him twice that he awoke with a start, and took in hand the wreath he was to drop on the coffin-lid. To one accustomed to his manner in public life this was a revelation of an unsuspected individuality.

Disraeli's advent to the Premiership after the General Election of 1874 transmogrified the House of Commons. The assembly dispersed by the dissolution was built over a seething volcano. Crises more or less serious were of weekly occurrence. At the incoming of Disraeli the scene changed as by magic. With instinctive dramatic art he assumed an attitude and manner in marked contrast with the feverish haste of his predecessor. Silent, impressive, almost sombre in mood, he remained on the Treasury Bench through a sitting, rarely interposing save in response to questions personally addressed to him.

In these days the scant measure of attendance Ministers spare for the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons would have shocked Disraeli. The modern custom is for the whole body, save the one concerned in the business immediately before the House, to disappear as soon as questions are over, retiring to snug private rooms, hurrying back only to vote at signal of the division bell. Disraeli not only sat through a debate, however comparatively unimportant, but expected his colleagues to keep him company. Shortly after the Speaker took the Chair he arrived, and dropped into his accustomed seat opposite the brass-bound box, where, with brief interval for dinner, he remained till the Lobby echoed the cry of the doorkeeper, "Who goes home?" Ever as he took his seat there was precisely the same minute disposition of his person and his apparel. Having draped the tails of his frock-coat over his crossed leg, he folded his arms, bent his head, and hour after hour sat immobile. If any thought he slept, they were mightily mistaken. His eyes, bright to the last, furtively surveyed the enemy's camp, always returning to the bench opposite if Gladstone happened to be in his place. He habitually dined in the House, wherein he again differed from the custom of modern Prime Ministers, notably Balfour and Asquith.

Unlike Gladstone, he rarely entered into conversation with colleagues seated near him, an exception being made in the case of Lord Barrington, Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. Occasionally, towards the close of dull sittings, when Barrington gaily chatted to him, the grim visage was literally distorted by a smile. Like Chamberlain, Disraeli wore a single eyeglass, differ-

ing in respect that, whilst the former favoured a rimless monocle, the latter had his glass slung on a long black cord. One night I observed him in a state of unusual perturbation. He had dropped his eyeglass, and no excursions in the neighbourhood of his waistcoat and shirt-front were successful in retrieving it. Barrington found it hanging down his back, and made his chief instantly happy by its restoration. Before he died, Disraeli elevated his old Treasury-Bench crony from the position of an Irish lord to a peerage of the United Kingdom. Peevish persons asked what he had done to merit this high reward. I remembered the successful search for the errant eyeglass.

Early promise of aptitude for the position of leader of the House of Commons was fulfilled throughout Disraeli's first session. At no period of his career did he rise to higher level as a Parliamentary speaker; whilst old members, recalling Palmerston in his prime, agreed that he was not excelled in the special quality of managing the House. Not in the zenith of his popularity, after the election of 1868, did Gladstone approach his ancient foeman in the matter of personal hold over the assembly. During the last two sessions he lost it with pitiful effect, as in the case of the Radical revolt that threw out the Irish University Bill. Disraeli's studiously slow rising from the Treasury Bench in the course of debate, and the deliberate opening of his speech, signalled instant filling up of the benches, and that steady settling down to an attitude of attention which is the highest compliment that may be paid to a speaker.

A marked difference between the bearing of Disraeli and his predecessor was shown during

the intervals of debate occasioned by divisions. Gladstone on going forth with the crowd to record his vote usually carried with him a sheet of notepaper and a blotting-pad, with intent to utilise the ten minutes or quarter of an hour occupied by the division in getting forward with his correspondence. Failing that, he strode through the Lobby with his nobly shaped head in the clouds, recognising no one, an unconscious habit that more than once, to my knowledge, had the effect of estranging valuable supporters.

When the division bell rang Disraeli also made off to the Lobby in the first flight of members. But his purpose was other than the prosaic one of writing letters. During the winter months there was set in the Lobby a fire before which he stood, apparently intent on nothing more important than comfortably warming himself. But his keen eye was bent on the passing throng of his supporters. Lord Rowton once told me that before leaving Downing Street to go down to the House the Premier possessed himself of the half-sheet of notepaper on which the faithful secretary had jotted down the names of one or two men with whom, for varied reasons, a few minutes' friendly conversation was desirable. As one passed Disraeli signalled him with friendly nod, and when it was time to move on to the wicket this harmless, apparently accidental, chat had unravelled a coil which, left unnoticed, might have critically hampered the machinery of the Government.

The course of public events never brought into nearer or more striking juxtaposition two men so absolutely opposed to each other as Gladstone and Disraeli. One intense, earnest, thorough;

the other indifferent, polite, superficial. When Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone would as readily have added a penny to the income-tax as make a joke. Disraeli, with equally light heart, did either as chance befell. It is not an insignificant thing that whilst one frequently heard pronounced the opinion that Gladstone had made a great speech, the adjective was never used in commentary on Disraeli. His speeches were spoken of as clever, as distinguished from being great. In a general way the adjective may be adopted as describing the leading characteristics of the two statesmen. One was great with the full force of lofty moral character and supreme intellect; the other was clever, great only in the sense that his cleverness was superlative.

Disraeli's success as a Parliamentary speaker was varied. At his best, presented in the shorter speeches, he was incomparable. As a phrase-maker who could, with a combination of two or three words, label—to some extent lame—an adversary for life, he had no equal. His passion, rarely indulged in, always seemed feigned, its effect being funny rather than tragic; but his polished shafts of sarcasm, his feathered darts of wit, his dainty gilded bullets of irony, flew about the House, and never missed their mark. This gift he retained to the last. Circumstances being increasingly prosperous, his manner became more benign.

Of all his conquests over former enemies, none was more unexpected and complete than that obtained over Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort shared in extreme degree the prejudice existing among British gentlemen of the mid-nineteenth century against one whom they regarded as a Jew

adventurer. The Queen, who devotedly shared all her husband's likes and dislikes, fought hard against Lord Derby's proposal to include Disraeli in his first administration. A quarter of a century later, Disraeli, in conversation with a friend, disclosed the secret of his ascendancy in royal favour. "When talking with the Queen," he said, "I observe a simple rule of conduct. I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget." The inevitable contrast with his great rival came in when he added, "Gladstone speaks to the Queen as if she were a public department. I treat her with the knowledge that she is a woman."

On August 12, 1876, the House of Commons was not a lively place to look upon. It was the last working day of a session prolonged and exhaustive. The Appropriation Bill stood for third reading, and Sir William Harcourt did not shirk the opportunity provided by the occasion to attack the Government on their foreign policy. Defending it, Disraeli finished up with some bristling words calculated to call forth a cheer from good Conservatives. "Our duty at this critical moment," he said, puffing out his cheeks and beating the air with his hands, "is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor will we ever agree to any step that may obtain for a moment comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire."

These were the last words spoken in the House of Commons by Benjamin Disraeli.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he resumed his seat. There remained only some formal business to be accomplished in preparation for the ceremony of prorogation. Amid the buzz of con-

versation, Disraeli rose and strolled towards the Bar. I wondered as I watched him. His custom, common to all Ministers, was to seek egress by the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now he slowly paced the length of the floor between the two political camps. Turning when he reached the Bar, he made low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood for a moment gazing round the House, and, turning again, walked out through the glass door. With the exception of one or two Cabinet colleagues, no one looking on knew that a momentous episode in the annals of the House of Commons was closed.

The morning newspapers betrayed the secret. Disraeli was no more. In his place only the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Next to the Home Letters addressed to his sister a year or two later, the episode of Disraeli's connection with the birth of the *Representative* newspaper throws the most vivid flash of light on a famous statesman in the making.

John Murray, founder of a dynasty in the literary world which to this day flourishes with undiminished authority, having placed the *Quarterly Review* in a position of permanent prosperity, began to hanker after possession of a daily paper all his own. Whilst brooding over the project with increasing desire, chance brought young Disraeli in close communication with him. Son of Isaac Disraeli, author of *The Curiosities of Literature* and other works published from the house in Albemarle Street, Benjamin was a welcome acquaintance. Eloquent, persuasive, original, the young man, who had just attained his twentieth year, speedily gained an ascendancy over the elderly experienced shrewd man of the world who by his

own unaided effort had successfully launched a great Quarterly. Murray discovered in him the very helpmate he was in search of. Disraeli jumped at his advances. He dreamt a dream of being the mainspring of a Conservative daily paper that would dislodge *The Times* from its hitherto impregnable pre-eminence.

Nothing if not businesslike, he suggested to Murray a co-partnership in the property. He had a City acquaintance with a financing firm for which he had anonymously written several pamphlets designed to buck up the market in its dealing with the South American Colonies just emancipated from the iron rule of Spain. His information on the subject was doubtless chiefly based on imagination. But these pamphlets would be interesting reading at this day when Chili and Argentina figure largely in business done on the London Stock Exchange. He proffered to his City friend a share in the new El Dorado to be born in Albemarle Street. Mr. Powles, the City friend alluded to, found his high spirits and certainty of success as irresistible as did the staid and cautious publisher.

Dated London, August 3, 1825, the following memorandum, commendably brief but absolutely binding, was drawn up: "The undersigned parties agree to establish a morning paper, the property in which is to be in the following proportions, viz. Mr. Murray one-half, Mr. Powles one-quarter, and," with characteristic modesty coming last, "Mr. Disraeli one-quarter." In deference to comparative age and established position, the condition was added, "The paper to be published by and be under the management of Mr. Murray." The signatures of the high contracting parties follow.

Foundation of certain fortune and assured personal pre-eminence thus firmly laid, Disraeli devoted himself to the less attractive but necessary task of completing the business arrangements. The first thing to do was obviously to find an editor capable of competing with the experienced gentleman who filled that position in *The Times* office. John Murray's long acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott turned his gaze across the Tweed. Infatuated as he was, hypnotised, as the mood would be named in these days, he never seems to have thought of making his co-proprietor Disraeli editor. If he did, he never mentioned it, and there is no record of his young friend putting himself forward for the post. Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart, was his ideal. Disraeli's indispensability, and the confidence cherished of the certainty of his bringing to a happy conclusion any work undertaken by him, prevailed also in this matter. He was selected as the emissary to proceed to Scotland and induce Lockhart to accept the glittering proposal of the editorship.

Disraeli's letters to his co-partner recording the progress of his mission form delightful reading. Cautious beyond his years (which, as mentioned, had just emerged from the teens), constitutionally diplomatic, he foresaw a risk that might seriously impair the fortunes of the new paper. It was necessary above all things that secrecy should be observed in these preliminary proceedings. If *The Times* got wind of its impending downfall, it might, being undoubtedly a potent influence, take steps to avert it. A letter might go astray in the post, or might accidentally come under the notice of an unscrupulous outsider.

Disraeli's quick mind recognised a method of forestalling that calamity. Visiting Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, their names would inevitably prominently appear in the correspondence. The astute envoy would not spell them. Before starting on his journey northward he instructed Mr. Murray that when in his letters he found a reference to "the Chevalier" he would recognise Sir Walter Scott. When he came on the capital letter "M." he would know that it referred to Lockhart, who lived in the neighbourhood of Melrose. Other names of personages likely to be alluded to were by a similar device "wropt in myst'ry," as was the birth of Jeames.

At the outset Disraeli met with a check that would have disconcerted older men. Writing to Lockhart, he announced himself as bearer of a message from John Murray, and requested an interview. Lockhart was under the impression that his correspondent was the Elder Disraeli.

"M.," Benjamin wrote to Murray from Chiefswood, Lockhart's residence, where he had already established himself, "conceived it was my father who was coming. In addition, therefore, to his natural reserve, there was of course an evident disappointment at seeing me."

Everything looked as black as possible. But Disraeli was an illuminating power no atmospherical obscurity could long withstand. "Suffice it to say," he adds, "that in a few hours we completely understood each other and were upon the most intimate terms."

These gained added warmth from Lockhart's beardless visitor's magnificent proposal. "As regards his interest," Dizzy reported, "I mentioned

that he should be guaranteed for three years one thousand pounds per annum, and should take an eighth share of every paper we established without risk of his income ceasing from his so doing."

Here for the first time is the hint of a project which possibly had only at the moment of writing struck the teeming brain of the emissary. Certainly there is no evidence that it was recurred to. It was nothing more than the idea that the *Representative*, established in London, should become the progenitor and director of other papers established throughout the provinces at populous centres. Here again, as frequently happened, Disraeli the Younger was decades of years ahead of his time. A familiar fact in our time is the establishment of a congeries of newspapers under a single proprietorship guiding and instructing mankind from various provincial capitals with headquarters in the neighbourhood of the Embankment.

Lockhart, supported by the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, fought shy of the enticing proposal. As Scott put it in a letter to Murray, "I cannot conceive it advisable that he should leave Scotland on the speculation of becoming editor of a newspaper." Lockhart, however, yielded to the tempter to the extent of promising to go to London and have a talk with Mr. Murray, an intercourse which eventually resulted in his becoming editor of the *Quarterly Review*. In anticipation of this visit Disraeli gives his senior partner sage advice. "When M. comes to town," he wrote, "it will be most important that it should be distinctly proved to him that he will be supported by the great interests I have mentioned; that he is coming to London not to be editor of a newspaper, but the

director-general of an immense organ and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen and important interests."

A part of the bait dangled before the undazzled eyes of the Scotchman was a seat in Parliament. "If this point could be arranged," Disraeli wrote, "I have no doubt I shall be able to organise in the interests in which I am now engaged a most *immense party* and a *most serviceable* one. Be so kind as not to leave the vicinity of London in case M. and myself come up *suddenly*. But I pray you, if you have any real desire to establish a mighty engine, to exert yourself at this present moment and assist me to your very utmost." The italics are Dizzy's own. "The Abbotsford and Chiefswood families have placed me on such a friendly and familiar footing that it is utterly impossible for me to leave them while there exists any chance of M.'s going to London." This is delightful. What would be interesting is to know what the Chevalier and M. thought of their modest young guest.

As the day for issue of the new paper approached, Dizzy buzzed around with increased energy. His influence was predominant in choice of a name. The *Daily Review* and the *Morning News* were discussed. In later years they were added to the catalogue of British newspapers. Disraeli suggested *The Representative*, which was forthwith adopted. It somewhat tardily occurred to him that a competitor of *The Times* must have a Parliamentary Corps. He accordingly engaged an individual. Writing to Murray on November 23, 1825, he informed him that he had engaged Mr. W. H. Watts as Parliamentary reporter and

general adviser at a salary of £350 per annum. In the following months he trebled the staff, picking up an old *Times* reporter out of a berth, and one who later made some mark in journalism and literature as Sydney Carter Hall.

Everything thus prepared for the momentous start, to quote a phrase William Black affected in novels now unread, "Lo! a strange thing happened." Disraeli suddenly and finally disappeared from the scene. Up to this turn in the history of the undertaking, Murray had been the purse-bearer, Disraeli in lordly lavish fashion the purse-emptier. Large sums were spent upon printing machines, type, and the purchase of printing offices. No editor had yet been appointed. Beginning at the tail end of the business, reporters, home and foreign correspondents, printers and sub-editors were engaged.

Disraeli personally selected the representative of the new paper on the Continent of Europe. It was no one less (or more) than the proprietor of a Coblentz hotel at whose house he had twice stayed. "Intelligence as to the company at Wiesbaden and Ems," he wrote in his letter of instructions, "and of the persons of eminence, particularly English, who pass through Coblentz, of the travellers down the Rhine, and such topics, are very interesting to us. Once a month would be sufficient for your communications, or write whenever you have anything you think interesting."

It occurred to Murray that this was the appropriate time to call upon his co-partners to hand over in cash their share of the preliminary expenses, in proportion set forth in the solemn agreement signed and sealed on August 3, 1825. What

III

MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGNS

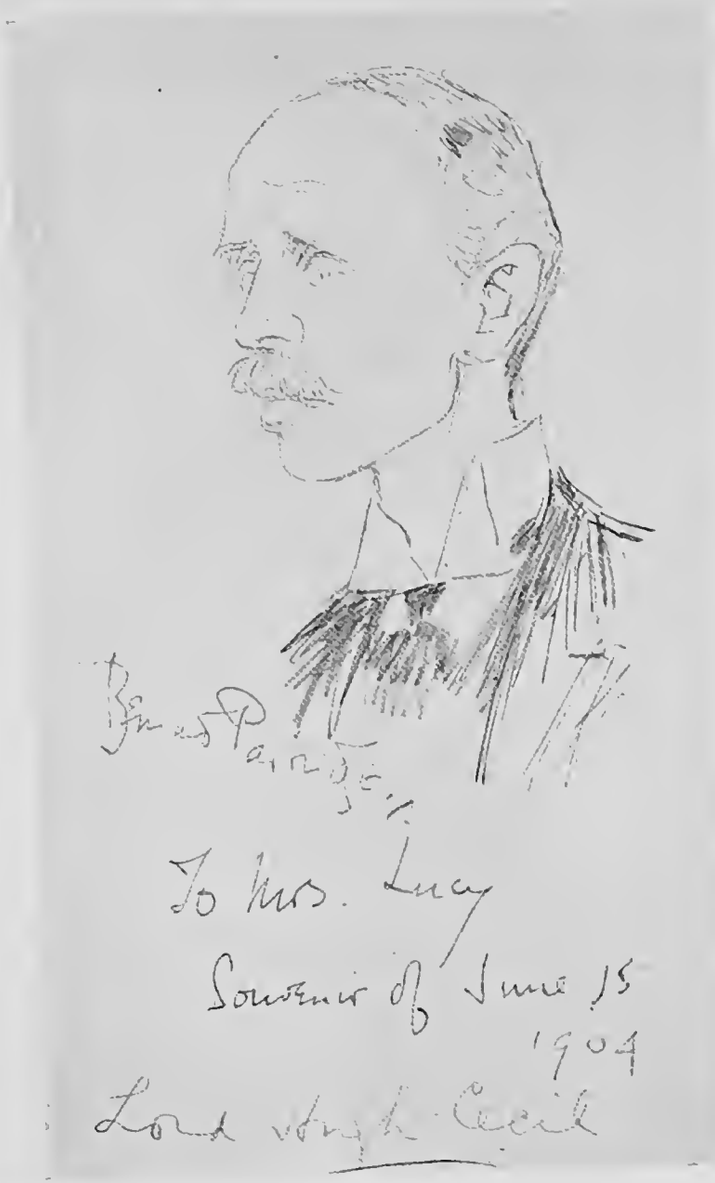
IN the full record of a memorable life the first Midlothian Campaign blazes as the most marvellous episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone. It was a stupendous, on the face of it a hopeless, undertaking embarked upon at an age when most men abandon themselves to leisure and rest. It was in November 1879 that the veteran set forth to carry the fiery cross into Scotland. Nearly five years earlier, he had written to his old friend Lord Granville a pitiful cry for rest. "At the age of sixty-five," he said, "after forty-two years of laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity." It was offered by his rout at the poll at the General Election of 1874.

For a year or two he obeyed the self-imposed injunction. His appearance in the House of Commons was fitful. With unconscious dramatic art it was marked by his invariably, contrary to lifelong habit, bringing with him his hat and umbrella. As the Israelites of old girded up their loins in readiness for the Passover, so he, having casually intruded on Parliamentary affairs, was ready to make instant withdrawal. The mood lasted little more than a year. At midsummer 1876 news was flashed abroad of Turkish out-

Disraeli and his friend in the City said or wrote in response to the embarrassing invitation based upon this sordid view of circumstances is not recorded. As a matter of fact they did not pay up, for the sufficient reason that neither had the wherewithal to pay.

Thus left in the lurch, John Murray bent his sturdy shoulders to bear the full burden cast upon him. Since it was too late to go back, he must needs go forward. This he did unflinching from ever-increasing cost. On January 25, 1826, there appeared the first number of the *Representative*, price sevenpence, of which the stamp tax absorbed fourpence. Its brief history is graphically told by one of his Parliamentary reporters. "The day preceding the issue of the first number," Sydney Carter Hall wrote years later in a retrospect of his own career, "Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was sole proprietor. The day after the issue the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. Editor there was literally none, from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied complete evidence of the utter ignorance of editorial tact on the part of the person entrusted with the duty. In short, the work was badly done. If not a snare, it was a delusion, and the reputation of the new journal fell below zero in twenty-four hours."

In the course of a long and busy life, this was the first and the last appearance of Disraeli in the capacity of joint founder and part proprietor of a daily newspaper.



LORD HUGH CECIL.

PEACE AND WAR.

rages upon defenceless men, women and children that came to be known in history as the Bulgarian Atrocities. These stirred the profoundest depths of Gladstone's passion. He emerged from his scholarly retirement at Hawarden, resumed close attendance upon sittings of the House of Commons, and seized every opportunity of thundering resolutions and speeches, denunciatory of the barbarous Turk, clamorous for the uprising of England with demand that the orgies should be stayed.

The new condition of affairs revived and intensified the ancient personal conflict between Gladstone and Disraeli. As one was the champion of the deliverance of Bulgaria, the other was the palliator of the Porte. "Coffee-house babble," Disraeli in a memorable phrase described the narratives of eye-witnesses of the Bulgarian Atrocities. "My purpose," Gladstone said at Oxford, speaking on the eve of the Session of 1878, "is day and night, week by week, month by month, to counterwork what I believe to be the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield." He saw his opening when, in view of the near approach of the Dissolution, he was invited to contest Midlothian. The county, which clustered round Edinburgh, was represented by the son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch. Regarded from near or far, it seemed to be an impregnable fortress of Conservatism. If Midlothian could be stormed, anything else in the line of the coming fight might surely be carried.

With the weight of threescore years and ten on his back, Gladstone undertook the task with breezy courage and contagious confidence. His journey northward was a triumphal procession. Leaving Liverpool at eight o'clock on a bleak

November morning, he found the country up, literally with arms outstretched, bidding him God-speed on his errand. Every station through which his train passed, albeit at speed, was thronged; whilst the town contributed its thousands, villages and hamlets near and far sent in their scores and hundreds. At Carlisle the train halted whilst addresses were delivered. Gladstone, standing at the open door of the carriage, made reply that next day rang through the country. At Hawick the scene was repeated. At Galashiels, a famous cloth manufactory, the people brought him of their best. In later years, when once more the cloud of defeat and depression settled over him, the old man's eyes brightened and his step grew elate when he put on what he called his Galashiels suit.

It was my good fortune to accompany Gladstone in close attendance on this, his first campaign, and all the others, save one, which followed in development and completion of the picturesque story. I remember his bright face, his upright figure, his eager stride, as he stepped out of the railway carriage on its arrival in Edinburgh and greeted his host, the Earl of Rosebery. He had suffered nine hours' railway travelling, an experience sufficient to temporarily curb the energy of the average septuagenarian. In this particular case it had been accomplished through a series of scenes of tumultuous excitement, including the delivery of at least three speeches.

What happened in the way of popular enthusiasm on the road to Edinburgh was tame compared with the welcome that there awaited the champion of oppressed nationalities. There are few thoroughfares in the capitals of the world which offer such

striking framework for a popular demonstration as does High Street, Edinburgh. Gladstone, seated bareheaded in an open carriage, slowly made his way through the dense lane of humanity. He was bound for Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's hospitable home some seven miles outside the city. The carriage was perforce drawn at walking pace through High Street on to the highway leading to the Forth Bridge, then nearing its completion. A body-guard bearing aloft lighted torches fell in, leading the way till the city was cleared. At a signal, it broke in twain, detachments halting at either side of the road. The horses were whipped up, leaving behind the main body of the cheering crowd. But there are some who live to tell how they ran all the way to Dalmeny side by side with the carriage that bore their hero and his fortunes.

Gladstone lost no time in getting to work. The campaign extended over a full fortnight, and, save Sundays, he addressed a vast public meeting, sometimes two, not seldom three, in a single day. On the afternoon following his arrival he opened fire in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, cannonading Disraeli and his Government with weighty fusillade. He was launched again on the stormy sea of political controversy by the Government's apathy in presence of the Bulgarian Atrocities. He did not omit reference to this topic. But he passed in review the whole policy and works of the Disraelian Administration, and behold! they were very bad. Bad in Afghanistan, in Zululand, and in the recently accomplished annexation of the Transvaal, behind which lurked possibilities England in later years learned to rue.

I was present at all the meetings, the journeyings

to and fro, heard all the speeches, and was nearly deafened by the acclamation they evoked. I may here mention a personal incident illustrating the view of Gladstone's position and possibilities taken at this time by men of wide information on public affairs and shrewd judgment. As the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* it was my business to visit any scene or locality where a matter of public interest was to the fore. For example, a conflict between capital and labour arising in South Wales, I investigated on the spot the bearings of the case, and nightly recorded my impressions by telegraph. The letters in the *Daily News* centred public attention on the conflict, with the result that a national subscription was opened, providing means whereby to the end of the struggle the wives and children of the unemployed were daily fed.

When announcement of Gladstone's forthcoming campaign was made I wrote to Robinson, the energetic manager of the *Daily News*, proposing to see it through. He wrote: "Not worth while; Gladstone is played out. The public don't care what he says or does." A week later, newspaper columns being filled with accounts of the triumphal journey to the North, I received from my respected employer the following curt telegram: "Go to Scotland at once." Which I cheerfully did.

The most memorable gathering of the campaign by reason of its enormity was held in the Waverley Market at Edinburgh, a mighty structure that provided seating and standing accommodation for twenty thousand people. The day was Saturday, and the accustomed half-holiday gave the working classes opportunity

of seeing and hearing the man they delighted to honour. Two hours before the time fixed for Gladstone's appearance the hall was closely packed. Outside reigned the November weather peculiarly bleak in Edinburgh. Under the market roof, in spite of open windows and doors, the atmosphere was almost tropical. It was a common thing to see fainting women passed over the heads of the crowd on their way to fresher air.

Was it possible that human voice could dominate this vast area? Could winged words fly to the outside ring of the multitude? Doubt was set at rest after Gladstone had been on his legs five minutes. Amongst his many natural gifts, not least valuable was a voice whose musical sonorosity defied the limits of space. In the House of Commons, a Chamber whose acoustical properties are unrivalled, it need not be raised above conversational pitch in order to be heard. In the Waverley Market he spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. The intense silence of the multitude, broken now and then by rapturous cheers, testified to his command over their attention.

Another great day in this inaugural campaign was spent at Glasgow. It was accidentally illustrative of the range and variety of Gladstone's acquirements that, whilst he visited Scotland primarily on a political errand, engaged upon a desperate struggle to wrest power from the hands of a long dominant Minister, he found opportunity for deliverance of his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Thus were the scholar and statesman united in one man. To hear him discourse on the functions of Universities,

their work and their influence, one would suppose he had never heard the name of Disraeli or taken part in the turmoil of political agitation.

Like other Scottish Universities, Glasgow is riven by political partisanship. During contests for the Lord Rectorship, from under blue caps and red caps eyes flamed with bitter animosity. When Gladstone sat down after speaking for an hour and twenty minutes, red caps and blue were madly waved in unison of adulation. At noon the address was delivered. There followed luncheon in University Hall, with the inevitable speech. Getting away at four o'clock, on the stroke of six he was on the platform at St. Andrew's Hall addressing an audience of six thousand people. "An overpowering day," he modestly notes in his private diary.

On March 8, 1880, the trumpet of Dissolution sounded in both Houses of Parliament. Eight days later, Gladstone left London bound for his second Midlothian Campaign. His journey northward was attended by even increased demonstrations of enthusiasm. He began making speeches at King's Cross station, London, and continued them all along the line, whenever it was possible to make halt at a centre of population. He laid down the foundations of supremacy in his first campaign. The second completed the triumph. When the poll was closed it was made known that he had beaten Buccleuch on his own heather, polling 1,579 against 1,368 recorded by the faithful for Lord Dalkeith. So doubtful had the contest appeared, even in spite of the outbreak of popular enthusiasm, that, as a matter of precaution, Gladstone had been concurrently run as a candidate for

Leeds, where he came out at the head of the poll. Naturally he elected to sit for Midlothian.

The third campaign opened in 1886 on the Dissolution of the memorable Parliament made possible by the result of the first. Again it was November when the veteran, with the weight of five more years added to his wallet, set forth on fresh adventure. To all appearances he was as blithe and hardy as ever. Speaking at West Calder in the open air, a snowstorm burst. Friends near him besought him to put on his hat or accept the shelter of an umbrella. He vigorously shook his head in scorn of such trifling with weighty matters. I happened to stand just behind him, and remember how, thankful personally for a cap and closely buttoned overcoat, I watched the snow fall on his bald head, insistent upon forming a coronet for him, the intention being from time to time frustrated by an impatient brush of his pocket-handkerchief.

The incident was, if we had only known it, emblematic of what happened when in later years Queen Victoria twice offered him the coronet of an Earl. Gladstone brushed the offer aside as he had swept the snow off his head in the storm at West Calder. Since he last took part in an election contest in Midlothian, the franchise had been extended, a circumstance that worked well for a popular candidate. He was returned by a majority of more than two to one over his Conservative opponent.

There was yet another Midlothian Campaign, when Linden saw another sight. Encouraged by his fresh success at the polls, noting the exceptionally large contingent of Irish Nationalist Members returned, he nailed Home Rule to the mast of the

Liberal Party. The result was its absolute disruption, the sending of a dispirited remnant on a journey through the wilderness that, with brief interval, lasted for twenty years.

Nothing daunted by crushing defeat on appeal to the country in 1886, Gladstone set himself courageously patiently to rebuild the riven fabric. In 1892, Lord Salisbury dissolved the Parliament in which his power had been chiefly buttressed by the Liberal Unionists. There was one more, the last Midlothian Campaign. But alack! how wide the difference, how chilled the atmosphere compared with the glowing heat of earlier days. No London crowd fought for coigns of vantage at the railway station, whence they might give a parting cheer to the veteran knight setting forth on his new tourney. The stations through which the train hurried him had room and to spare for their ordinary business traffic. At Edinburgh a crowd awaited his arrival, and there was some cheering in the streets. It was a matter of ill omen that, owing to the illness of Lady Rosebery, whose gracious presence had cheered earlier campaigns, the hospitable doors of Dalmeny were closed to visitors. Another incidental, accidental depression arose from the fact that, just before leaving for the North, driving through the streets of Chester to address a public meeting, a woman, whether by way of expressing difference of opinion on the Home Rule question or in exultant admiration of its new champion was not at the time made clear, cast at him a gingerbread nut which caught in the eye, inflicting serious injury.

Nothing daunted the old man. He addressed a dozen public meetings with unflagging energy.

Only occasional outbursts of irritability testified to the strain under which he laboured. At one of the suburban meetings in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh an argumentative brewer, rising from time to time from a bench immediately before the platform, persistently heckled him. At first Gladstone replied with his customary courtesy and casuistry. At length his patience was exhausted. I can see his face now as he leaned forward with gleaming eyes that would have scorched up any human being less tender than a Scottish brewer. Tapping his forehead, he said, "I am responsible for the working of such brain as is here, but I am not responsible for what God Almighty has placed in *that* occiput." And here his right hand with outstretched finger pointed straight at his tormentor's forehead.

Among the added labours of this last struggle, Gladstone took upon himself the task of making long drives in an open carriage, showing himself to the population whose hearts he desired to win for his latest-born, most dearly cherished faith. One Saturday afternoon he returned to Dalmeny after a three hours' drive made more wearisome by reason of constant clouds of dust. There was but a small house party, of the three being John Morley and James Bryce, later a peer and His Majesty's Ambassador at Washington. Assembled before dinner, awaiting the coming of Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, ever careful of his illustrious guest, said, "Now, whatever we talk about at dinner, let us avoid politics. Mr. G. is worn out after a tiresome day, and needs rest."

The injunction was strictly obeyed. No one touched on the burning topic of the moment, the

General Election surging through the country with its hourly return of momentous issues. Through the first quarter of an hour Gladstone took his turn in the casual conversation floated. Rapidly rested, quickly refreshed, conscious that a day's toil was over, he turned to the latest record of the fight, plunged into the turns of the wavering contest, and for the rest of the sitting discussed them with unbounded vivacity.

A day or two later, the house party were gathered in the library at Dalmeny when the telegraph flashed the final report of the polling which determined the majority. Marjoribanks, later Lord Tweedmouth, hurried in with it.

"Our House of Commons majority will be forty," he said.

"Too small, too small," said Gladstone in low, deep voice, shaking his head with premonition of what such futile victory meant. In his habitually sanguine mood, he entered on the contest with expectation of a majority of 100. The great change wrought in seven years by his own hand flamed forth in the fact that his magnificent majority in Midlothian had sunk from the height of 4,000 to the plain of 700.

Whilst Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule estranged the affection of the Scottish people, it did not wholly shatter it. During this last campaign, an old lady, housekeeper at a lodge in Haddingtonshire, told me in musically spoken Doric a little story which, better than pages of narrative or analysis, illustrates the hold he had on the common people.

"An auld man, Geordie Paul," she said, "lived all alane in a wee cot up there," pointing to a hill

close by. "He used to sit at his door reading the paper spread on his knee, and mony's the time, when he thoucht naebody was looking, I've seen him greetin', and the tears drapt doon on the paper, and he often muttered to himsel', 'To think they'd use Gledstane sae ill and he sic a man!' The nicht afore Geordie deed, I gaed in to see what I could dae for him. There he was, sitting in the corner of his bed sae weak he could na get more than ane arm o' his jacket, but he had the paper propped up against the ither (upside doon), and the last words he said to me were, 'There's ae thing, Liz; if I could only see that Irish question settled!'"

The dying man knew little about the Irish question, the intricacies of which have baffled more fully cultivated minds. But he knew that "Mester Gledstane" had made the question his own, devoting the closing days of his life to its settlement. That was enough for the Scottish cotter, with his dimmed eyes turned upon his newspaper searching in its blurred columns if peradventure, before they finally closed, they might alight upon some indication of the accomplishment of his hero's heart's desire.

IV

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY

THERE is a distinctive, unbridgeable difference between the style, matter and manner of successful Parliamentary oratory and commanding platform eloquence. What is suitable for the House of Commons would fall flat on an audience gathered in thousands before a platform in the provinces. The late Duke of Devonshire provides an example of this truth. His speeches were recognised as among the weightiest delivered in Parliament on the current topic of the day. His rising filled the House, which patiently followed what to the ear sounded like a succession of laboured sentences. When fully and faithfully reported in the morning papers, it was perceived that they were instinct with profound statesmanship, enlightened by keen insight into the bearings of the question regarded from a passionless point of view. But their form, even more effectively their delivery, would have chilled the marrow of a popular assembly. With exceedingly few exceptions, no statesman through the thirty years following the rout of the Liberals at the polls in 1874 had more influence upon the trend of public affairs than had Lord Hartington, to quote a name more familiar than the ducal style under which in later life he came to be disguised. But he was

listened to rather in the council chamber than on the public platform, whether set up in the House of Commons or in the country. From first to last public speaking bored him. He occasionally undertook it as he made other sacrifices, simply at the call of public duty.

A familiar story illustrates his oratorical manner and suggests its effect upon his audience. His companion at dinner following on debate in the House of Commons mentioned a rumour that at a certain stage of speech delivered in his capacity of Leader of the Opposition, the Duke had paused to indulge in a prodigious yawn.

"Of course that was not possible?" queried his companion.

"Ah! my dear lady," rejoined Lord Hartington, suppressing another yawn at mere recollection of the experience, "you don't know how dull it was."

Mea culpa. As I have confessed elsewhere, I invented and circulated this little fable. It chanced to be so consonant with probability as to have met with persistent circulation that invested it with the character of fact. Within a year of the Duke's death, the Duchess told me that, having heard the story so often, he came to accept it as a matter of fact, and died in the belief that he had actually made the remark attributed to him.

Lord Hartington's career marks a success in public life as rare as it was honourable. As a rule, fluency of speech is a more persuasive passport to popular esteem than is stability of character hampered by unreadiness of speech. In political life, the gift of glib speech bestowed, there is not absolutely required the greater qualities of the statesman. Like the ancient Athenians, impa-

tiently desirous to be amused or interested, the British public prefers the man who talks to the man who thinks.

Orators living within the last half-century who, in supreme degree, were equally effective on the Parliamentary stage and the public platform, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. There are indeed only three who fulfil the exacting conditions. It is true that Disraeli was a great draw with country audiences. But he had not the power to electrify them as did John Bright, Gladstone and Chamberlain. He was at his best amid the inspiring familiarity of the adjuncts of the House of Commons. Even there his power was limited to a certain measure of brevity. He was at his worst when he attempted to spread his concentrated brilliance over a speech of two hours' duration. In this matter Gladstone did him more harm than in open attacks across the floor of the House. Disraeli never liked to be beaten by any man, least of all by Gladstone. For the latter it was a matter of comparative ease to speak for two hours or even three, maintaining throughout the highest level of eloquence. Dizzy regarded this natural, occasionally deplorable, gift with envy. On an historic occasion this found issue in the famous charge that his ancient enemy was "drunk with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Disraeli had not the staying power that would well carry him over an hour. With his keen instinct of the right thing to do, he habitually resisted temptation to attenuate his speech. He was at his best in a twenty minutes' spurt. Sometimes best of all in a stinging sentence interpolated in another man's speech or flung across the table of the House

of Commons in response to a question intended to be embarrassing.

Gladstone in his prime was equally at home in either sphere of oratorical display. By reason of the vaster audience gathered round the platform, and the contagious enthusiasm displayed, he was more effective in the country even than in the House of Commons.

Brought up in the school of Canning and Peel, he lived through a fundamental change in the style of Parliamentary oratory, a change finally established in the Parliament that placed Campbell-Bannerman in power at the head of an overwhelming majority. When he entered the House, almost contemporaneously with Disraeli, debate was conducted upon much statelier lines than those familiar to-day. The number of habitual participants in debate was restricted. The vast majority of Members were accustomed to, and satisfied with, the opportunity of hearing their betters talk. There were no special wires in those days, and no temptation to a provincial Member to use the House of Commons as if it were the mouth of a telephone, at the other end being an exacting constituency, ever inquiring from their Member, "Are you there?" The consequence was that when a prominent Member on either side intended to take part in the debate he made prodigious preparation and seldom spoke for less than an hour.

Then there was the classical quotation. No Parliamentary speaker of the first rank, even at a period so recent as the days of Lowe, would have been satisfied with his speech unless it embalmed a classical quotation. The student of Gladstone's

orations up to the introduction of the First Home Rule Bill will not find one without a more or less apt quotation from Greek or Latin poets. "How all the world would stare," John Gilpin exclaimed at a critical epoch in his history, "if wife should dine at Islington And I should dine at Ware." How all the House would stare if to-day a Member on his legs discussing a Bill or resolution were to drag in a line from Virgil or Horace.

The disappearance of the classical quotation is the result of, and is concomitant with, a simpler, more businesslike manner of debate adapted to the times. Second-reading debates, upon which the orator of old used to expand himself, more and more take the form and the brevity of conversation in Committee. This, while conducive to the progress of business, is obviously fatal to the exuberance of oratory.

Apart from the influence of official position, public opinion if expressed would probably give Lord Rosebery pre-eminence among the orators of to-day. He shares to the full his [illegible]f's capacity of being equally effective in [illegible]ment and on the public platform. In the former his range was fatally limited. The regret, occasionally expressed in the privacy of conversation, that has overshadowed his life is the fact that he never enjoyed the opportunity of membership of the House of Commons. Succeeding early to the peerage, his Parliamentary achievements have perforce been confined to the arctic regions of the House of Lords. That Chamber is literally the sepulchre of speech. There are not more than half a dozen Peers who can successfully combat its grievous lack of acoustical properties.

Of these happily is Lord Rosebery, who, without apparent effort, fills the place with the music of a sonorous voice. Beyond this structural failing, the habitual manner of the audience chills to the marrow a peer on his legs. In the Commons the poorest joke is certain to receive the overpaid meed of laughter. As The Tenth never danced, so the Lords never laugh—or hardly ever. Occasionally when Lord Rosebery is on his legs, brimming over with polished wit or rich humour, something like a titter rises from the benches. But the homeric bursts of laughter that frequently shake the Commons are unknown in the gilded Chamber at the other end of the corridor.

Lord Rosebery rides triumphant over these difficulties. Since the removal from the scene of the massive figure of Lord Salisbury, he remains pre-eminent. A rumour that he intends to take part in current debate fills the Chamber. As he sits at the cross bench, his head hung back over the rail, supported by his clasped hands, all eyes are bent upon him, waiting for his movement towards the table. Occasionally, whether from malice or otherwise, he, after listening for an hour or so, walks out and is seen no more. On the public platform, warmed and encouraged by the sympathy of a popular audience, he is at his best, playing upon its feelings as the skilled harpist commands melody from the strings. No one who heard his speech delivered in the vast banqueting hall at the White City, welcoming to the Motherland the delegates of the Colonial Press, will forget the majesty of its march, the music of its eloquence, or the lofty pitch of its imperial cadence.

There are points of similarity between Asquith

and Balfour. Passionless, not given to bursts of broad humour, severely intellectual, both the sometime Leader of the House of Commons and the Leader of the Opposition are alike at home in the House of Commons. Of the two, Balfour is more disposed with happy effect to let himself go when faced by a crowded enthusiastic audience. Whilst Asquith is disposed to crush the enemy by well-delivered strokes of the sledge-hammer, Balfour prefers to pink him in the ribs with brilliant passes of the rapier. Neither approaches John Bright, Gladstone, or in degree Lord Rosebery in the power of profoundly stirring the heart and soul of a great multitude.

The similarity between the two statesmen is carried further by the circumstances of their early appearance on the stage which in later years they were destined to command. Asquith, thanks to his practice at the Bar, attracted notice by his earliest speech. Amongst those so drawn was Gladstone, who provided him with the opportunity of his life by naming him to move the amendment to the Address which turned out Lord Salisbury's Government. It was admitted that the speech was able, in parts even brilliant. But complaint was made that it had too obviously been prepared in the study and learned off for recitation.

"Wait till Asquith has to face the rough and tumble play of debate," said the wiseacres, "and you will find things different."

In the years that have sped since that speech was made from a humble place above the gang-way to the left of the Speaker, Asquith lived in the rough and tumble alluded to and deservedly came out Premier.

Balfour's debut was even less promising. There are few Members of the present House who remember the tall figure with its long stride, its languid air, and a youthful countenance over which constantly brooded a look of boredom. Attracted by the vitality of Randolph Churchill and his three companions, Balfour joined the Fourth Party. He was of it but scarcely in it, his attendance being fitful and his speech rare. He made little impression upon the House, and shrank from its unsympathetic regard. I find in my diary, under date August 20, 1880, the following thumbnail sketch: "The Member for Hertford is one of the most interesting young men in the House. He is not a good speaker, but he is endowed with the rich gift of conveying the impression that presently he will be a successful Parliamentary debater, and that in the meantime he should assiduously practise it. He is a pleasing specimen of the highest form of the culture and good breeding which stand to the credit of Cambridge University. He is not without desire to say hard things of the adversary opposite, and sometimes yields to the temptation. But it is ever done with such sweet and gentle grace, is smoothed over by such earnest protestation of innocent intention, that the adversary rather likes it than otherwise."

Balfour received his baptism of fire during his term of office as Irish Secretary. He came forth from it strengthened and hardened, and thereafter achieved a position of authority in the House which, whether exercised in office or in Opposition, has rarely been excelled.

Later comers to the vineyard are Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. Their platform per-

formances in recent times have had the doubtless desired object of centring upon them public attention on the following day. Each has shown himself capable of swaying the passions of a multitude. But there is nothing new in the method or manner of either. Lloyd George has sat at the feet of the Gamaliel who in 1884–5 roused Radicalism throughout the country to its highest pitch. The famous Limehouse speech with which the future Premier fluttered the dovecotes of the landlords was an echo of the historical speech delivered by Chamberlain at Birmingham on January 5, 1885, in which he bluntly asked, "What ransom will property pay for the security it enjoys?" Lloyd George is an apt pupil, and though falling short of the supreme capacity of his prototype, is a powerful adjunct to the propaganda of Party campaigns. Oddly enough, he first commanded attention in the House of Commons and laid the foundation of his fortune by persistently attacking Chamberlain, a dangerous undertaking for an ordinary man.

The first time I fully realised his power as a public speaker was in the early 'nineties. Lord Rosebery, recently installed in a short Premiership, visited Cardiff, an occasion that led to a blazing revival of Party spirits. One afternoon Lloyd George mounted the platform. At home among his own people, the then almost obscure country solicitor delivered a speech which in the glow of its eloquence and the brilliance of its attack convinced at least one in the audience that here was a man who would go far. I admit it did not occur to me that the Premiership was his possible goal.

The gifts of Winston Churchill are hereditary. He is in other respects than those of personal resemblance a replica of his father. The same arrogance of manner, the same exaggeration of speech, the same readiness to make the best of both worlds of political party, mark father and son. It was characteristic of him that his first public appearance as an orator was made at a well-known London music hall. Its frequenters, annoyed by what they regarded as police persecution, were in a state of incipient revolt. The future Minister of War in a Coalition Government, up in town from Sandhurst on holiday bent, stood up in the stalls and in a fiery speech encouraged resistance to Scotland Yard. Weighted by the responsibility of ministerial office, he surprises the House of Commons by the soberness of his speech, the gravity of his manner. He makes up for this burdensome self-restraint when he goes down to Manchester, Glasgow, or elsewhere and is let loose to play with a Party mob. It is probable that during the campaign of the General Election, whose opening cannot long be delayed, the country will hear more of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill than of other participants in the fray on either side.[1]

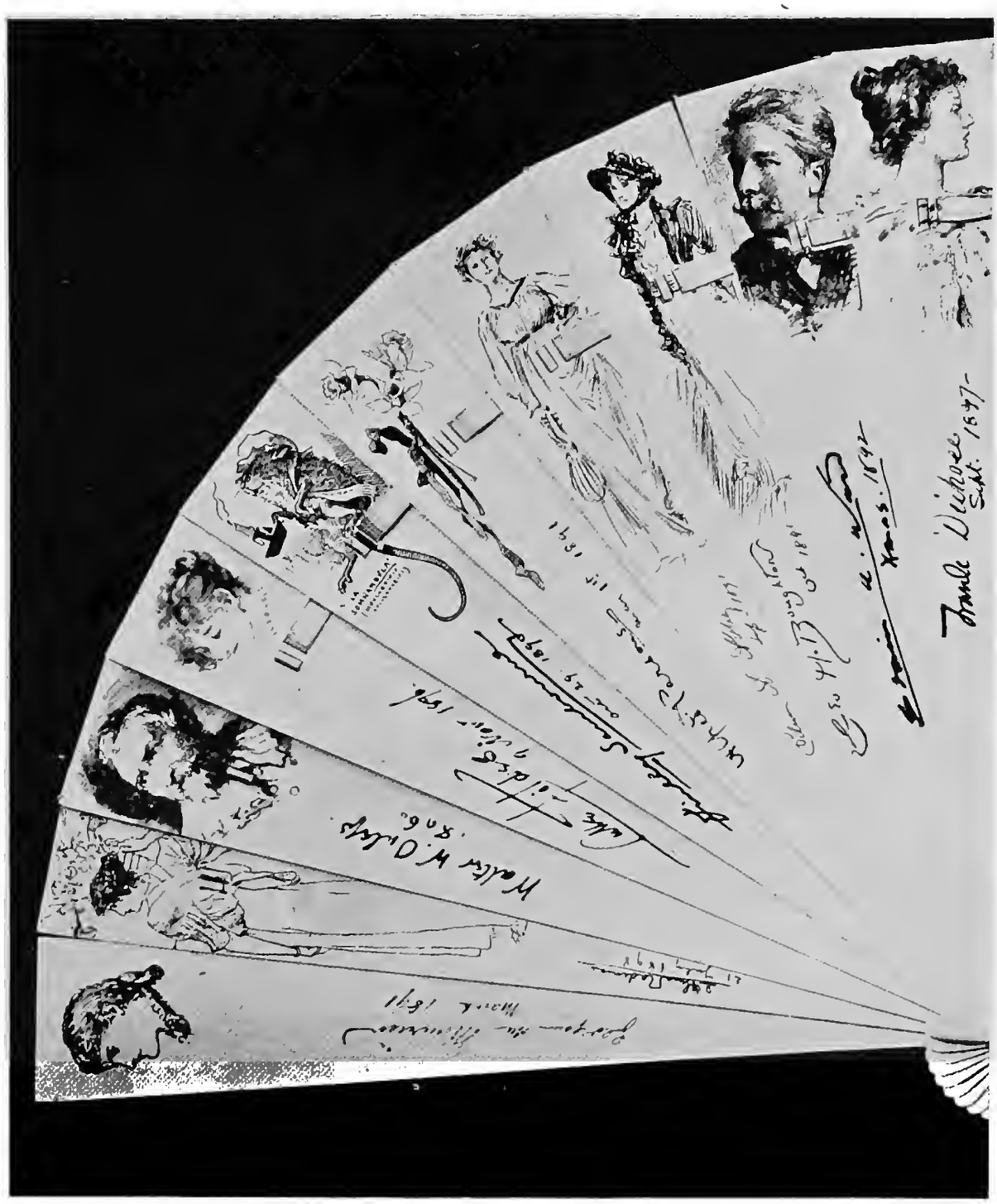
[1] This article was written in 1909. The forecast of the potentiality of the two statesmen has in the interval been strikingly verified.

V

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE House of Lords differs from the House of Commons in many respects beyond that of hereditary principle. The two Chambers are in their physical aspects wholly dissimilar. In the House of Commons no effort has been made to achieve grandeur, even dignity of appearance. It is literally a workshop, rigorously plain and businesslike in all its arrangements. I have heard from many people who visit it for the first time an expression of surprise at the smallness of the chamber. The assembly fills so large a space in the mind of the world that, unconsciously, strangers imagine a magnificent hall of broad and lofty proportions.

The House of Lords will more nearly gratify expectation of this character. It is a handsome roomy chamber, dowered with that soft rich light that falls through stained-glass windows. In the Commons every inch of space on the floor of the House is impressed into the service of Members. Under the gallery by the door there are two rows of benches which will accommodate a dozen or so of strangers. Otherwise no stranger may appear on the floor of the House whilst it is in session. In the Lords, at either end, there are comparatively roomy spaces for strangers. Ladies are admitted to little pens near the bar, and Members



LADY LUCY'S FAN (1).

[*See* PREFACE.

of the Commons are at liberty to enter at will and take up standing room in this part of the House. When the Sovereign opens Parliament in person, room is found for peeresses on the benches on the floor of the House. Foreign Ministers and Judges are on such occasions provided with sitting room. At all times peeresses may sit in the side galleries, the analogous quarter in the Commons being strictly preserved for Members.

At the other end, where the throne stands, space is reserved for Privy Councillors and the eldest sons of peers.

Whilst the chamber of the House of Lords is more imposing to look at, it is not nearly so easy to speak in as its more modest neighbour. The House of Commons was not always endowed with acoustical properties which now make it one of the best chambers for debating purposes the world possesses. When the Commons first met in their new home it was found almost impossible for a man to make himself heard. All kinds of devices were tried. Finally the expedient of the glass roof was hit upon. It is among things not generally known that the glass ceiling of the House of Commons hides a noble roof upon which skilled carvers bestowed infinite care. The Commons had to consider whether they would retain the fair proportions of their chamber or sacrifice them to utility. They chose the latter course, and the beautiful roof is hidden away. Possibly a similar sacrifice of ornamentation might bring about equally desirable result in the House of Lords. But the Lords stick to their architectural endowments and let their speeches take their chance.

The House of Lords commences public business at half-past four, an innovation of recent date. A few years ago public business was approached an hour later, and the change was made at the instance of the younger section of peers who complained that they were practically shut out from debate. They hoped that by meeting an hour earlier they would get some chance of speaking. The result has not justified ardent expectation. Matters are now very much as they were heretofore, except that the House on the average adjourns earlier. The first principle of debate in the House of Lords is that, except under direst pressure, discussion shall be concluded in time to dress for eight o'clock dinner.

There is no such thing in the Lords as debate in the sense that it exists in the House of Commons. There are some half-dozen Members whose opinion is looked for. This given, it remains for the rest only to vote. The peers have no constituents, and are freed from the necessity of periodically putting themselves *en évidence*. Thus it comes to pass that as a rule debate in the House of Lords on a big subject reaches a higher level than debate in the Commons. In the latter case controversy is woefully diluted with wordiness. Men who have something to say which the House would willingly hear are handicapped by a rush of fussy and fluent mediocrity. Hence it comes to pass that the vast tract of debate, regarded through a session, reaches a painfully low level. In the Lords only the big men speak, and when they have said their say all is over. Except on rare occasions, dinner at eight o'clock may be looked forward to with certainty. When Lord

Curzon, Lord Crewe, and perhaps a couple of peers not sitting on the front benches have spoken, Members leave the House. If any outsider wants to make a speech he finds himself without an audience, and so desists.

In no respect is the physical and material difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons more strongly marked than in respect of the outer lobbies. The lobby of the House of Commons is one of its most important and indispensable appanages. Recent regulations have robbed it of some of its bustling appearance. But the fact remains that there are many nights in the session when more real business is transacted in the lobby of the House of Commons than under the eye of the Speaker. The lobby of the Lords is much smaller than that across the way, and is glorified by a brass gate that is worth a journey to see. The principal Members of the Commons stroll out into their lobby to talk with each other or with friends from the outer world. The Lords never gossip, and save when they come streaming forth after a big division the lobby has a deserted, almost ghostly look, intensified by the upright rails and hooks placed for hats and coats.

Twice a year at least this lobby resounds to the tread of an impatient crowd pressing forward to get a good seat or standing place in the House of Lords. These are the Commons going to attend the ceremony of the opening of Parliament, or its prorogation. First comes the Serjeant-at-Arms with mace on his shoulder. Next, the Speaker in wig and gown, his train borne up by a gentleman of dignified appearance. Close behind is the Chaplain, then a Minister or two, and finally

Her Majesty's faithful Commons laughing and talking and stamping and crushing as if they were in quite a common place. When the Sovereign opens Parliament in person, the scene in the Lords is worthy of the dignity of the historical Chamber. Peers rarely seen in the place come to render homage to the Throne; ambassadors, glittering with orders, crowd their appointed place; noble ladies, gleaming with jewels, fill one side of the floor of the House and throng the galleries. All the royal princes and princesses accompany the Sovereign, and though little is done and less said, the spectacle is worth preserving.

When it comes to the *simulacre*, the opening of Parliament by Royal Commission, the grand pageant is replaced by a pitiable mockery. The ceremony is in these days without practical value, and everything is done to make it as ludicrous as it is useless. Of the ceremonies of opening Parliament by Royal Commission or proroguing it, the latter is naturally the more melancholy spectacle. At the opening of a session there is some slight flush of interest and excitement; men are freshly back to town greedy for any little excitement, whether political or social. There is, moreover, the Speech from the Throne, which broadly indicates ministerial intention during the coming session.

With the ceremony of prorogation, whilst it is almost identical with that of the opening of Parliament, everything combines to bring its mournful ludicrousness into fuller light. Members of both Houses are tired to death of politics, and of their fellow-men. All that can be done in a

session is accomplished, curiosity is sated, energy sapped. Yet here, on the bench before the Woolsack, sit five cloaked figures with three-cornered hats completing their disguise. The cloaks are red, slashed with dirty ermine that suggests a second-hand source of temporary borrowing. A few ladies in morning dress sit on the otherwise deserted benches. Two or three peers of junior official position make a House. At the bar stands the Speaker, with the Serjeant-at-Arms and mace on one side, the chaplain on the other. Behind straggle a few *blasé* Commoners. An air of deep depression dwells over the place, and is not lifted by the mummery that follows.

When the Speaker and the Commons have assembled at the bar in obedience to the summons of Black Rod, two wigged and gowned clerks, seated at the end of the table, rise and stand apart, the one on the right hand of the table, the other on the left. He on the right produces a prodigious parchment from which he reads out the Commission of "our trusty and well-beloved cousins"—the mysterious figures on the bench before the Woolsack. As he names each a hand steals forth from under the cloak, solemnly goes up to the peaked hat, uplifts it, replaces it, and withdraws beneath the cloak. The clerk reads on till he comes to another name, whereat he makes low obeisance in the direction of the Woolsack. Another figure moves; another hand creeps upward; another cocked hat is uplifted; and the figure resumes its immobility. Thus the whole five Commissioners are in succession named with low bowing from the clerk and deliberate assertion of identity on the part of the cloaked figure.

This takes up a deal of time that might well be spared at the end of a busy session. But it is nothing to what follows. There is a more or less mighty pile of Bills which, having passed both Houses of Parliament, now await the Royal Assent. The clerk on the right-hand side of the table, taking up these Bills one by one, first bows low to the cloaked figures, ducking as if a sustaining bolt had been suddenly withdrawn from the region of the small of his back. He reads out the title of the Bill. Whereupon commences the task of the clerk on the left. If it be a money Bill, this functionary, first bowing low to the Commissioners, turns his head slightly to the left, and over his shoulder literally chucks at the Speaker and the assembled Commons the phrase, "*Le roi remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veult.*" If it be an ordinary measure, he says with the same melancholy gesture, "*Le roi le veult.*"

Whether there are ten or two hundred Bills, exactly the same process is gone through. First, the clerk on the right-hand side bows to the Commissioners; secondly, he recites the name of the Bill; thirdly, he bows again; fourthly, the clerk on the left-hand side bows to the Commissioners; fifthly, with scornful gesture of disregard he throws over his shoulder to the awed Commons the assurance of the Royal Assent; sixthly, he heaves a little sigh of sympathy with the Commissioners for being troubled by this necessity of meeting the Commons; seventhly, he bows again, and his colleague takes up the next Bill and the whole process is gone over again, the phrase "*Le roi le veult*" rising and falling over the deserted

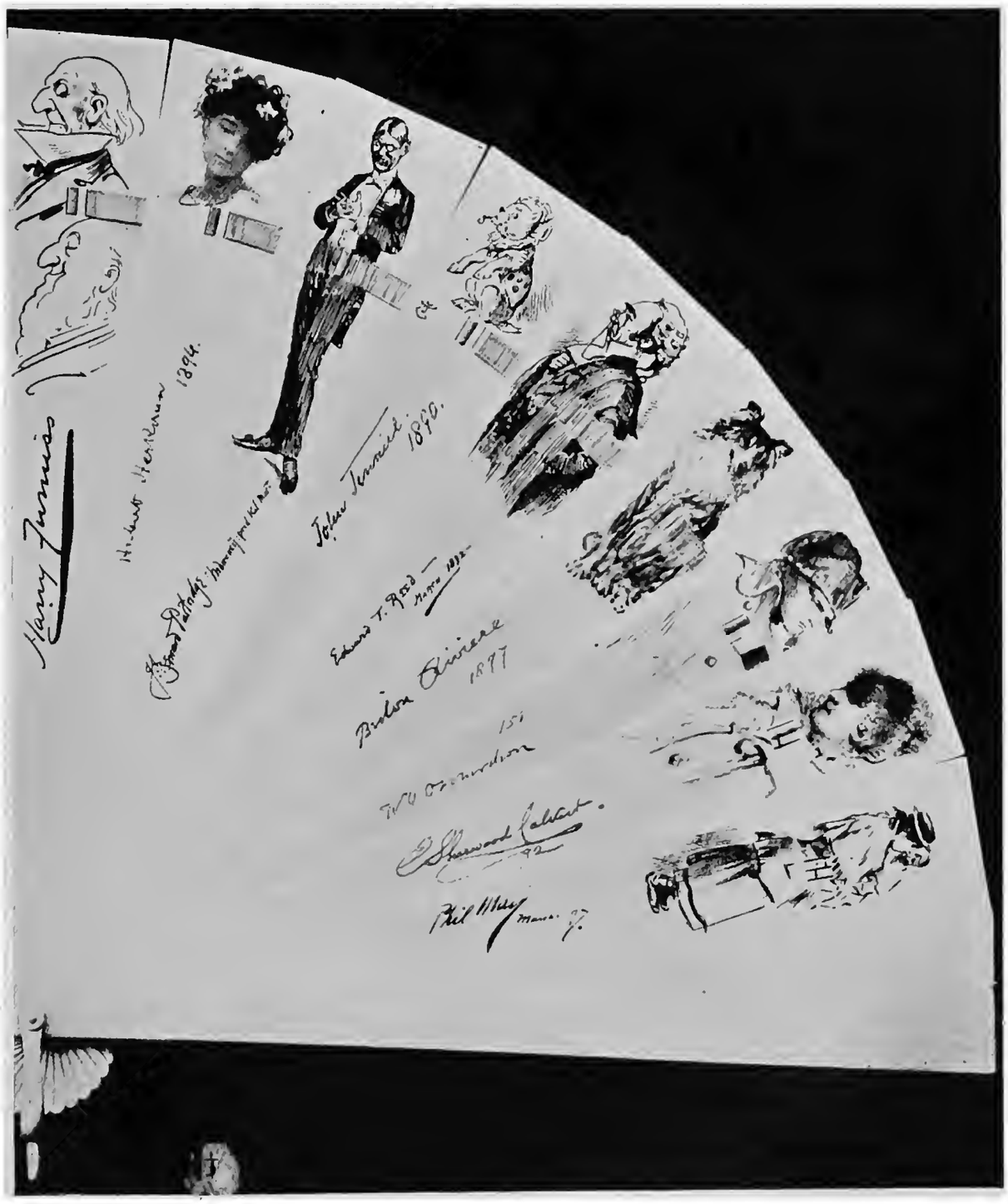
House like the cry of the curlew on a distant desolate rock.

This burlesque of pageantry is more than ludicrous. It makes considerable demand on the public time. Not only at the beginning and end of the session is the mummery of the Royal Commission practised. At frequently recurrent intervals during the busiest time of the session Black Rod appears at the door of the House of Commons with summons to the bar of the House of Lords, and busy men are bound to leave their affairs and go over to play this melancholy little game. If the fiction of the Royal Assent is to be maintained, it is surely worth the assistance of the royal presence. Failing that, it might be dispensed with with distinct advantage to public business and the dignity of Parliament.

VI

A NEW HOUSE FOR THE COMMONS

IT is a remarkable fact that with the largest number of Members of any legislative assembly in the world, the House of Commons has the smallest seating arrangements. To the Paris Chamber, including Ministers, there are returned some 300 Members, for whom 372 seats are provided. As we have seen, the House of Commons, now numbering 670 Members, seats (galleries included) 428. A glance at some of the principal legislative chambers will be interesting by comparison with our own. I may premise that the present House has a total area of 1,127 square feet. In addition to the 428 seats for Members, there is accommodation for something under 300 strangers, including peers, diplomatists, ladies, and officials. The Paris Chamber is semicircular in form, about 100 feet in diameter. Eighteen marble columns divide it into bays. There are eight tiers of seats, divided by seventeen gangways. A desk, with lock and key, is provided for every Member. The tribune, whither Members repair when primed with speech, occupies the centre of the semicircle, being raised some three feet above the level of the floor. Behind the orator's tribune is the President's chair. A speaker accustomed to the tribune and careful of his position is fairly well heard.



LADY LUCY'S FAN (2).

[*See* PREFACE.

The Reichstag, in Berlin, is arranged pretty much on the same plan. The orator has a tribune before the Presidential chair, the reporters seated at a table immediately before him. Ministers, in semicircular seats, face the tribune; Members, 460 in all, being on benches to the right and left. It is not a very good place to speak in, owing to its oblong form and the position of the rostrum set midway down its length. In Florence, Senators are lodged in the Palace of Uffizzi, in what was originally the theatre of the palace when built by Vasari in 1560. The deputies are housed in the neighbouring Palazzo Vecchia. It was built for the popular council Savonarola dreamt of at the end of the fifteenth century. It is beautiful to look upon. As far as acoustical properties are concerned it is worse than our House of Lords.

The Hall of Representatives, at Washington, is 93 feet by 139 feet. As naturally becomes a free country, it was built largely with a view to accommodating the public. Seats are provided for 1,312 persons, the odd thousand being the public, who are at liberty to enter without those formularies which hamper the stranger in the House of Commons. Every Member has his desk and arm-chair. The latter, moving on a pivot, allows him the privilege, according to personal observation freely used, of turning his back occasionally either upon the Speaker in the chair or the speaker on his feet. Chairs and desks are arranged in a semicircle. There is no rostrum, Members, as in our House, speaking from their places. In so vast a hall the difficulty of the voice filling it is insuperable. I was present at the opening of a recent session, and, straining

attention to catch remarks of Members speaking from the farther end, I thought tenderly of the acoustic properties of the House of Commons.

In the Reichsrath, at Vienna, as in Paris, each deputy has assigned to him a private desk. In turbulent times these have played a prominent part in Parliamentary debate. Other methods of obstruction in this once lively assembly growing stale, it occurred to an ingenious deputy that the lid of his desk might be put to useful purposes. Accordingly, when any gentleman of contrary opinion, and when any Minister whatsoever was on his legs, he lifted the lid of his desk to fullest range and brought it down with a bang. By sedulous practice he was able to make the consequent noise almost incessant. The device took on, becoming a common practice with the Opposition. The House of Commons has no parallel advantage. When objection was taken to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton answering questions on Chinese Labour addressed directly to the Premier, the Opposition yelled unintermittently for an hour, thus preventing the Colonial Secretary advancing beyond the opening words of his intended speech. A few desk lids manipulated on the Hungarian principle would on that historic occasion have proved useful.

The Belgian Chambers are on the model of the French, but much smaller. That has, however, not the corresponding advantage of improving the acoustic qualities. It is exceedingly difficult to hear, even on the floor of the House; in the galleries allotted to strangers it is in the main impossible.

Whilst the House of Commons is less spacious and less ornate in decoration than others in either

hemisphere, it is of all the most admirably equipped in respect of acoustics. There are, indeed, few buildings of its capacity that approach its perfectness in this respect. It was not always so. The House, as originally designed, was in this respect quite as bad as the House of Lords remains. When the Palace at Westminster was projected, it was determined to have a magnificent pile of buildings, worthy the historic site and the Mother of Parliaments. There was no stint of money. Incidentally accommodation was to be provided for the occasional assembly of a number of gentlemen forming the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Mr. Charles Barry, assisted by Mr. Pugin, enthusiastically entered into the idea, and carried it out in a fashion that added lustre to his name. When the work was finished, it was admitted that the building was radiant in beauty without. Discovery was promptly made that within it bristled with inconveniences. The chambers devoted severally to the deliberations of the Lords and Commons were especially charming in the beauty of their proportion and in the perfection of their design. In fact, they left only one thing to be desired—the possibility of a Member addressing either House being heard by the listening Senate.

In the House of Lords, where perhaps this is on the whole not a matter of prime importance, acoustics were sacrificed to architecture. The chamber remains to this day the splendid structure designed by Mr. Barry. The consequence is that it has become the sepulchre of speech. Of the coroneted host, there are not more than twenty who can make themselves distinctly heard,

even within the limits of the red leather benches. In the Press Gallery debate may be reported only by a system of collaboration. Groups of reporters, writing out their notes, sit together, each contributing his quota of fragments reaching his ears.

It fortunately happens that among the few who are audible are the men whose words the nation would not willingly let die. Lord Beaconsfield, shifting his quarters, found, to his pleased surprise, that he was as easily heard in the Lords as Disraeli had been in the Commons. Towards the end of his career the late Lord Salisbury fell into a habit of bowing his massive head and confiding the concluding words of an important sentence to the privacy of his chest. At his best he was clearly heard.

Whilst the Lords accepted the situation as they found it, Members of the more utilitarian House of Commons insisted upon the necessity, at least the desirability, of their speeches being heard. The defect in the chamber was unerringly traced to the lofty ceiling, with its delicate stone fascia, its noble arches, and its dark recesses in which the human voice buried itself, giving up the ghost among inarticulate rumbling. Few who sit in the House of Commons to-day and look up at the glass ceiling, illuminated at night by a galaxy of gas-jets, dream that it is the tombstone of a roof upon which Mr. Barry lavished the tenderest care, the most consummate art. Such is the fact. Members, with rude persistence, insisted upon their speeches reaching the ear of their audience, especially that portion seated in the Press Gallery. The controversy lapsed into the alternative of speeches or roof. In the end the roof was sacrificed. A glass ceiling was hung low beneath it,

with the result that the still new House of Commons admittedly rivalled in acoustic qualities the renown of the temporary House built on the destruction by fire of the older Palace, whose super-excellence in this important respect was hymned by old Members.

To those familiar with the comfortable—in some cases luxuriant—arrangements existing to-day, in the way of private rooms for Ministers having seats in the House of Commons, it will appear incredible that when the Palace at Westminster was handed over for legislative purposes discovery was made that Ministers charged with the conduct of affairs of the State had no private rooms within the building. In course of time two were made available, one being allotted to the Law Officers of the Crown, the other to the Ministerial Whip. The Premier had no retiring-room, much less the Leader of the Opposition. I have heard the late Mr. Childers tell how during the early years of his ministerial life—first at the Admiralty, next at the Treasury—he had no private room. As Financial Secretary to the Treasury it was his function to arrange the order of business of the day. When at the Treasury, boxes of papers were constantly arriving for his consideration. His only resort was to seat himself at one of the tables in the Division Lobby, where he found himself in company with other distraught colleagues.

Additions to the rooms allotted for ministerial purposes were made from time to time, but only within recent years has the demand been fully met. To-day not only every Secretary of State but every Under-Secretary has his private room, some, notably those of the Leader of the

House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Irish Secretary, being commodious, even luxurious. In the good old days within my memory the Ministerial Whips were located in a small dungeon leading out of the Lobby in the corner now appropriated by the Post Office. The Opposition Whips had no room at all, being obliged to take counsel together and hatch plots in quiet corners of the corridors. As to the gentlemen of the Press, their condition was pitiable. For many years the only accommodation for writing out reports was the ante-room to the gallery, now chiefly occupied by telegraph operators. By a low narrow passage, still extant, it led into the sole refreshment-room, an apartment 22 feet long by something less than 10 feet wide.

Here was throned old Wright with his store of cold roast-beef and cold knuckle of ham, which he by long practice, and the bestowal of much thought, was able to cut in slices of superhuman thinness. There was an uneasy suspicion in the minds of his customers that these *pièces de résistance*, brought down afresh every Monday morning, were conveyed in the red pocket-handkerchief with which Wright used to mop his honest brow after wrestling with ultimate yield of the ham knuckle. If, in these more enlightened days, any manufacturer were to condemn his workpeople to labour in such a place, he would bring himself under notice of the factory inspector. When I first entered the House this black hole was thought amply sufficient for the accommodation of representatives of the Press, who, according to the letter of the law, had no business within the precincts of the House.

In 1867 a Select Committee was appointed to consider the whole arrangements of the House of Commons, with a view to enabling a greater number of Members to take part in the proceedings. They were also instructed to consider how better accommodation might be provided within the precincts of the House for the transaction of departmental business by Ministers.

In his evidence given before the Select Committee of 1867 Ward Hunt gave a graphic, pathetic account of the troubles of a Minister. It was in his day, as now, inevitable that the transaction of departmental business should lap over into the time of the sitting of the House. "At present," said Hunt to the sympathetic Committee, "you have the choice of two ways of getting through your work. One is to go into the Library, the other to sit in the Division Lobby. If you sit in the Lobby, you incommode persons wishing to write letters. You take up a much greater space than can be afforded, as your boxes and papers occupy the room of two or three persons. If you should happen to be engaged in doing something which requires all the thought and attention you can give to it, the chances are that somebody comes up and speaks to you about something that has nothing to do with the matter in hand. Then perhaps a division is called and you have to leave all your papers lying about. I believe you can so leave them with perfect confidence. Still, a highly sensitive person might object to leaving his papers lying about in that way. If you go to the Library, you are not within reach, supposing you are urgently wanted."

Ward Hunt's lament did not end here. Old

Members will recall his gigantic physical proportions, which, in the hunt for seats, weighed heavily upon him. Even Members of average bulk who constitute His Majesty's present Ministry cannot find room on the Treasury Bench when they are fully mustered. It is quite a common thing to see one seated on the gangway steps below the Treasury Bench. Ward Hunt poured his plaint into the ears of the Committee.

"During this session," he said, "I have stood for hours, unable to get a seat. For a long time it has happened every evening that, having to answer questions, I have been obliged to stand behind the Speaker's chair till the questions are put. I frequently have to ask some Member of the Government, sometimes a Cabinet Minister, to allow me to take his place in order to answer questions."

Members of King George's Ministry who dwell at ease in their private rooms will study with interest these experiences of the Financial Secretary of the Treasury in Disraeli's day.

The session of 1867 was one of unusual storm and stress, bringing into prominence the hopelessly inadequate accommodation of the House, not only for Ministers but for private Members. A new Reform Bill was to the fore. Debates were exceptionally interesting. Urgent Whips brought down on either side full muster of Members in anticipation of a critical division. It was resolved that something must be done; hence the appointment of the Select Committee to consider the whole arrangement of the House of Commons.

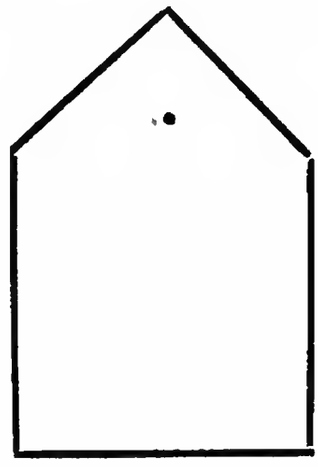
That the chamber was in size insufficient for the purposes to which it is dedicated was commonly agreed. The Committee at the outset fought shy

of going the full length of recommending the building of a new House, and laboriously considered various expedients for extending the area of the existing one. An idea well received pointed to desired enlargement being gained by taking down the walls which divide the House from the Division Lobbies, throwing the additional space into the legislative chamber. The hunt in that direction was called off on discovery that the roof was supported upon the inner walls. Another scheme submitted provided that the walls behind the Speaker's chair at one end, backing the Serjeant-at-Arms at the other, should be removed and the House lengthened. This would give an additional hundred seats. But whether they would be of any practical use to Members desiring to hear or to join in debate was doubtful. A necessary condition of adoption of this plan was that the Speaker's chair should be set midway down the length of the chamber, as is the case in the House of Representatives at Washington.

The Committee sat only three weeks, making no report but printing the interesting evidence accumulated, and recommending their reappointment in the ensuing session. Among the new witnesses called was Professor Tyndall. An expert on acoustics, he was chiefly examined with respect to the possibility of improving the conditions of the House of Commons in that respect. Amongst the mysteries hidden from the eye of strangers in the Gallery, probably not familiar to new Members, is the floor of the House. Covered with string matting, it appears to be of the ordinary character. It is actually constructed of perforated ironwork, designed for the purpose of

ventilation, fresh air passing through it from the cavernous cellars below. Some authorities were of opinion that this was responsible for any imperfection that might be noted in the acoustic qualities of the chamber. They insisted that there was added to the visible room within the four walls of the House the space in the ventilating chambers below, practically doubling the area a voice must command. Professor Tyndall was of opinion that there was nothing in the objection.

Asked to state what in his opinion was the best shape acoustically for a chamber set apart for public speaking, he drew on a piece of paper a design of which I am able to give a facsimile. "The best shape acoustically," he said, handing in the scrap of paper, "would be something of this kind: a room of five sides, with the Speaker where the dot is."



The rough plan, it must be admitted, is quaintly suggestive of a tombstone, with the Speaker in the position where *Hic Jacet* is generally found. The main point in considering a perfect room to speak in is, according to this eminent authority, "to quench the echoes, to quench the resonance."

In the interval between the adjournment of the

Select Committee in 1867 and its reappointment in the following year, Mr. E. M. Barry, son of the architect of the present Houses of Parliament, completed the plan of a new building. It is so ingenious, and in all respects so happily conceived, that, if at near or distant date it should be resolved to build a new House for the Commons, it will undoubtedly be adopted. I have before me Mr. Barry's plans and a copy of his description of their effect, which make it possible to realise his general idea.

A serious objection to undertaking the work of building a new House rested on the assumption that it would be necessary to pull down the old one, setting up another on its site. That, as followed on the construction of the old Houses of Parliament in 1834, would necessitate the erection of a temporary building, in which, for a period that could scarcely be less than two sessions, legislative business might be carried on. Mr. Barry overcame this difficulty by an ingenious device. Adjoining the House of Commons is a courtyard known as the Commons Court that serves no indispensable purpose. He proposed to utilise it as the site of the new House, which might continue to serve ordinary purposes till the new building was completed. That done, the old building would not be discarded. The glass ceiling removed, and the hidden beauties of the roof restored to the light of day, it would serve as a lobby, giving access to the new House, and reserved exclusively for the use of Members. It would contain a post office, rooms for the Whips, and a refreshment bar in lieu of the stall which at that period disfigured the lobby.

The new House, thus buttressed, would seat 569 Members, benches for 419 being set on the floor. Room would be provided for 330 strangers, making a total of 900 less one, an increase slightly exceeding 200. Provision of 20 inches sitting room per Member is made in this estimate. Mr. Barry sanguinely anticipated that on crowded nights it would be possible to seat 600 Members. At the Bar end of the House accommodation would be provided for 44 Peers. At the opposite end, behind the Speaker's chair, eight seats would be allotted for the convenience of permanent secretaries and the like having occasion to be in attendance at sittings with which their Department was specially concerned. This would be an obvious improvement upon the present arrangement, which seats officials under the gallery at the remote end of the House, necessitating a far excursion for Ministers desirous at a pinch of conferring with their official colleagues.

In the controversy as to whether the iron grating forming the floor of the present House was hurtful to the acoustic qualities of the chamber, Mr. Barry, in opposition to Dr. Percy, the engineer of the House, took the affirmative side. He insisted that this contrivance added one-fifth to the area of the chamber, increasing by so much the difficulty of Members in making their voices carry to the farthest range of their audience. Mr. Barry accordingly dispensed with the grating, making the floor of solid wood. Fresh air he proposed to introduce from below as hitherto, but it would be conveyed through the double framing of the backs of the benches. Apart from the legislative chamber, spacious reading and

news rooms were provided. A new refreshment room on a large scale was planned to face the River Terrace. The Press Gallery was to be extended, with the addition of three writing-out rooms, a refreshment-room, and a hat and cloak room. In shape the new House would be a square with the corners cut off, forming an octagon with four long and four short sides. The cost Mr. Barry estimated at, taking it roughly, about £100,000. Subsequently this was increased to £120,000.

The Committee reported emphatically in favour of the scheme. They unanimously resolved that "an increase of accommodation for Members can be obtained in the most satisfactory manner and without involving any interruption of the proceedings of the House by the erection of a new chamber in the Commons Court." They especially applauded the condition that the present House of Commons would neither be pulled down nor injured. On the contrary, it would be restored to the more beautiful shape it possessed according to the design of Sir Charles Barry, before, in 1850, it was subjected to alteration. The effect would be that the ceiling would be raised, the height of the windows greatly increased, and the true architectural proportions restored.

It seemed that all remaining to be done was to obtain the necessary vote for money and set about the work. Probably had the Parliament of which the Select Committee was a section been in early youth or vigorous manhood, this would have been done, and Members of the present Parliament who find the necessity of daily manœuvring for seats would have been

comfortably lodged. But in 1868 Parliament was tottering to a fall. It was dissolved in the summer of that year, and with it went the baseless fabric of the vision of a new House of Commons.

Once more the whirligig of Time has brought round a state of things in which the accommodation of the present House is declared to be unendurable. This discontent may possibly last long enough to bring to the front as a matter of urgent public importance the adoption of Mr. Barry's shelved plans. More probably, as the interest of new Members flags and as bye-elections succeed each other, the pressure on the ministerial side may decrease as it has done at former epochs. Ayrton used to say in his downright fashion that through an average session there were only fifteen hours during which the House of Commons was not big enough. Like many asseverations of this peremptory person, there is a taint of exaggeration in this dictum. But it points to a fact familiar to old Members.

Pending development of the movement, Members may congratulate themselves on some precious possessions that make the House of Commons as a legislative assembly preferable to any other. Its acoustic qualities are almost perfect, so is its system of ventilation. Kept cool in summer, it is snugly warm on winter nights. Whilst all the Ministers have private rooms, the convenience and comfort of unofficial Members have been cared for by constant additions and improvements. Like most human institutions, it might in some respects be improved. As it stands it will serve.

VII

THE LION CUB OF THE LLOYD GEORGE CABINET

IN considering the personality of Winston Churchill and his career as far as it has run, it is inevitable that an old friend alike of Lord Randolph and his son should indicate points of resemblance. They are subtle, but striking. In the face there is no likeness; but in manner and method of speaking there are in the War Minister of to-day reminiscences of the brilliant comet that flashed through the House of Commons in the early 'eighties.

When, still leader of the Fourth Party, Lord Randolph addressed the House of Commons from the corner seat below the gangway, he was accustomed, in enforcing his argument, to place an open hand on either hip, bending forward his head as if presently he would drive home his observations by butting his adversary in the pit of the stomach. This mannerism, less obvious now when Winston addresses the House from the authoritative position of the Treasury Bench, was marked when as a private Member he spoke from below the gangway. His voice recalls his father in respect of a certain tendency to chew the tail end of some of his words. In the closing days of his tempestuous career this peculiarity

increased with Lord Randolph to an extent that made it difficult to follow his utterances.

In the case of the son there is added embarrassment in the matter of pronunciation of the sound of the letters "sh." Readers of the Old Testament will remember Jephthah's strategy with the men of Ephraim. Having routed them in battle, he planted the Gileadites in the passages of Jordan, and when the men of Ephraim, fleeing before the conquerors, attempted to pass over into safety, they were challenged with the cry, "Art thou an Ephraimite?" If one answered "Nay," they said unto him, "Say now, 'Shibboleth.'" The Ephraimite, not being able to deal with the letters "sh" in this connection, said "Sibboleth," whereupon he was put to the sword. Had Winston lived in the days of Jephthah, he would certainly have been in this war, as he was in the fight in Cuba in 1895. Had he ranged himself by the side of Ephraim, he would have died by the passage of Jordan, for he cannot pronounce the word "Shibboleth."

One other habit that recalls his father is his style of walking across the lobby, or on entering or leaving the House. Both had the same slightly bent figure, as if pressing forward in a race, the same long stride, and the same loosely swinging arms. Another trick of the War Minister which helps to establish the principle of heredity is that when he is listening to conversation or debate he is apt to fold one over the other a pair of massive hands.

With the first appearance of father and son, new Members on the Parliamentary stage, circumstances were wholly different. Lord Randolph

Churchill's debut was unexpected and unmarked. He was at the time Member for Woodstock, a family borough now struck out from the Parliamentary list. Its municipal corporation was made the subject of attack under the reforming zeal of Sir Charles Dilke. Lord Randolph, rising to defend his constituents, was unrecognised by all but a few personal friends in the House.

Winston's maiden speech was an event of the session in which it was delivered. Lately returned as Member for Oldham, it was characteristic and prophetic that he should first present himself to the notice of the House as a critic of an important measure introduced by the Government under whose flag he had fought and won his election. The conflict in South Africa drawing to a close, Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, formulated a scheme for reform warranted (in Pall Mall) to avert repetition of the catastrophe that had threatened the existence of the army and the foundation of the Empire. The young Member for Oldham, who had the advantage over the Secretary of State of having smelt powder and heard bullets whiz on more than one stricken field, severely criticised it. Contrary to the habit common to mutineers in the Unionist camp, whether the generals be in office or opposition, he testified to the strength and sincerity of his convictions by going into the Opposition Lobby, one of a small minority.

Two years later, further consideration of Mr. Brodrick's plan resulting in general condemnation, an organised attack was made upon the scheme. Contributing his quota, Winston modestly reminded his hearers that on the introduction of the measure

he, alone among Ministerialists, had voted against it. On this second occasion—the six Army Corps Mr. Brodrick proudly passed in review in 1901 having turned out to be men in buckram, their only lapse into reality being an addition of £10,000,000 per annum to the Army Estimates —as many as nineteen loyal Ministerialists backed their hostile opinion by a vote in the Opposition Lobby. With the young Member for Oldham, fresh from the Parliamentary arena, lay the double credit of shrewd insight in estimating the real value of the portentous scheme introduced amid a blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums, and of courage in testifying to his conviction by his vote.

His maiden speech was delivered on May 14, 1901. He had proposed to himself to lead off the debate with an amendment condemning Mr. Brodrick's scheme. That was a pretty large order for a young man so recently returned to Westminster that he hardly knew his way about the precincts of the House. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman interposing, the new Member had to take a second place. He presently had the satisfaction of reflecting that, within the House and outside it, he had, in the matter of exciting and sustaining public interest, excelled the effort of the Leader of the Opposition.

A hearty reception greeted his rising. The House was crowded in every part. There were some present who had personally known his illustrious father. The rest, familiar with him at second hand, had been fascinated by his meteoric career. All were disposed to wish well to the bearer of an historic name. Winston did not

disappoint the highest expectation. He showed, as he has demonstrated on subsequent occasions when speaking with more responsibility, that he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the subject-matter of debate. His manner of speech was fluent in the best meaning of an ambiguous word. His argument was well ordered: his sentences frequently picturesque. A touching reference to his father with which he opened his speech and some signs of embarrassment (quite transient they proved) won the favour of the most critical assembly in the world. When he resumed his seat he was assured of an immediate success, an assurance confirmed by the colder critics of the morning papers.

One gift bequeathed by his father, the price of which to a public man is beyond rubies, is a marvellous memory. Lord Randolph, having read over a page of verse or prose, could straightway repeat it without omitting a sentence or a word. In the smoking-room of a country house, conversation turning upon the topic of memory, Lord Randolph wagered that, having once read a page from a book to be selected by the company, he would recite it. The wager was eagerly accepted. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, not being what you might call light reading, being taken from the library shelf, the volume was opened at random. Lord Randolph read a page, and, handing back the book to the umpire, without hesitation or error repeated every word.

Meeting Winston Churchill at dinner on the night after his triumphal entry on Parliamentary debate, I mentioned an incident observed during the delivery of his speech. Having occasion to

quote from the historic letter written by his father to Lord Salisbury on the eve of Christmas 1886, resigning the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, I noticed that after the opening sentences he closed the book from which he read and recited the remainder.

"Yes," he said, "I felt it would be more effective to speak out the phrases of the letter than to read them from a book. Accordingly I learned them off."

The speech fully reported, a rare and significant observance in connection with a maiden speech, occupied three columns of the morning papers. Winston told me that, having thought it all out, he had written it in MS. Then he learned it off by heart, and delivered it as if it were an extemporaneous effort. This delusion, the attainment of which is worth anything to House of Commons speakers, he artfully assisted by occasional interpolation of sentences referring to points made by speakers preceding him in debate.

"If," he said, unconsciously paraphrasing a statement made by his father when Winston was a boy at Harrow, "I read a column of print four times over, I commit it so perfectly to memory that I can forthwith recite it without error or omission."

There was a memorable occasion when, to the amazement of the House, memory failed the Member for Oldham. Having spoken with his customary force and felicity on a current topic of debate, he, evidently approaching the concluding passage, halted in his speech. After several efforts to hark back and recapture the clue, he abruptly resumed his seat. Almost the moment

he sat down the sequence of words leading up to a carefully prepared peroration came back to his mind. With excellent judgment he decided it would be less awkward to leave the matter as it stood than to rise and repair temporary paralysis. Accordingly the speech, like the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower, "unfinished doth remain."

VIII

BULLS IN THE (WESTMINSTER) CHINA SHOP

DURING prolonged opportunity extending over fifty years I have varied the more severe study of Parliamentary life by taking note of those verbal lapses known by the generic term "bull." There is something about the atmosphere of the House of Commons that insensibly but irresistibly causes the oratorical foot to stumble. Few men, after whatsoever prolonged acquaintance with the place, overcome a certain feeling threatening paralysis when they find themselves on their legs addressing the Speaker. In his *Life of Gladstone* Lord Morley tells how that heaven-born orator, most fluent of men, in his early Parliamentary days always offered up a silent prayer before he rose to address the House. That is not a custom convenient for general adoption. The preceding speaker might have resumed his seat whilst the prayer was in progress, and, if the Speaker's eye was to be caught, the Amen must be postponed.

Lord Morley's own maiden speech in the House of Commons was painful to his friends by reason of the extreme embarrassment of its delivery. They saw the new-comer, sustained by high reputation gained in other fields outside the House, full of well-digested information, with trained

intellect and acute mind, struggling piteously with parched tongue, nervously facing an audience in which there were not a dozen men intellectually his equal. The oddest token of nervousness on rising to address the House that has come under my personal observation was displayed by the late Mr. Whalley, long time Member for Peterborough. When he rose to speak he furtively rapped the back of the bench before him with his knuckles. A sort of incantation, I fancy.

A General Election invariably supplies pleasing promise of new-comers in the bull stockyard. A Liberal candidate in one of the Yorkshire divisions at a recent election sought to secure the Labour vote by uncompromising declaration that "the law relating to Labour combinations must be made watertight, so that no Judge can drive his coach and four through it." That is at least as good as the late Mr. Hopwood's appeal to the House in discussion in Committee on the question of compulsory vaccination. "Don't," he implored Members, "drive the steam-engine of the law over people's consciences."

Captain Craig, addressing the Eastdown electors at Lisburne, said, "The naked sword is drawn for the fight and, gentlemen, never again will the black smoke of Nationalists' tar-barrels drift on the Home Rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." Mr. Shard, the Unionist candidate for Walthamstow, asked what religion he professed, was at pains to give particulars. "My great-grandfather," he said, "was baptized in the Church of England, married in the Church of England, and buried in a Church of England graveyard. And so was I."

An Ulster delegate visiting Scotland in the interests of a Unionist candidate could not conceal his distrust of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Home Rule tendencies. "Whenever the Prime Minister opens his mouth to mention Home Rule," he said, "he puts his foot in it up to the knee." This recalls a bull of contemporary date trotted out by the Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston. Defending the attitude and manner of the episcopal Bench, he said, "Bishops are not really so stiff and starchy as some people make them out to be. There is a good heart beating below their gaiters."

Whilst candidates for Parliamentary honours do pretty well in the course of the electioneering campaign, old stagers maintain the reputation of the House of Commons. Sir George Bartley, endeavouring to minimise the excessive expenditure of the Unionist Government, assured his old constituents that "the spirit of the age will have to put its hand in its trousers pocket." "We managed by a short head to dam the flowing tide," said Mr. Stanley Wilson, making the best of the small Unionist majority that gave him a seat at Holderness.

Sir Robert Purvis, fortuitously knighted in the last weeks of the existence of a Government he had faithfully served—more especially at nine o'clock in the evening, when it was desirable to postpone approach to public business—takes the cake in respect of the sustained brilliancy of his metaphor. Addressing his old constituents at Peterborough in defence of an Act of Parliament under whose operation some of them had gone to prison for a week, he said, "That, gentlemen,

is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation—[the marrow is]—and it speaks in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamour." We must go to Germany to beat that. In an address to the ex-Kaiser's father a Rheinlander Mayor said, "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany. Such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye."

Sir E. Durning-Lawrence did not succeed in holding his seat at Truro. Which is a pity, if there were hope of his having up his sleeve (the habit of mixed metaphors is contagious) anything so good as his last utterance in the House of Commons. Towards the end of the last session of the Balfourian Parliament there happened one of the frequent occasions referred to in the case of Sir Robert Purvis. It was necessary that some faithful Ministerialists should keep on talking till loiterers, dropping in from dinner, avoided the danger of a snap division. Sir Edward waddled along for a full hour once, lighting up the dreary vapid flood by flashing on his impatient audience the question, "Is this Government to be put into the melting-pot in order that we may see who is to take hold of the handle of the ship of State?"

In similarly lofty spirit during debate on the Eastern Question the late Mr. Alderman Cotton, ex-Lord Mayor of London, finally Remembrancer, warned a hushed House that "the state of negotiation is so critical it only requires a spark to let slip the dogs of war."

Mr. William Shaw, for a brief period the leader

of the Nationalists' Party in the House of Commons, addressing a meeting gathered on a Sunday to demonstrate against the Land Act, said, "They tell us we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or the ass falls into a pit on a Sunday we may take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it—and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out." Which was the ox and which the ass, Mr. Shaw refrained from determining.

A. M. Sullivan, "the eloquent Member for Louth," as Mr. Gladstone once called him, had a story about an Irish barrister he used to tell with keen relish. "Gentlemen of the jury," the learned gentleman said with a tremor of genuine emotion in his voice, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

It was O'Connor Power, one of the most eloquent of the Irish Nationalists mustered under Parnell's command, who avowed the conclusion that "since the Government have let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns."

Spurgeon was a keen collector of mixed metaphors, finding a rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. I made a note of two or three he delightedly communicated to a kindred connoisseur. A lady enclosing a small contribution for his schools wrote, "I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands."

The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store. One prayed that "God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest." "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord," was the sententious, almost imperious entreaty of another promising young man. Still another prayed, "Gird up the loins of our minds, that we may receive the latter rain."

"As if we were barrels whose hoops were loose," was Spurgeon's laughing comment.

I happened upon rare occasion to be present at a half-yearly meeting of an industrial company. Notice was given by a dissatisfied shareholder of an amendment challenging the policy of the Board. The chairman met the attack in advance, defending the action of himself and his colleagues and hinting that the objector was no better than he should be. A loyal shareholder following said, "A gentleman has attempted to throw a bomb-shell at the Board. But the chairman has knocked it into a cocked hat long before it was brought forward."

It was during inquiry into an alleged case of sending diseased meat to Smithfield Market that a veterinary surgeon testified to many cases coming under his knowledge where "cattle were slaughtered in order to save their lives." During the contest at Stroud at a General Election, the Unionist candidate, addressing a packed meeting, said, "If you give these people [the Liberals] rope enough, they will certainly hang themselves, and after they have done that it will be our turn."

Even this did not win the seat for him. The latest House of Commons bull I remember was born in the first session of the present Parliament. The credit belongs to Mr. Charles Craig, not the captain already quoted, but another Irish Member of the same surname representing South Antrim. The question before the House was the second reading of the Irish Labourers Bill. "If this Bill passes," said Mr. Craig, the spirit of prophecy upon him adding solemnity to his voice, "I see before the Irish labourers a future from which they have been for too many years past kept out."

Mr. Swift MacNeill's passion for supplementary questions led him in the last session of the Balfourian Parliament into a delightful quandary. Having addressed to the Attorney-General for Ireland a question duly appearing on the Paper, and receiving what, as usual, he regarded as an evasive reply, he rose and, impartially wagging his forefinger at the Speaker and the Minister, shouted, "I will now put to the Attorney-General another question, which distinctly arises, Mr. Speaker, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given."

After all, nothing can beat Sir William Hart-Dyke's lapse into mixed metaphor, an experience the House of Commons delighted in the more by reason of the ex-Vice-President of the Council's habitual gravity of manner. On the penultimate occasion when the right Hon. "Jemmy" Lowther called attention to the futility of the Sessional Order which prohibits Peers from taking part in Parliamentary elections, he instanced cases where it had been openly flouted. Amongst others he

cited that of Lord Halsbury, at the time Lord High Chancellor, who had delivered a speech in favour of a ministerial candidate on the very eve of the election. This made a considerable impression on the House. If these things were done in the green tree as represented by the head of the law, the fount of justice, what would be done in the dry, whose branches typified titled landlords accustomed to dictate to their tenants? Sir William Hart-Dyke, rising to oppose the motion for repealing the Sessional Order, said he shared the pained surprise created by this disclosure. "The right hon. gentleman," he said, turning to regard Jemmy in the familiar corner seat below the gangway now, alas! vacated, "has certainly gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very large fish."

The picture here suggested, of Jemmy Lowther, fishing-rod in hand, climbing to the top of a stately oak or ash and there hooking the bulky Lord Chancellor, evoked a prolonged burst of laughter that momentarily disconcerted Hart-Dyke, obviously unconscious of the joke.

That is hard to beat. But as becomes a literary stylist, historian of the Roman Empire and other classics, Lord Bryce, at the time Irish Secretary, comes very near it. The House being in Committee on the Irish Vote, the Nationalists in the course of discussion made a dead set against the Irish Local Government Board. "Oh yes," said the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, with fine irony, "the Irish Local Government Board is a malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat."

IX

QUEER THINGS IN THE COMMONS

PERHAPS the queerest thing about the House of Commons is its size. Its audacious inadequacy of seating accommodation comes prominently to the front in the early days of successive Parliaments. New Members, to whom everything is fresh and interesting, are punctilious in their attendance, persistent in claiming a seat. In the Parliament which in 1880 returned Mr. Gladstone to power on the wave of a great majority, this long-endured inconvenience led to a quaint incident. Mitchell Henry, rising from the side gallery to the right of the Speaker, gave notice of a question addressed to the Prime Minister calling on him to meet the daily inconvenience. These things happen only in the green tree. As it grows dry with reiterated speech-making there is room enough and to spare. The time inevitably comes when, so far from being inconvenienced by overcrowding, the anxious Whips are at their wits' end to keep a House.

Mitchell Henry's rising to address the Speaker from the side gallery was of itself a queer thing. No Member present remembered it having been done before, and cries of "Order" rebuked what was supposed to be an irregularity. But the Irish Member was perfectly within his right. The

long galleries that flank the Chamber, closing at one end with the Press Gallery and at the other with the Strangers' Gallery, are as much part of the House as is a seat above or below the Gangway. There is nothing except the inconvenience of the situation to prevent a Member addressing the House from this quarter.

A position more inviting, especially adapted for oratorical purposes but actually outside the House, are the cross benches aligned with the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms. New Members tempted by the situation not infrequently rise from them to address the Speaker. Their very marrow is chilled by the roar of "Order, order" that bursts forth. Friendly Members near them seize them by the arms and drag them forth as if the cross benches were on fire, or infected by the plague.

In a recess in the back rail of the cross benches lurks that Bar of the House that looms large in history. Twenty-four years ago this historic property was regarded as a figure of speech. Members who had grown grey in service of the State had never seen it. Mr. Bradlaugh changed all that. In his alarums and excursions that enlivened the opening of the session of 1880 the Bar was in evidence almost as frequently as the Mace itself. His right to sit in the House being in question, he was not permitted to advance beyond the Bar. Members with quickened curiosity observed it dragged forth from the hollow rail in which through long years it, closed up telescope fashion, had quietly slept. Mr. Bradlaugh, who had instinctive knowledge of oratorical effect, rather liked the Bar when in course of time he became used to it. Leaning one elbow upon it,

or occasionally holding it with both hands, he found it a useful adjunct to attitude in addressing the House.

Another restraint of position that has its history is the thin red line drawn on the matting some two feet distant from the front benches on either side. Occasionally a Member, carried away by the warmth of feeling and impetuosity of argument, steps over this line, being instantly reminded of the irregularity by strident shouts of "Order!" Hereby hangs a tale that throws a flood of light on social England of the good old times. Up to near the close of the eighteenth century the English gentleman, following the custom of his class, habitually wore a sword when he took his walks abroad. Carrying it into the House of Commons, he found it handy when repulsing argument from the other side. There are many recorded cases of Members stepping forward to meet each other on the floor of the House sword in hand. In order to avoid these contingencies this red line was marked on the floor, and Members, under penalty of conveyance to the Clock Tower, were forbidden to cross it.

A later regulation went a necessary step farther, prohibiting Members bringing their swords into the House. Those who by stress of daily custom arrived girt with sword were obliged to unbuckle the lethal weapon and leave it with the attendant, just as to-day the M.P. leaves his umbrella in the stand. So imperative is this edict even at the present day, that when upon occasion the Sheriffs of London or the Lord Mayors of other cities attend in state to present a petition, the really innocuous civic sword-bearer is compelled to leave

his long unsheathed weapon with the doorkeepers. With one exception the only armed man permitted to pass the door of the House of Commons is the Serjeant-at-Arms. He, direct representative of the personality of the Sovereign, is throughout his daily duties ever girt with a nice drawing-room rapier. But it must be noted that the Serjeant-at-Arms, though always in evidence, and playing an important part in the business arrangements of the Palace of Westminster, does not sit within the House itself. His chair, like the cross-benches, is outside its sacred precincts.

The exception alluded to is the case of Members moving and seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. In accordance with custom that goes back to time immemorial these gentlemen perform their function arrayed in uniform, wearing swords. Combined with natural nervousness on assuming so prominent a position, the sword frequently becomes an embarrassing adjunct to the speech, getting between the orator's legs at a critical moment or, consequent on sudden movement, with the hilt prodding in the ribs the honourable Member seated near him.

Another picturesque relic of olden times daily observed, but finding no mention in the Parliamentary report, is the cry that rings through Lobby and corridor when at the close of a sitting the Speaker leaves the chair. The principal doorkeeper starts it. Stepping forth a pace or two into the Lobby, he cries aloud, " Who goes home ? " The cry is taken up by the policemen stationed in the Lobby, echoed by their comrades down the corridors at the doors of Library, Smoking-room, Dining-room, and Newspaper-room. More clearly

than a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the cry brings back a glimpse of London two hundred years ago. Before Queen Anne was dead, and for long time after, it was not safe for well-to-do citizens to go homeward unattended through the dimly lit narrow streets of London. Members of the House of Commons accordingly formed little neighbourly groups who, going home in the same direction, braved the footpad. What became of the luckless last man who had to scurry up to his own door in solitary trepidation, history sayeth not. Perhaps he did not live to tell. The cry some of us still hear every night the House of Commons is sitting, "Who goes home?" is an echo of that dim and distant time.

One more, equally obscure, is in its way not less full of antiquarian interest. After a brief pause, Members assumed to gather to the Lobby, arranging themselves for the dangerous emprise of getting home, the doorkeeper, again uplifting his voice, cries aloud, "The usual time to-morrow." Here again we catch vivid glimpse of days that are no more. In this twentieth century, with morning papers galore and evening papers that issue "extra specials" at eleven o'clock in the morning, we know exactly where we are and what will take place at successive hours of the day. It was not always thus, and Members before leaving found it convenient to be assured that the House of Commons at the moment adjourning would meet at the usual time on the following day.

The preservation of these nightly habits testifies to the innately Conservative tendency of the Mother of Parliaments. They are fondly cherished quaint and precious testimonies to its storied past.

Hats form an important but unrecognised part in the legislation connected with an Empire on which the sun never sets. Next to the smallness of the chamber that looms so large in history and in the concerns of the current day, nothing strikes the stranger in the gallery more sharply than discovery of a multitude of gentlemen sitting about the benches with their hats on. In no other deliberative assembly in the kingdom does the custom obtain. Even in the House of Lords over the way, though it is permissible to wear a hat during debate, the habit is quite exceptional. A good reason for this is that in the Lobby conveniently contiguous to the gilded chamber noble Lords have hat and cloak rails bearing their august names, with gold-chained messengers in attendance ready to relieve them of their outdoor appanages. There is, of course, a cloak-room connected with the House of Commons. But it is a long way off, and Members arriving hatted prefer to remain so when they have taken their seats.

The etiquette governing the use of the hat is severe. No Member may walk about with his head covered. If even he bends forward to speak to a friend on the bench below he must remove his hat. By the mere raising of the hat by Minister or private Member the stage of a Bill is moved.

X

OLD WAYS AT WESTMINSTER

I HAVE in prized possession a volume of Recollections of an anonymous observer of the House of Commons from the year 1830 to the close of the session of 1835. It contains a series of thumbnail sketches of eminent Members long since gone to "another place," leaving names that will live in English history. A portion of the musty volume was devoted to descriptions of Parliamentary surroundings and procedure interesting by comparison with those established at the present day.

"Q," as for brevity I name the unknown recorder, describes the old House of Commons destroyed by fire in 1834 as dark, gloomy and badly ventilated, so small that not more than 400 out of the 658 Members could be accommodated with any measure of comfort. In those days an important debate was not unfrequently preceded by "a call of the House," which brought together a full muster. On such occasions Members were, "Q" says, "literally crammed together," the heat of the House recalling accounts of the then recent tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Immediately over the entrance provided for Members was the Strangers' Gallery; underneath it were several rows of seats for friends of Members. This arrangement exists in the new

House. Admission to the Strangers' Gallery was obtained on presentation of a note or order from a Member. Failing that, payment of half a crown to the doorkeeper at once procured admittance.

When the General Election of 1880 brought the Liberals into power, parties in the House of Commons, in obedience to immemorial custom, crossed over, changing sides. The Irish Members, habitually associated with British Liberals, having when in Opposition shared with them the benches to the left of the Speaker, on this occasion declined to change their quarters, a decision ever since observed. They were, they said, free from allegiance to either political party and would remain uninfluenced by their movements. This was noted at the time as a new departure. Actually they were following a precedent established half a century earlier.

In the closing sessions of the unreformed Parliament, a group of extreme Radicals, including Hume, Cobbett and Roebuck, remained seated on the Opposition Benches whichever party was in power. Prominent amongst them was Hume, above all others most constant in attendance. He did not quit his post even during the dinner hour. He filled his pockets with fruit—pears by preference—and at approach of eight o'clock publicly ate them.

In the old House of Commons a bench at the back of the Strangers' Gallery was by special favour appropriated to the reporters. The papers represented paid the doorkeepers a fee of three guineas a session. As they numbered something over threescore, this was a source of snug revenue in supplement to the strangers' tributary half-crown. Ladies were not admitted to the Strangers' Gallery. The only place whence they could partly see, and

imperfectly hear, what was going on was by looking down through a large hole in the ceiling immediately above the principal candle-stocked chandelier. This aperture was the principal means of ventilating the House, and the ladies circled round it regardless of the egress of vitiated air. Mr. Gladstone, who sat in the old House as Member for Newark, once told me that during progress with an important debate he saw a fan fluttering down from the ceiling. It had dropped from the hand of one of the ladies, who suddenly found herself in a semi-asphyxiated condition.

Something more than half a century later Mr. Gladstone was unconsciously the object of attention from another group of ladies indomitable in desire to hear an historic speech. On the night of the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill there was overflowing demand for seats in the Ladies' Gallery. When accommodation was exhausted, the wife of the First Commissioner of Works happily remembered that the floor of the House is constructed of open iron network, over which a twine matting is laid. Standing or walking along the Iron Gallery that spans the vault below, it is quite easy to hear what is going on in the House. Here, on the invitation of the First Commissioner's wife, were seated a company of ladies who, unseen, their presence unsuspected, heard every word of the Premier's epoch-making speech.

"Q" incidentally records details of procedure in marked contrast with that of to-day. In these times, on the assembling of a newly elected Parliament, the Oath is administered by the Clerk to Members standing in batches at small tables on the

floor of the House. In the old Parliament, Members were sworn in by the Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household. At the same period a new Speaker, being duly elected or re-elected, was led by the Mover and Seconder from his seat to the Bar, whence he was escorted to the Chair. To-day he is conducted direct to the Chair. When divisions were taken in Committee of the whole House, Members did not, as at present, go forth into separate lobbies. The "ayes" ranged themselves to the right of the Speaker's Chair, the "noes" to the left, and were counted accordingly. The practice varied when the House was fully constituted, the Speaker in the Chair and the Mace on the Table. In such circumstances one only of the contending parties, the "ayes" or the "noes," according to the nature of the business in question, quitted the Chamber. The tellers first counted those remaining in the House, and then, standing in the passage between the Bar and the door, counted the others as they re-entered. The result of the division was announced in the formula, "The ayes that went out are" so many. "The noes who remained are" so many. A quorum then, as now, was forty, but when the House was in Committee the presence of eight Members sufficed. "Q" makes no reference to the use of a bell announcing divisions. But he mentions occasions on which the Mace was sent to Westminster Hall, the Court of Request, or to the several Committee Rooms to summon Members to attend.

At the period of Parliamentary history of which "Q" is the lively chronicler, the ceremony of choosing a Speaker and obtaining Royal Assent to the choice was identical with that first used on the

occasion of Sir Job Charlton's election to the Chair in the time of Charles II. The title of Speaker was bestowed because he alone had the right to speak to or address the King in the name and on behalf of the House of Commons. Of this privilege he customarily availed himself at considerable length. On being summoned to the presence of the Sovereign in the House of Lords, he, in servile terms, begged to be excused from undertaking the duties of Speaker, "which," he protested, "require greater abilities than I can pretend to own." The Lord Chancellor, by direction of the Sovereign, assured the modest man that "having very attentively heard your discreet and handsome discourse," the King would not consent to refusal of the Chair. Thereupon the Speaker-designate launched forth into a fresh, even more ornate, address, claiming "renewal of the ancient privileges of Your most loyal and dutiful House of Commons." Whereto His Majesty, speaking again by the mouth of the Lord Chancellor, remarked, not without a sense of humour, that "he hath heard and well weighed your short and eloquent oration, and in the first place much approves that you have introduced a shorter way of speaking on these occasions."

Up to 1883 the Speaker's salary was, as it is to-day, £5,000 a year. In addition to his salary he received fees amounting to £2,000 or £3,000 per session. On his election he was presented with 2,000 ounces of plate, £1,000 of equipment money, two hogsheads of claret, £100 per annum for stationery, and a stately residence in convenient contiguity to the House. These little extras made the post worth at least £8,000 per annum.

In the present and recent Parliament an ancient

tradition is kept up by a Member for the City of London seating himself on the Treasury Bench on the opening day of a new Parliament. Two Members are privileged to take their places there, but after his election for the City, Mr. Arthur Balfour left Sir Frederick Banbury in sole possession of the place. In the first third of the nineteenth century the City of London returned four Members who not only sat on the Treasury Bench on the first day a newly elected Parliament met, but arrayed themselves in scarlet gowns. Sir Frederick Banbury stopped short of acquiring that distinction.

During the first two sessions of the reformed Parliament the Commons met at noon for the purpose of presenting petitions and transacting other business of minor importance. These morning sittings, precursors of others instituted by Disraeli and since abandoned, usually lasted till three o'clock, the House then adjourning till five, when real business was entered upon. Subsequently this arrangement was abandoned, the Speaker taking the Chair at half-past three. Even then the first and freshest hour and a half of the sitting were spent in the presentations of petitions or in debate thereupon. The interval can be explained only upon the assumption that the petitions were read verbatim.

In the Parliamentary procedure of to-day, petitions play a part of ever-decreasing importance. Their presentation takes precedence of all other business. But the Member in charge of one is not permitted to stray beyond briefest description of its prayer and a statement of the number of signatories. Thereupon, by direction of the Speaker, he thrusts the petition into a sack hanging

to the left of the Speaker's chair, and there an end on't. There is, it is true, a Committee of Petitions which is supposed to examine every document. As far as practical purposes are concerned, petitions might as well be dropped over the Terrace into the Thames as into the mouth of the appointed sack.

At times of popular excitement round a vexed question—by preference connected with the Church, the sale of liquor, or, before her ghost was laid, marriage with the deceased wife's sister—the flame systematically fanned is kept burning by the presentation of monster petitions. Amid ironical cheers these are carried in by two elderly messengers, who lay them at the foot of the Table. Having been formally presented, they are, amid renewed merriment, carried forth again, and nothing more is heard of them, unless the Committee on Petitions reports that there is suspicious similarity in the handwriting of blocks of signatures, collected by an energetic person remunerated by commission upon the aggregate number.

The most remarkable demonstration made in modern times happened during the short life of the Parliament elected in 1892. Members coming down one day in time for prayers discovered to their amazement the floor of the House blocked with monster rolls, such as are seen in the street when the repair of underground telegraph wires is in progress. The Member to whose personal care this trifle had been submitted rising to present the petition, Mr. Labouchere, on a point of order, objected that sight of him was blocked by the gigantic cylinders.

"The hon. gentleman," he suggested, "should

mount one and address the Chair from the eminence." The suggestion was disregarded, and in time the elderly messengers put their shoulders to wheels and rolled the monsters out of the House.

"Q," whose eagle eye nothing escapes, comments on the preponderance of bald heads among Ministers. Occupying an idle moment, he counted the number of bald heads and found them to amount to one-third of the full muster. "Taking the whole 658," he writes in one of his simple but delightful asides, "I should think that perhaps a fourth part are more or less bald-headed. The number of red heads," he adds, "is also remarkable. I should think they are hardly less numerous than bald ones. When I come to advert to individual Members of distinction, it cannot fail to strike the reader how many are red-headed."

This interesting inference is, if it be accepted as well founded, damaging to the status of the present House of Commons. I do not, on reflection, recall a single Member so decorated.

As to bald-headedness—which in the time of the prophet Elisha was regarded as an undesirable eccentricity, public notice of which, it will be remembered, condemned the juvenile commentators to severe disciplinary punishment—it was, curiously enough, a marked peculiarity among Members of the House of Commons in an early decade of the nineteenth century. I have a prized engraving presenting a view of the interior of the House of Commons during the sessions of 1821–3. Glancing over the crowded benches, I observe that the proportion of bald-headed men is at least equal to that noted by "Q" in the Parliament sitting a dozen years later.

What are known as scenes in the House were not infrequent in "Q's" time. He recalls one of which an otherwise undistinguished Member for Oxford, one Hughes Hughes, was innocently made the occasion. It was a flash of the peculiar, not always explicable, humour of the House of Commons, still upon occasion predominant, to refuse the gentleman a hearing. "Hughes's rising was the signal for continuous uproar," "Q" writes. "At repeated intervals a sort of drone-like drumming, having the sound of a distant hand organ or bagpipes, arose from the back benches. Coughing, sneezing and ingeniously extended yawning blended with other sounds. A voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound."

For ten minutes the double-barrelled Hughes faced the music, and when he sat down not a word save the initial "Sir" had been heard from his lips.

The nearest approach to this scene that I remember happened in the last session of the Parliament of 1868–74, when, amidst similar uproar, Cavendish Bentinck, as one describing at the time the uproar wrote, "went out behind the Speaker's Chair and crowed thrice." This was the occasion upon which Sir Charles Dilke made his Parliamentary debut. In Committee of Ways and Means he, in uncompromising fashion that grated on the ears of loyalists, called attention to the Civil List of Queen Victoria and moved a reduction. Auberon Herbert, in later years a staid Tory, at that time suspected of a tendency towards Republicanism, undertook to second the Amendment. Sir Charles managed amid angry interruptions to work off his speech.

Herbert, following him, was met by a storm of resentment that made his sentences inaudible.

After uproar had prevailed for a full quarter of an hour a shamefaced Member, anxious for the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments, called attention to the presence of strangers. Forthwith, in accordance with the regulation then in force, the galleries were cleared. As the occupants of the Press Gallery reluctantly departed, they heard above the shouting the sound of cock-crowing. Looking over the baluster, they saw behind the Chair "Little Ben," as Cavendish Bentinck was called, to distinguish him from his bigger kinsman, vigorously engaged upon vain effort to preserve order.

From "Q's" report of another outbreak of disorder it would appear that in the House meeting in the 'thirties of the nineteenth century, exchange of personalities went far beyond modern experience. The once heated Maynooth question was to the fore. In the course of an animated set-to between a Mr. Shaw and Daniel O'Connell, the former shouted, "The hon. Member has charged me with being actuated by spiritual ferocity. My ferocity is not of the description which takes for its symbol a death's head and cross-bones." O'Connell, as a certain fishwife locally famous for picturesque language discovered, was hard to beat in the game of vituperation. Turning upon Shaw, he retorted, "Yours is a calf's head and jaw-bones."

"Q" records that the retort was greeted with deafening cheers from the ministerial side, where O'Connell and his party were seated. Mr. Shaw's polite, but perhaps inconsequential, remark had been received with equal enthusiasm by the Opposition.

XI

HUMOUR

IN considering humour, especially in reference to the House of Commons, it may be well to attempt to define it. "What is truth?" judicial-minded Pilate forlornly asked. "What is humour?" I inquire of the dictionary. The answer is, "A facetious or jocular turn of mind in conversation; the disposition to find, or the faculty of finding, ludicrous aspects or suggestions in common facts or notions."

The definition is admirable, leaving little to be desired. It may be supplemented by what Thackeray wrote of Dickens: "I should call humour a mixture of love and wit." That, too, is excellent, happily suggesting the difference between wit and humour. Wit is apt to scorch. Humour plays round a victim with lambent flame that does not, or should not, singe a hair. Dickens was a humorist with a tendency towards the farcical. Thackeray was a humorist upon occasion apt to cut with the fine razor-edge of wit.

That every nation has its style of humour as distinctive as its language is a fact easier to be conscious of than to explain. The humour of the American, the French, the English, the Irish, and the Scotch nations is absolutely distinct. The difference is indefinable. I should say that where

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affinity comes in, it is closer between the Americans and the Scotch than between any other two races. With respect to American humour and English, a difference that leaps to the eye is that one is dry, the other humid. As becomes their younger blood, their rolling prairies, and their exhilarating atmosphere, Americans are, in the matter of humour, more extravagant than the English. There is a delicious gravity about it refreshing to the heart. In some of its phases it begins at the pace of a funeral march, abruptly, surprisingly finishing up at a gallop. A tone of assumed melancholy in the writings of Artemus Ward supplies the necessary background to the sudden illumination of his humour. Mark Twain's manner, whether in conversation or in writing, is also weighted by supreme gravity, which makes the joke more effective when it is flashed forth.

"What an ornament and safeguard is humour!" Emerson wrote, discoursing upon Sir Walter Scott. "Far better than wit for a poet and writer. It is a genius itself, and so defends from mediocrity." Often in a railway train, in an omnibus, too frequently at a dinner-table, I observe a man and wife who, it is obvious, are incapable of discovering "ludicrous aspects or suggestions in common facts or notions." I suppose there are millions of respectable, honest households where from morning till night nobody laughs.

The odd thing is that there are few things mankind is more grateful for than to be made to laugh. Nor does it need a supreme touch of humour to satisfy desire. The House of Commons, in which, after close and intimate study extending through fifty years, I find the most perfect microcosm of the

British race, the desire to be amused is almost abject. A Minister who, expounding a Bill, has furtively supplied himself with a tumbler of slightly coloured water, and, enforcing his argument, with sweeping gesture upsets the tumbler, is almost sure to get his Bill read a second time without a division. A private Member who, concluding his speech, sits down on his hat, incautiously placed on the bench behind him, is a prime favourite for the rest of the evening.

This particular development of unconscious humour is likely to pall by frequency of repetition. One session it gained an effective accessory. A Member, speaking from behind the Treasury Bench, resuming his seat at the close of a speech, crashed down on the hat of his neighbour. It is good form in these circumstances for the victim to betray no annoyance. He should absolutely ignore the incident, affecting to regard it as part of ordinary Parliamentary proceedings. In this case it happened that the owner of the outraged hat followed its assailant in debate. Taking up the wreck, straightening it out with the air of being quite accustomed to find it in this plight, he commenced his speech with the familiar remark, "The hon. Member who has just sat down——"

"On your hat," said another Member, completing the sentence.

"Let me write the songs of the people, and I don't care who makes their laws," is a frequently quoted aphorism. It may be paraphrased in a form applicable to the House of Commons. "Let me make the House laugh, and I don't care who convinces it by argument." This yearning after the lighter side of things is natural and irresistible.

FRANK LOCKWOOD'S SKETCHES.

[*See* PREFACE.

Having sat for eight or ten hours listening to a succession of speakers hammering away at a technical or otherwise tiresome topic, there is great refreshment in a burst of laughter. From period to period, following on a series of General Elections, the House of Commons necessarily varies in individuality of character, and consequently in general tone and aspect. It never loses its thirst for amusement. As hinted at in the case of the crushed hat, it is so grateful for any contribution to its amusement that it is not particular as to the delicacy of the humour or the poignancy of the wit.

Time was when the Irish Members supplied both with rich generosity. They flooded the House of Commons with rich and rare individuality of the kind heretofore familiar to the Saxon chiefly in the novels of Lever and Lover. That type has disappeared from the present House. The modern Irish Member is as prosy as he is fluent, his harangues being unlit by heaven-sent flashes of wit or humour.

Amid many other distinct types, I recall a serious-mannered Irish Member named Blake, whose memory is kept green by a brief correspondence he read to a delighted House. It was casually introduced in a speech delivered in debate on an Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Mr. Blake, taking the House into friendly confidence, informed it that he had an uncle who regularly took six tumblers of whisky toddy per day. After much consideration, he felt it his duty to write and remonstrate with his erring relative. The letter ran thus :—

My Dear Uncle,—I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whisky a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be that, as I am persuaded, it would be the means of lengthening your days.

The uncle replied :—

My Dear Nephew,—I am much obliged to you for your dutiful letter. I was so struck by what you said—in particular by your kind wish to lengthen my days—that last Friday I gave up the whisky. I believe you're right, my boy, as to my days being lengthened, for, bedad, it was the longest day I ever remembered.

Another hero of old Coercion days was an Irish Member named Pyne. The Land League and the Irish Office were at the time at grips, the former having promulgated their historic edict forbidding the payment of rent. Mr. Pyne one night told the House, not less delighted on the Unionist side than among the Home Rulers, how he got over the difficulty. Taking out his watch, he showed those seated near him that on its back was roughly engraved the legend, "Pay no rent." Whenever in troubled times a peasant farmer came to him for advice as to what they should do under pressure of the landlord clamouring for his dues, Mr. Pyne solemnly shook his head.

"I cannot," he said, "express my views on the subject, for Mr. Balfour—[then Chief Secretary]—says they are illegal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll show you what time of day it is."

And, holding out his watch, the perturbed tenant, turning it over, read upon it the admonitory legend.

Since I first knew the House—a period of time closely approaching half a century—there has always been some privileged jester permitted to flout authority with the freedom granted to the court fool in earlier times. The earliest of whom I have personal recollection was Bernal Osborne, a well-known character in the Parliament that saw

Disraeli in power as well as in office, a concatenation of circumstance not theretofore familiar. His wit was rather corrosive than genial. It chiefly shone in the form of personal observations detrimental to the person concerned.

One day, when the question of the union of Church and State was under discussion, some one interposed a correction of one of Osborne's wild assertions. Turning upon him with rude stare, Osborne said, "I do not know who the hon. gentleman is, but he looks like a Nonconformist."

The humour of this wants explaining. It lies in the incongruity of the suggestion that there are distinctive features in a man's appearance in these modern days that would cause him to be recognised as a Nonconformist. The implication was that the interrupter was ignorant, muddle-headed, ill-mannered, and therefore a Nonconformist. Such as it was, the jest had a great reception, notably from the Church party.

Horsman was contemporary with Bernal Osborne during the term of his wearing the cap and bells, and in course of time succeeded him. His wit was as artificial as his style was stilted. He was memorable rather as being the cause of other people saying good things than of saying them himself. Disraeli hit him off with scathing fidelity when he described him as "a superior person." Jacob Bright, brother of the great tribune, a well-meaning but exceedingly dull personage, following Horsman in debate, accidentally stumbled on one of his only two *bons mots*, both undesigned. Meaning to allude to Horsman as "the chartered libertine of debate," he substituted the adjective "shattered." This happening at a time when Horsman's decadence

was a matter of general comment, the unaimed shot went home.

Jacob Bright's other verbal success was when Lord Randolph Churchill, then Member for Woodstock, was reaching the zenith of fame as Leader of the Fourth Party. Bright alluded to him in debate as "the hon. Member for Woodcock." To the quick fancy of the House, ever on the look-out for amusement, this verbal error seemed to fit so exactly Lord Randolph's habit of cock-a-hooping that the name stuck.

Next in succession came Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who wore the cap and jangled the bells for a longer period than either of his immediate predecessors. His style differed from theirs. It was scarcely less personal, but was ever more genial. Notwithstanding his fanaticism in the matter of teetotalism, he was gifted with a large fund of common sense and some political acumen. Through his mind flashed those bright lights, revealing hidden points of resemblance between apparent incongruities, the sudden making clear of which mainly constitutes what we call humour.

There was a Member of the House of Commons, Thomas Collins by name, who, though exceedingly wealthy, was careful about many things, especially odd sixpences. Returned for Naresborough at a by-election, some days elapsed before he put in appearance at the House.

"Odd, isn't it," somebody said to Sir Wilfrid, "that Tom Collins doesn't turn up?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Sir Wilfrid; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

One other story Sir Wilfrid kept for private circulation, which is a pity, since, if told to the

Speaker, it would have brought down the House. One day, on a week-end visit to the country, the rigid apostle of temperance made the acquaintance of a sharp young lady of some seven summers, with whom he held lively conversation. On leaving her, he said:

"Now, my dear, we have been talking some time. I am sure you have no idea who I am."

"Oh yes, I have," missy replied; "you are the celebrated drunkard!"

Arthur Balfour has a keen sense of humour. But in this matter he is rather receptive than contributive. Nevertheless, from time to time he enlivens his discourse with little asides that hugely delight his audience. Asquith resembles his great leader, Gladstone, inasmuch as it is the fashion to deny him a sense of humour. For the latter, as to Rab, the dog immortalised by Dr. Brown, life was too serious for him to find room for frivolities. Yet those admitted to the privilege of social intercourse with him will testify that he had a considerable fund of humorous stories, which lost no point in the telling, his face, in later days, wrinkling into a marvellous smile as he spoke. To those who knew him only in his capacity in the House of Commons or on the public platform, it will come as a shock to know that there was a time—certainly it was in University days—when the great statesman not only sang "Jim Crow," but performed the customary saltatory accompaniment.

Asquith, as he grew in years, developed a tendency to humour he would do well to cultivate. For the rest, with two exceptions, his colleagues were not accustomed to disturb debate by the evolution of eruptive laughter. When in Opposition, a free-

lance below the gangway, Lloyd George's speech was full of quips and cranks. Sobered by the responsibility of office, he grew more reticent. But when he gets away from school, and goes playing on public platforms in the provinces, old habit asserts itself.

Winston Churchill, when he lets himself go, brims over with audacious sayings, that frequently rise to the height of wit. By unwritten law, in obedience to an instinct unmistakably felt, though difficult to define, it does not do for a young Minister to be funny on the Treasury Bench. In years to come, when Winston has reached the pre-eminence he is resolved to obtain, he will have a free hand, and may be trusted to use it. Meanwhile, we have his characterisation of a variation from the paled pathway of truth marked in connection with the controversy that raged round Chinese labour in South Africa. His attention being called to the matter by a question addressed to him whilst Under-Secretary for the Colonies, he admitted that the statement challenged was a "terminological inexactitude." The phrase has stuck, and is found useful in cases where it is desirable to refrain from plain language and call a man a confirmed liar.

The wittiest man known to the House of Commons since the days of Disraeli, of whom he was an appreciative pupil, was Harcourt. His *forte* was rather wit than humour, by far the more dangerous weapon. That he was conscious of the distinction appeared in a letter intended for publication, which some years before his death he addressed to "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*. "Humour," he wrote, "above all, good humour, is the salt of life, and for many years you have applied this antiseptic to the House

ımmons with a delicate touch that never ls."

'court, it must be admitted, assuming that ıment was merited, did not mind whom he led so that he worked off his joke. He hit ll round with fine impartiality, that spared r friend nor foe. He was, perhaps, even er in private conversation than in public ı. His sallies, when unprepared, were more ve. He brought his impromptus down to Iouse of Commons written out on foolscap , and the rustle of turned-over manuscript is dly accessory to a joke. Nevertheless, he was at joy to the House, and left behind him ccessor.

XII

PROCEDURE IN THE COMMONS

SINCE I first knew the House of Commons the method of procedure and the style of debate have greatly altered. Obviously the latter is a sequence of the former. Thirty years ago the Speaker took the Chair at four o'clock. Questions began half an hour later, the progress of interrogation frequently extending to six o'clock. Then, as now, the text of questions was printed on a paper in the hand of every Member. Nevertheless, in accordance with immemorial custom, every Member mercilessly read aloud every word of his question. The Irish Members beginning to fall into line under the command of Parnell, shrewd Joseph Gillis Biggar quickly perceived this opportunity of obstructing business. He incited his colleagues to put down questions by the score, making them as lengthy as possible, as controversial as the supervision of the Speaker permitted.

That is a pleasing habit by no means unfamiliar at the present day. But in the 'seventies and the early sessions of the 'eighties, obstruction had another weapon in its armoury. In those happy times there was nothing to prevent a small but active clique, whether it was called the Fourth Party or belonged to the Parnellite faction, from getting up a wrangle over a ministerial answer to

MR. SPEAKER GULLY AND TOBY, M.P., AT THE OPENING OF THE KIEL CANAL, JUNE 20, 1895.

a question, and moving the adjournment in order to discuss the matter at length. To-day leave is occasionally given to move the adjournment, the privilege being hampered by the futile condition that the request shall be supported by forty Members. But such motion may not be made till the close of the Question hour, and if permission be extorted by the support alluded to, debate may not open till after the dinner hour, leaving the ordinary course of business undisturbed.

On one of the earliest days of the Parliament of 1880 Frank Hugh O'Donnell, scarcely veiling under form of a Question an attack on the newly appointed French Minister to the Court of St. James, met remonstrance by moving the adjournment. This happened at five o'clock in the afternoon, midway in the list of Questions. A row ensued, prolonged till one o'clock the next morning, when, O'Donnell retiring in a state of physical exhaustion, the subject dropped and the Speaker gravely called on the next Question on the paper.

One result of this state of things was to prevent the cream of debate rising till after the dinner hour, an arrangement that involved late sittings. To-day, with the House master of its own time, questions are disposed of and Orders of the Day entered upon not later than four o'clock. Debate automatically closes at eleven. The great guns are fired off as early as possible, invariably before dispersal for dinner. In former times, with the length of sitting unlimited by the Standing Orders, the real business of debate did not begin earlier than ten o'clock, when Members began to stream back from dinner. When Disraeli and Gladstone faced each other

across the Table, it was a common thing for the Leader of the Opposition to rise at eleven o'clock to wind up a critical debate, talk for an hour and a half, and leave the Leader to reply at similar or greater length, regardless of the glowing dawn. In different circumstances the style of speech-making becomes wholly different. Then men orated; now they talk.

A distinctive feature of the twentieth-century House of Commons is the disappearance of the orator. Time was, at and since the period of Pitt and Fox, when the House of Commons was a stage from which eminent men delivered elaborate discourses. Within my experience a great change has been wrought in this respect. There are able men in the present Parliament; there is not one who poses as an orator. New times, above all, new Rules of Procedure, make new manners. There really isn't time now for a man to lay himself out for a two hours' speech, as was a common custom even so recently as a quarter of a century ago. With the House meeting at the afternoon hour of a quarter to three o'clock and abruptly closing debate at eleven, there is no room for such elaborate performance.

Moreover, the habit of Members in respect of debate is changed. Time was when 600 Members were content to form an audience enraptured by the eloquence of eight or ten. Now, with special wires feeding local papers, every Member feels called upon to deliver a certain number of remarks on important Bills or resolutions brought before the House. The average Member finds more satisfaction in talking than in listening. This, combined with a disposition to regard progress of

legislative business as of more importance than flowers of oratory, completes the change of fashion. In these prosaic days, a Member, however eminent, rising with evident intent of delivering a set oration, would first be stared at, then left to discourse to himself, the Speaker, and an admiring family circle in the Ladies' Gallery.

I remember in days that are no more a quite different state of things. In the 'seventies, even in the 'eighties, there were giants of oratory. Gladstone was the last survival, and even he towards the end of his career was influenced by the newer turn of thought which dominated Parliamentary debate. He could not help being eloquent when deeply moved. But he was more direct in his methods, less voluminous in his speech.

In his prime, in a great debate when political parties were set in battle array, Gladstone's transcendent oratorical gifts had full play. There was marked contrast in his manner of answering a question addressed to him in his ministerial capacity. After purporting to make reply and taking some ten minutes to do it, he sat down, frequently leaving his interrogator and the House in a condition of dismayed bewilderment, hopelessly attempting to grope their way through the intricacies of the sonorous sentences they had listened to. If, as happened in expounding a Bill or replying to a debate, he desired to make himself understood, he had no equal. His manner in speech-making was more strongly marked by action than was that of his only rival, John Bright. He emphasised points by smiting the open palm of his left hand with sledge-hammer fist. Sometimes he, with gleaming eyes—"like a vulture's," Mr. Lecky

genially described them — pointed his forefinger straight at his adversary. In hottest moments he beat the brass-bound Box with clamorous hand that occasionally drowned the point he strove to make. Sometimes with both hands raised above his head; often with left elbow leaning on the Box, right hand with closed fist shaken at the head of an unoffending country gentleman on the back bench opposite; anon, standing half a step back from the Table, left hand hanging at his side, right uplifted, so that he might with thumb-nail lightly touch the shining crown of his head, he trampled his way through the argument he assailed as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle.

It is no new thing for great orators to indulge in extravagant gestures. Peel had none; Pitt few, and they monotonous and mechanical. But Pitt's father, the great Chatham, was apt to flash his eagle eye, to flaunt his flannels, and strike home with his crutch. Brougham once dropped on his knees in the House of Lords and with outstretched hands implored the Peers not to reject the Reform Bill. Fox was sometimes moved to tears by his own eloquence. Burke on an historic occasion brought a dagger into debate, and at the arranged cue flung it on the floor of the House of Commons. Sheridan, when nothing more effective was to be done, was apt to faint. Grattan used to scrape the ground with his knuckles as he bent his body and thanked God he had no peculiarities of gesture. In respect of originality, multiplicity and vehemence of gesture, Gladstone, as in some other things, beat the record of human achievement.

Disraeli lacked two qualities, failing which true

eloquence is impossible. He was never quite in earnest, and he was not troubled by dominating conviction. Only on the rarest occasions did he affect to be roused to righteous indignation, and then he was rather amusing than impressive. He was endowed with a lively fancy and cultivated the art of coining phrases, generally personal in their bearing. When these were flashed forth he delighted the House. For the rest, at the period I knew him, when he had grown respectable and was weighted with responsibility, he was often dull. There were, indeed, in the course of a session few things more dreary than a long speech from Dizzy. At short, sharp replies to questions designed to be embarrassing he was effective. When it came to a long speech, the lack of stamina was disclosed, and the House listened to something which, if not occasionally incomprehensible, was frequently involved.

When he rose to speak he rested his hand for a moment on the Box—only for a moment, for he invariably endeavoured to gain the ear of his audience by making a brilliant point in an opening sentence. The attitude he found most conducive to happy delivery was to stand balancing himself on heel and toe with hands in his coat-tail pockets. In this pose, with head hung down as if he were mentally debating how best to express a thought just born to him, he slowly uttered the polished and poisoned sentences over which he had spent laborious hours in his study.

The merest tyro knew a moment beforehand when Disraeli was approaching what he regarded as the most effective opening for dropping the gem of phrase he made believe to have

just dug up from an unvisited corner of his mind. He saw him lead up to it; he noted the disappearance of the hand in the direction of the coat-tail pocket, sometimes in search of a pocket-handkerchief brought out and shaken with careless air, most often to extend the coat-tails, whilst, with body gently rocked to and fro and an affected hesitancy of speech, the *bon mot* was flashed forth. As a keen observer, knowing the necessity noted by Hamlet in his advice to the players of accompanying voice by action, he performed a series of bodily jerks as remote from the natural gestures of the true orator as the waddling of a duck across a stubble field from the progress of a swan over the bosom of a lake.

John Bright, perhaps the finest orator known to the House of Commons in the last half of the nineteenth century, was morally and politically the antithesis of Disraeli. Before, in the closing years of a long life, he reached the unexpected haven of community with the Conservative Party on the question of Home Rule, political animosity passed by no ditch through the mire of which it might drag him. But it never accused him of speaking with an uncertain sound, of denouncing to-day what yesterday he upheld. To a public man this atmosphere of acknowledged sincerity and honest conviction is a mighty adjunct of power. To it Bright added airy graces of oratory. He kept himself well in hand throughout his speech, never losing his hold upon his audience. His gestures were of the fewest, but, unlike Disraeli's, they were appropriate because natural. A simple wave of the right hand, and the point of his sentence was emphasised. Nature gifted him with a fine presence

and a voice the like of which has rarely rung through the classic chamber. "Like a bell," was the illustration commonly employed in any endeavour to convey an impression of its music. I should say like a peal of bells, for a single one could not produce the varied tones in which Bright suited his voice to his theme.

On the whole the dominant note was one of pathos. Probably because all his great speeches pleaded for the cause of the oppressed or denounced an accomplished wrong, a tone of melancholy ran through them. For the expression of pathos there were marvellously touching vibrations in his voice which carried to the listener's heart the tender thoughts that came glowing from the speaker's, clad in simple words as they passed his tongue.

When I first knew the House no speech in full-dress debate was regarded as complete unless it were rounded off by an elaborate peroration. In this competition Mr. Gladstone was easily first. Disraeli also had his pet peroration. But it was pompous in conception, of the tinkling-cymbal order of construction. Gladstone's only competitor in this development of oratorical art was John Bright. Varying his ordinary practice of delivering the main part of his speech without the assistance of a note, Bright carefully wrote out the text of the peroration of his great speeches. He did not necessarily read from the manuscript. It was at hand in case of need.

Another adornment of speeches which did not survive the 'seventies was the introduction of quotations from the classic poets. John Bright in this competition, of course, "sat out," as they say of the fourth partner in Bridge. I am not

certain if Dizzy did not occasionally try his hand at a Latin tag, though I do not remember hearing him. Gladstone, with the literary wealth of Athens and Rome at command, frequently gilded his speech with choice extracts of the ore. Here his worthy competitor was Lowe, equally facile. When, in forming his Budget, Lowe embodied a Match Tax, ruining his reputation as a financier and imperilling the safety of the Government, it was shrewdly suspected that he was allured by the fancy which he, with almost childish delight, communicated to the House of printing on the match-box stamp the motto, *Ex luce lucellum.* As was written of one of old time, "he had his jest and they [very nearly] had his estate." He saved his ministerial life only by hastily abandoning his Match Tax and its motto.

In House of Commons debate to-day the peroration is as much out of fashion as the costumes worn in Goldsmith's comedies. The last halt made by the vanishing custom was on Budget night. Through the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding his Budget was expected to make several little jokes and one serious peroration. Never on such a momentous occasion did Gladstone condescend to the frivolity of a jest. The sustained eloquence of his peroration made up for deficiency in that direction. Harcourt was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer systematically to flash over arid wastes of Revenue returns the light of humour. His example was followed by such unexpected practitioners as Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In the twentieth century, little jokes—the most telling relate to the fluctuating sale of rum

and the yield of the Death Duties—are still made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his annual field night. But, like the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed, the Peroration is dead.

Another marked change wrought by the hand of Time in the habits of the House of Commons relates to dress. I have a precious print which shows the House of Commons assembled in the session of 1821. Members are seated in the old House dimly lit by candelabra pendent from the roof. It is the most appallingly respectable assembly I ever set eyes upon. Neither whisker nor moustache varies the grimness of the sedate countenances. All are dressed alike with high coat-collar, stock carried up to chin, trousers cut tight to the leg and drawn over the instep by a strap. I showed the print one day to Frank Lockwood, beloved equally of the Bar and Parliament, a man who carried an irrepressible sense of humour to the length of having in the same session served in succession as Solicitor-General in Lord Rosebery's Government and in that of the Marquis of Salisbury.

"How decorously dull!" he exclaimed, regarding the scene with quick interest. "How portentously respectable! There does not seem to be a single Irish Member among them; nor"—he added, running his eye again over the crowded benches—"even a lawyer."

Sir James Fergusson, Postmaster-General in the Second Salisbury Administration, tells me he remembers a time when no Member of the House of Commons who respected himself and his constituency sat in the presence of the Speaker without wearing gloves. Sir James, elected Member for

Ayrshire whilst he was fighting in the Crimea, entered the House in 1854, and is from that point of calculation nineteen years my predecessor at Westminster. I never saw the gloves, but I have distinct remembrance of the Sunday-go-to-meeting sartorial style of M.P.'s in the 'seventies. Everyone was black-coated and, of course, top-hatted. One named Monk, who sat for Gloucester session after session, created a sensation, on the whole painful, by presenting himself on sultry days in a dove-coloured suit. It is true his late father had been a Bishop, but it was felt that he was rather imposing on the distinction.

I distinctly remember another shock suffered by the House when Lord Randolph Churchill entered wearing a pair of tan shoes. The Fourth Party was then at the height of its impudence, the plenitude of its power. Its young leader had, for months, alternately bullied the Prime Minister and tweaked the nose of the Leader of the Opposition. These things had been suffered, not gladly, it is true, but in recognition of impotence to withstand them. This tan shoes atrocity was, on both sides of the House, felt to be going literally a step too far.

It is curious to reflect upon these dead-and-gone emotions. On sultry afternoons the benches of the twentieth-century House of Commons present an appearance suggestive of Henley on Regatta day. The cylindrical silk hat, which, within the memory of the present Speaker, was regarded in the light of one of the pillars that sustain the British Constitution, is rarely seen. Straw hats, Homburg hats, and the common bowler have rudely shunted its solemnity. A

working-man Member, returned for the first time to the present Parliament, has beaten the record by presenting himself in a soft brown wide-awake, the rim of which is in size and proportions planned on the scale of the sloping roof of a Swiss chalet. As for clothes, anything will do, the lighter in colour, the less conventional in cut, the better. The absence of a waistcoat is amply atoned for by the presence of a cummerbund.

It was by the last Parliament elected in the reign of Queen Victoria—the first King Edward VII opened in person—that this revolution was completed. With it came in with a rush the fashion of Tea on the Terrace. That such things were accomplished under the genial, happy-go-lucky Premiership of Mr. Arthur Balfour is a circumstance in which some critics may find a moral. The function of Tea on the Terrace was a natural flux of the state of things existing in the first five years of the new century. Mr. Balfour had at his command an overwhelming and, up to the time of Chamberlain's excursion into the field of Protection, a united and docile majority. The last thing demanded from them was contribution to debate. Votes, not talk, was what was looked for from their loyalty. They could not be expected to sit silent hour after hour listening to honourable gentlemen opposite, nor could they be trusted to remain at hand in the Library or Smoking-room. With quick intuition the Whips saw the possibilities of an afternoon function to which ladies contributed the charm of their presence. Tea on the Terrace was accordingly encouraged in high quarters. London society eagerly swallowed the bait, and the worried Whips were soothed by the

knowledge that at the sound of the Division bell a battalion of Ministerialists would sally from the Terrace to resist the machinations of the Opposition trying to rush an unexpected Division.

Not least thorough in the changes wrought in the House of Commons during the last three decades is that affecting the personnel and position of the Irish Party. When, in 1874, they came in with a rush, they were like a string of gamins breaking in on the sanctity of a cathedral close. The old traditions of the House of Commons imposing discipline and almost abject submission to the authority of the Chair, deeply rooted, were defied. The authority of the Speaker in pre-Parnellite days is accurately indicated by the old story of a threat to "name" an offending Member.

"And what would happen if you had done it?" one privily asked the Speaker.

"Heaven only knows," answered the right honourable gentleman.

For generations a vague, obscure threat had sufficed to subdue the most reckless misdoer. Before Parnell and Mr. Biggar had been long to the fore, it became necessary to enact a standing order attaching definite penalties as a consequence of the Speaker performing the ancient rite of "naming" a Member.

Mr. Butt, himself an old Parliamentary hand, was in the first session of the Disraelian Parliament so deeply imbued with the traditions of the House that he shrank from direct conflict with the Chair. There came a night when he, once the popular idol of the Nationalist Party, in sight of a full House quitted the Irish camp below the gangway to the left of the Speaker, seating himself in the

serener quarter above it. Parnell thereupon, with the assistance of his grotesque, honest, delightfully original lieutenant, Joseph Gillis Biggar, took command; entering upon a campaign which before his fall transmuted the Parliamentary atmosphere, transformed its methods of procedure. The evolution of these two was one of the most remarkable, not the least momentous, episodes in the Parliamentary life of the last thirty years. One, a Cambridge man, of aristocratic birth; the other, a provision dealer from Belfast, uncultured, uncouth. The two extremes were drawn together by common hatred of the Saxon, stern resolve to smite him in his most sacred temple.

At the outset they were singularly unfitted for the self-appointed task. Neither had that fluency which is the common heritage of their countrymen. They turned the disqualification into a weapon of war. If, being on their legs, they could not straightway hit upon the precise phrase they sought, why, let the House of Commons wait till they did. The interval would serve by wasting a minute of public time, and in the business of obstruction every little helps. Joseph Gillis, enlarging on the principle, on a famous occasion held the House of Commons at bay whilst in husky voice he read to it extracts from a Blue Book. At a quarter to nine o'clock, the entertainment having commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, his voice began to fail. The Speaker, rising to order, called attention to the rule requiring Members to address the Chair.

"And," he added, "the observations of the honourable Member have not for some time past reached me."

"Very well, sir," said genial Joe B., ever ready to oblige; "I'll come closer."

Tucking his Blue Book under his arm, picking up his tumbler of water, he stepped across the gangway, taking up a position conveniently under the hapless Speaker's left ear.

These deliberate, systematic outrages on Parliamentary etiquette and tradition in time worked out the redemption of the House of Commons. Up to the incursion of the Parnellites, rules of procedure handed down from Stuart times, whilst occasionally failing in their purpose, fared well enough. Evidently they must be recast to meet the new order of things. In the 'eighties the House, most unwilling to move in that direction, gave up much time to reforming its ancient Standing Orders. The adoption of the closure, violently resented as an infringement of the privilege of free speech, did much to deliver the majority from the tyranny of the individual. The automatic interruption of debate, first on the stroke of midnight, now at eleven o'clock, struck at the root of possible disorder by minimising the recurrence of late sittings. The appointment of Grand Committees, involving a system of double labour shift, largely assisted in the furtherance of work achieved in a session.

But, as the Empire spreads, the burden of legislative labour increases. In this twentieth century the Mother of Parliaments is a weary Titan, yearning for the coming of the inevitable time when her load will be lightened by the devolution to local bodies of legislation on local matters.

XIII

RIP VAN WINKLE AT WESTMINSTER

"A GOOD night's work," said Rip Van Winkle Jesse Collings, Member for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham. "'The Stop-gap Government,' Joe called it in one of his illuminating phrases. Well, now we've swept it away."

It was the 26th of January, 1885. A month earlier a General Election had placed Mr. Gladstone in power with a majority within two of the aggregate of Conservatives and Parnellites. Lord Salisbury, though in this hopeless condition, met Parliament as Premier. On the Address the Member for Bordesley moved an amendment insisting on the agricultural labourer having three acres and a cow. The Government, resisting, were hopelessly defeated and must needs resign.

Hence the joy of Jesse. "I'll go home and have a rest," he said. "Think I've earned it." So he took the train for Birmingham and made for his ancestral home at Edgbaston.

Now Jesse practised what he preached. Like Bobby Spencer, he was "not an agricultural labourer." But not far from his own door he possessed three acres and a cow. Many an afternoon he spent there meditating on the iniquity of Lord Salisbury, and communing with himself as to

whether Conservatives as a Party were more ignorant or more designing.

On the day after his home-coming Jesse, as was his custom of an afternoon, strolled over to the three acres. It was a bright sunlit day, a waif of spring strayed into winter. Jesse always carried about with him a sheaf of newspaper cuttings containing speeches by his friend and neighbour, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To take them out and read them in the train, whilst waiting to keep an engagement, or in any otherwise idle moment, was, as Jesse said, with sly consciousness of the play upon words, "a Liberal education." Seated in a secluded corner of his three acres, with the cow musically munching the succulent grass, Jesse took out one of the Master's Birmingham speeches and read a favourite passage.

"The only practical suggestion I gathered from Lord Salisbury's speech last night," so it ran, "is that although he is an enthusiastic Free Trader, he would, if he had the power, impose duties on food and clothing, and on the raw materials coming to us from America and from our Colonies, in the expectation, as he says, that that would induce them to take rather more of our manufactures. Well, if I had time I could point out to you the absurdity and impracticability of any such scheme as that. But what I say now is, that if it should be carried out, it means that every workman in Birmingham and throughout the country would pay more for his loaf, and more for his clothes, and more for every other necessary of his life in order that great manufacturers might keep up their profits, and in order, above all, that great landlords might maintain and raise their rents."

IN THE KAISER'S UNIFORM.

[*See* PREFACE.

"What a man it is!" murmured Jesse enthusiastically. "There never was anyone who could put a great truth into sharper or more memorable phrase."

Reading on, Jesse's head drooped on his breast. The munching of the cow by his side grew more dreamy. Presently he slept.

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On waking, Jesse felt uncommonly hungry, but to his surprise was not at all cold. The weather seemed to have altogether changed since he lay down by the cows and read Joe's genial remarks about Lord Salisbury. It was, in truth, or seemed to be, full summer-time. The trees were in leaf, the grass was lush. Grass reminded him of the cow, and with that memory came sweet thought of a brimming cup of milk. Looking round, he, with a start, found the field, save for himself, tenantless. Here were the three acres, but where was the cow? Close by him he observed, half hidden in the tall grass, a skeleton. That it had been a horned animal was all that was certain in its decay. There was also something that might have been a tail. But it had nothing, not a single hair, to unfold.

"Strange," said Jesse to himself, "I never noticed that before. Must get Ned, the gardener, to dig in the bones, and he may as well go and look for the cow. I'll go home and get some breakfast."

Conscious of unwonted stiffness in the limbs, Jesse strode through the long grass out into the road and made for his home. Felt he must have taken a wrong turning. Instead of the comfortable, respectable street with villa residences he had

passed through the night before, there were nothing but shops, brilliantly, uncannily illuminated with a strange light. But he could not mistake his own freehold residence. Here it was, transmogrified into a draper's shop, with "Nicodemus Hartop" on the window plate, and, among other trade announcements, one offering at reduced prices "straw hats for horses!"

"Straw hats for horses!" murmured Jesse, passing his hand over his brow, which he found surprisingly furrowed.

Entering the shop, he timidly asked if they could tell him where Mr. Jesse Collings lived. A portly person whom Jesse surmised might be Nicodemus Hartop, glancing suspiciously at the figure before him, said, "Jesse Collings? Jesse Collings? No such person in this neighbourhood. There was a Radical fellow of that name who, I believe, lived somewhere about here seventeen years ago, five years before the first shop was made out of a villa. He disappeared; came to no good. What could be expected of a low Radical who spoke disrespectfully of landlords, and went about preaching a doctrine in favour of one man one vote, or one man one cow, I forget which. Birmingham's as much changed now as is this street. No more of your low Radical unsectarian education for us. We're the heart of the Empire, and our Joe is the companion of Kings, the bosom friend of Bishops."

Poor Jesse crept out of the shop with faltering steps. Someone had gone mad. It must be Nicodemus Hartop.

"I'll go down to the House," he said, "and see how Mr. G. is getting on with the formation of his Government. When Under-Secretaryships are

going he can't forget the man who carried the amendment on the Address that turned old Sarum out."

Feeling in his pocket, Jesse turned out a bunch of rusty keys, a knife that wouldn't open, and a mouldy purse. The latter contained both gold and silver. Breakfasting at the railway station, he took the train to London, and making his way to Westminster by circuitous route, reached the Terrace of the House of Commons.

At the far end he came upon a tall lithe figure with whiskerless face and an eyeglass. Jesse started.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Joe as I knew him twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago! Don't you know me, Chamberlain?" he tremblingly asked, holding out a hand which he could not fail to observe would have been better for being washed.

"Can't say I do," said the hon. Member, regarding Jesse with that look he had seen in the eyes of others when they rested upon him. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jesse Collings."

"Garn. Old Jesse was kidnapped seventeen years ago. Left his home at Edgbaston one afternoon, saying he'd be back d'reckly. Never been seen since. Believed to be marooned in some distant Archipelago. At the time folk looked askance at Jemmy Lowther and Harry Chaplin. But there was no evidence. All that was known was that, within twenty-four hours of turning out the Salisbury Government on the Address, Jesse vanished from human ken."

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Jesse. "Then aren't you Joe?"

"If you allude to my right hon. relative, the

Colonial Secretary, I am not. I am merely his son."

"What, Austen?" cried Jesse, making a motion as if to throw himself into his arms, a movement deftly frustrated. "How you've grown since yesterday! So Mr. G. has made your father Colonial Secretary, has he? I rather thought he wanted to go to the Board of Trade."

"Mr. G.?" said the Postmaster-General severely. "Mr. G.'s been dead for years. My father, appointed Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, holds the same place under Arthur Balfour, to-day Prime Minister in the Unionist Party."

Jesse passed his hand across his brow with the same dazed movement that marked his action in the Edgbaston shop. His knees shook under him. "Unionist Party—what's that?" he whispered in choked voice.

He would have fallen had not Austen, pitying the venerable figure, led him to a bench and ordered tea, with House of Commons buttered buns, strawberries and cream. Partaking of this frugal, but welcome fare, Rip Van Winkle Jesse Collings, pouring incessant inquiry, learned some strange things. Austen, whom he used to tip when he went down to see him at Rugby, was Postmaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet. Hartington, right-hand of the Liberal Party last night (Jesse always spoke of his former state as if it existed last night), was now Duke of Devonshire, late colleague of Lord Salisbury, Leader of the House of Lords, regarded by the Colonial Secretary as not sound on fiscal policy.

Jesse was much puzzled to hear that Lord Selborne was First Lord of the Admiralty.

"For a man of his age," he said, "isn't it rather a change? Never heard of an ex-Lord Chancellor going to the Admiralty."

"It's his son and successor," Austen explained; "young Wolmer that was; a promising fellow with a strong prejudice against the peerage."

"And George Curzon Viceroy of India! Why last night he was a hoity-toity whipper-snapper who couldn't get the House to listen to him. And you say Mr. G., forming his Ministry after I turned out the Stop-gap Government, made St. John Brodrick Secretary of State for War?"

"No, no." Austen explained that and much else, till, fearing his old friend would, if the subject were pursued, fall into a state of coma, he led him gently out and conveyed him to Prince's Gardens, where a bath, a barber, and a new suit of clothes did marvels.

Mystery still lingers over this episode in an honourable life. It is more than suspected that, like an earlier Rip Van Winkle who slumbered for twenty years in the shadow of the Kaatskill mountains, Jesse, dozing off seventeen years ago in his three acres, slept on whilst the world revolved, creating wondrous change.

XIV

ENTER LORD BEACONSFIELD

ONE final broad enduring distinction between Disraeli and Gladstone was that, whereas the former could not resist the glitter of a coronet when pressed upon his acceptance by an appreciative Sovereign, Gladstone was content with the proud dignity of a Privy Councillorship. Herein he followed the example of his great master, Sir Robert Peel, who not only refused a Peerage for himself, but, as Gladstone wrote to the Queen when begging to be excused from a Peerage, he "put on record what seemed a perpetual, or almost a perpetual, ordinance for his family." That the ordinance did not prove effective appears from the familiar fact that when Sir Robert's second son stepped down from the Chair of the Speaker of the House of Commons, long filled with dignity, he did not decline the customary guerdon of a Viscountcy.

Whilst Gladstone was still alive there were not only rumours that he had been offered a Peerage, but assurances that he had accepted it. The facts come out in Viscount Morley's *Life* of his old friend and Chief. From the personal point of view they are exceedingly interesting. It was no secret in Parliamentary circles that Queen Victoria had no liking for her greatest Minister. She feared the

trend of his politics and was annoyed at the deathless energy of his manner. Her Majesty was, after all, a woman, and naturally preferred the more courtly manner of the discreet Dizzy.

It is a matter of history how, after the General Election of 1880, Queen Victoria attempted to escape from the injunction imposed upon her by the popular will expressed at the polls to commit to Gladstone the task of forming a new Government. First she sent for Lord Hartington; then for Earl Granville. Finally, these and all else failing her, she yielded to fate and Gladstone. Five years later deliverance was at hand. By a coalition between the Tory Party and the Irish Nationalists, Gladstone was by a small majority beaten on the Budget. He forthwith tendered his resignation and advised Her Majesty to send for Lord Salisbury. Under pressure from the Queen the Tory Leader accepted office, forming what Mr. Chamberlain, then unregenerate, called the "Stop-gap Government."

Gladstone was temporarily out of office, but was actually master of the situation. As a *grande dame* of the Primrose League petulantly said to him, "You have a habit of popping up again." He might (as he did) come in again after the next General Election stronger than ever. There was only one means of escape from the terrible man. If he were safely got to the House of Lords he would be politically shelved. The Queen, perceiving this opening, promptly advanced through it. On June 13, 1895, she wrote offering him an earldom "as a mark of her recognition of his long and distinguished services. . . . The Queen believes that it would be beneficial to his health, no longer

exposing him to the pressure from without for more active work than he ought to undertake."

Surely in vain is the net set in sight of any bird, especially one of the age, acuteness and experience of Mr. Gladstone. He wrote offering "his humble apology to your Majesty," but declining the coronet. Had he accepted it, the fortunes of political parties and, to a considerable extent, the history of the Empire, would have been altered. He remained a Commoner, came back after the General Election of 1885 with an increased majority, and in the following year crossed the Rubicon, landing on the Home Rule shore.

Benjamin Disraeli blossomed into the Earl of Beaconsfield amid surroundings worthy of the occasion. On his retirement from the House of Commons he was forthwith gazetted Earl, took his title and his station. But he did not appear in public till the assembling of the new Parliament in February of the following year, 1877. Queen Victoria, delighting to honour her favourite Minister, now reinstated in the Premiership, announced her intention of opening Parliament in person.

At two o'clock the ceremony was to take place. An hour earlier a brilliant assembly gathered in the solemn light that falls through windows richly dight upon the floor of the House of Lords. On occasions when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person, noble lords chivalrously cede their places to wives and daughters. Save the front row of benches on either hand, the floor of the House was on this historic occasion reserved for ladies. Others graced the galleries running round the walls of the Chamber. The Bishops, who usually sit in all the

glory of lawn to the right of the Woolsack, abandoned their position in favour of the Foreign Ministers, who with their orders and sashes formed a glittering mass of colour.

In the front row of European diplomatists the tall form of Count Münster towered head and shoulders above his fellows, among whom were the representatives of Russia, Italy and Spain. The Japanese and the Persian Ministers occupied seats on the second row. Mr. Pierrepoint, the American Minister, was conspicuous by the plainness of his dress. In a crowded assembly of diplomatists, he was the only man who did not wear uniform or display jewelled Orders.

Just before two o'clock the Lord Chancellor, preceded by the Mace, entered, seating himself on the Woolsack. After a *mauvais quart d'heure* a messenger conveyed a signal to his lordship, who rose and left the House.

A whisper went round that the Queen was coming. It was not the rose, though something that lived very near it. All eyes turned towards the door beheld the Prince of Wales, leading the Princess.

The Prince, wearing the ugly robes of a Peer of the British Parliament, seated himself on the chair to the right of the throne. The Princess arranged herself as well as was possible on the uncomfortable high Woolsack. Hardly had noble lords and ladies reseated themselves after receiving the Heir Apparent and the Princess, than the sound of far-off trumpets announced the coming of the Queen.

First came the pursuivant and the heralds, clad in gorgeous cloth of gold. Immediately after strode a personage in a red cloak tipped with ermine,

bearing aloft a jewelled scabbard. There was a fixed solemnity on the face and an expression of impenetrable depth that seemed familiar. Looking again, there was no mistaking the identity. This was Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield! With eyes bent on the ground, well-measured step, sword rigidly upheld, the newest recruit to the House of Lords walked forward and took up his position on the left of the Throne.

Then came the Queen, followed by the Marquis of Winchester, bearing the Cap of Maintenance. The Lord Chancellor stood at the right hand of the Prince of Wales, ready when the time came to serve his Sovereign by reading her Speech.

At a signal from the Queen the lords and ladies, dutifully standing, resumed their seats, and the messenger was dismissed to summon the faithful Commons. A long and awkward pause followed, during which all eyes were centred, not on the Queen, but upon the figure to the left of the Throne.

Lord Beaconsfield impressively bore the ordeal as he had stood many others. Motionless he remained by the side of his Sovereign, unfalteringly bearing aloft the sword. There was on his face no more expression than he had been accustomed to show in the House of Commons when Gladstone fervently denounced his policy or convincingly confuted his arguments. The ceremony did not occupy many minutes. When it was over Lord Beaconsfield turned as if on a pivot, and, still holding the sword aloft, marched out before the Queen, doubtlessly grateful that it was over, and that Benjamin Disraeli had been ceremoniously introduced to his Peers as Earl of Beaconsfield.

XV

HOW THE KING TRAVELS

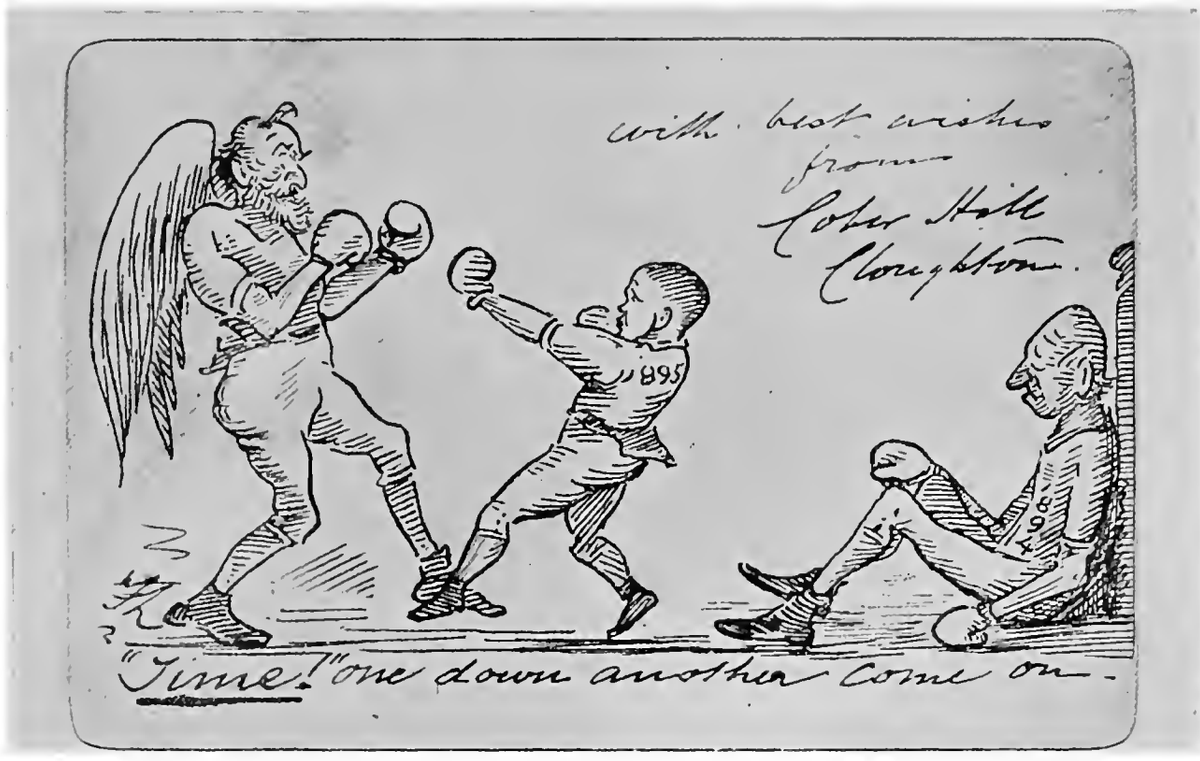
MANY years ago, Queen Victoria, reaching Windsor after a restful railway journey from the Highlands, was so touched with the solicitude lavished upon the undertaking that she commanded the issue of a circular letter to the managers of the lines she was accustomed to use, begging that the railway journeys of the meanest of her subjects might be watched over with equal diligence. Precisely what answer was made by the railway managers to this characteristically thoughtful suggestion I do not know. Talking it over, even at this day, they loyally but ineffectually attempt to repress a smile. It was an observation, like several of Captain Bunsby's, "the bearings of which lays in the application thereof." When the gentle reader is made acquainted with particulars of royal journeys by rail, he will be in a position to decide how far the ordinary third-class passenger may expect to be dealt with in similar circumstances.

The accession of King Edward VII to the throne marked a difference in the use of royal trains. In Queen Victoria's time journeys within the United Kingdom ran on almost monotonous lines. The Queen travelled either to and from Windsor to Ballater for Balmoral, or between Windsor and

Gosport for Osborne. The latter has been absolutely abandoned as a royal residence, being turned into a home for sick warriors, their helmets now a hive for bees. Though Windsor Castle is retained and kept in order in anticipation of a royal visit, King Edward rarely paid it. When in residence there, and having occasion to repair to London, he preferred the motor-car.

This habit literally placed in a siding the train the directors of the Great Western Company had specially built in commemoration of the completion of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. Infinite care and no end of money were lavished on the tribute. It was composed of six carriages, coupled by gangways forming a convenient corridor from end to end. Twenty-four years earlier a saloon carriage had been built for the accommodation of Her Majesty travelling to and fro between London and Windsor. With the affection for old familiar things deeply rooted in her character, she insisted on retaining this old servant. It was a little difficult, since it was out of scale and proportion to the other carriages. The difficulty was got over by taking thought and adding eleven feet to its length. This train is at the disposal of His present Majesty, and is kept swept and garnished, but is rarely called into use. If he travels by rail between Windsor and London, accompanied only by his private Equerry, he makes use of the ordinary train, to which a special saloon is attached. More frequently he journeys by motor.

When the King goes to Scotland he travels by the North-Western Company's line. The limited, and therefore precious, area of Great Britain being



SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD'S NEW YEAR CARDS.

cut up among the various railroad systems, it is not possible on the longer journeys to keep to one line. Nevertheless the royal train, being made up at the point of departure, proceeds direct to its destination, changing engine and guards when it arrives at the terminus of one line and enters upon the territory of another. Going North, His Majesty always travels at night. The train is fitted not only with the vacuum brake, but with the Westinghouse, so that if one fails the other comes into operation. Saloon and sleeping berths are lighted with electricity. Between each carriage and the guard's van there is electrical communication, in addition to a special cord placing the guard and the driver instantly in communication. In a carriage in the rear of the train rides one of the principal officers of the Company and the carriage superintendent. They are in command of a full complement of artificers, ready to meet any of the almost impossible emergencies that might arise on the jealously guarded journey.

As soon as the date and hour of the King's journey is fixed, the railway officials begin elaborate preparations. Every detail is considered with anxious care. The locomotive superintendent personally selects the engine, having first informed himself as to the number of carriages that will constitute the train, the approximate weight of the luggage, and the number of passengers. These particulars before him, having intimate knowledge of the capabilities of the various engines at his command, he selects one most precisely qualified for the work. He also chooses the drivers and stokers, alike for the pilot engine and the royal train, picking them out from among the most

steady and experienced, familiar with every turn of the road.

Some idea of the extreme solicitude which watches over these railway journeys may be gained from consideration of a single fact. In Queen Victoria's time the saloon carriage built for Her Majesty by the Great Western Railway Company was kept at Paddington. With due notice it could be prepared and taken down to Windsor in time to receive the imperial passenger. But Her Majesty had royal notions about time. In her opinion it was made, not for sovereigns, but for subjects. It not infrequently happened that, only within the last hour before the train must start, the Queen's private secretary, who on these matters communicated with the railway manager, was enabled to submit precise particulars of the journey. In order to meet this contingency the Great Western Railway Company kept another royal saloon carriage at Windsor. Partly to avoid damage to its costly upholstery, partly to avert danger to the royal passenger from possible damp, it was kept all through the year in a shed, the temperature being maintained at a fixed height, just as if it were a rare orchid or a sick child.

In addition to the artificers, a gang of telegraphists, officered by the telegraph superintendent, accompanies the royal train. They carry with them instruments and appliances whereby, in case of sudden need, telegraphic communication can be established at any point of the line. The artificers include fitters, lampmen and greasers, with plentiful store of grease and oil, to be used in the carriage boxes and the lamps. Like everyone else connected with the service of the train that carries Cæsar and

his fortunes, these men are the pick of the Company's staff. While travelling they keep a constant watch on each side of the train, looking out for defect or irregularity in the running. Whenever the train stops they jump out, carefully examine the carriages, test, and, if necessary, grease the axle-boxes.

A look-out man stands on the engine tender. Differing from the look-out man on board a ship, he turns his back to the approaching prospect, keeping watch towards the rear of the train, ready to note any signal that may be given. There are two guards, one in the front van and one in the rear. It might be supposed that with all these precautions and others yet to be described, the royal train might be left to make its own way. That is not the view taken by those responsible for the King's safety. Fifteen minutes in advance of the royal train runs a pilot engine. If there be any danger in the way, it will bear the brunt and timely warning will be given. A person of fertile, not to say criminal, imagination might suppose that, accidentally or designedly, the rail might be blocked within the space marked by the passage of the pilot engine and the arrival of the royal train. This would be found impossible. The intervening space at distances not exceeding a quarter of a mile is guarded by a line of platelayers, provided with hand signals and detonators. Each on his beat carefully examines the line before the royal train approaches. By an exaggeration of caution, the object of which is not immediately apparent, every man must remain at his post ten minutes after the royal train flashing by has disappeared in the murk of night. Each man keeps within sight of his fellow on the right hand and on the left. So

they stretch, a living link of the prime of British workmen, all the way from Euston station to Ballater in the far-off Highlands.

Even these elaborate precautions do not satisfy the anxiety of royalty's guardians. It will be seen that the line on which the King travels is kept under surveillance for at least ten miles ahead, the distance at which the pilot engine leads the way. But there is the possibility that a train passing southward as the King journeys northward may break down within the limit of this jealously guarded ten miles and obstruct the parallel line. The contingency is met by a simple peremptory edict. Traffic on the main line on the up rail and the down is temporarily shunted, not only at the actual hour the royal train will pass, but for a precedent interval. For thirty minutes before it is due to pass a given point no engine, train or vehicle is allowed to proceed along or across the line. Heavy traffic is temporarily paralysed, it being decreed that for a similar period all shunting operations on lines adjoining the main road must be suspended.

When, in the early days of Queen Victoria's journeys to Scotland, these rules were drawn up, it was ordered that no trains nor engines might be allowed to travel between any two stations from the time the pilot engine was due until the royal train had passed—that is to say, for a period of fifteen minutes. This regulation proved a little too drastic, even for so loyal a body of men as those who sit at the board of railway direction. The order was modified by an exception in favour of passenger trains and of fish trains, with respect to which a special arrangement is made for rapid

unloading at the termini. Obviously it would be a serious thing for a train laden with cod and soles to be pulled up for a bad quarter of an hour, whilst Billingsgate, only partially succeeding in modifying the language of its commentary, was waiting for the goods. Whilst these trains moving southward are graciously allowed to come between the wind and the King's royalty, the drivers are enjoined when approaching any point towards which the royal train is advancing to bring their trains, whether containing fish or passengers, soles or souls, to a speed not exceeding thirty miles an hour. Moreover, they must refrain from steam whistling when anywhere near the presence of royalty. Drivers of trains standing in sight waiting for the passage of the royal train must, on pain of instant dismissal, prevent their engines from blowing off steam or whistling. Ordinary traffic is finally paralysed by the bolting and padlocking of all facing points or switches over which the pilot engine and royal train will pass. As for the gates of level or grade crossings where there are no gate-keepers, they are locked one hour before the royal train is due, the country roadside traffic meanwhile getting along as best it may. Finally, the public are studiously kept out of any station at which the royal train may stop to take water or other refreshment.

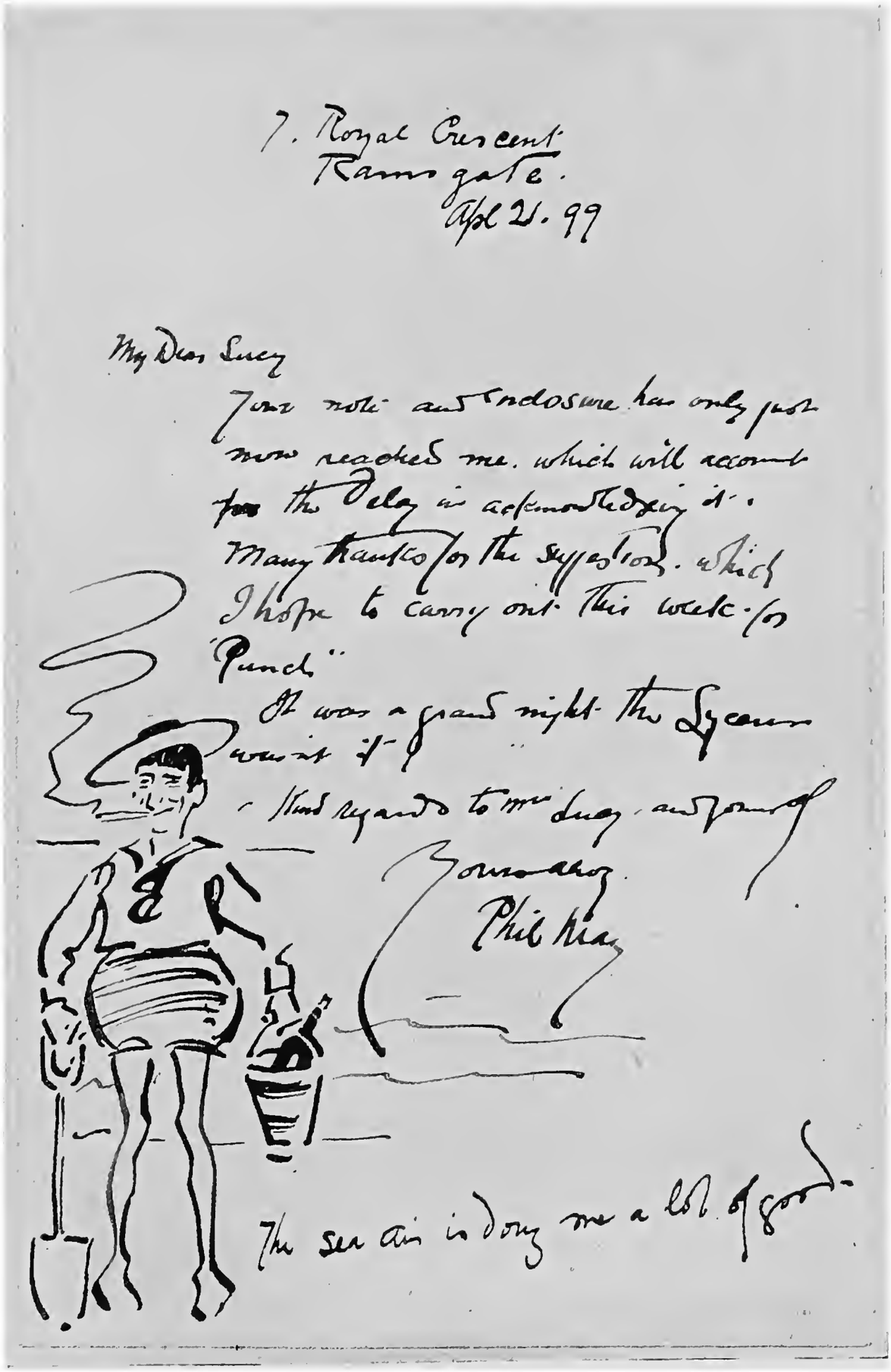
Thus, over a desolated railway track, through barricaded stations, past a living hedge of able-bodied workmen, His Majesty securely travels between his pleasure houses.

XVI

LORD WARDENS OF THE CINQUE PORTS

W. H. SMITH, the popular "Old Morality" of the House of Commons, greatly valued the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports conferred upon him by Lord Salisbury. When too broken down in health to fill his place as Leader on the Treasury Bench, he settled down at Walmer. He liked to sit on the battlements Wellington had paced, whence Pitt had looked out on France, a white line plainly seen on the horizon. He had his yacht, the *Pandora*, brought round and anchored within pistol-shot of the castle. Too weak to walk on board, the handy sailors rigged up a crane by which his Bath chair was gently hoisted and deposited on deck. Whereupon the *Pandora* set out on a little cruise down Channel, with the worn-out Leader of the House of Commons seated on deck making the best of things, as was his wont. It was a sad ending of a useful life. After all, it was something for plain Mr. Smith, of 170 Strand, to die under the roof that had covered Pitt, close by the chamber in which Wellington lay in state; he, in succession to them, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

There are not in Walmer Castle to-day many



7. Royal Crescent
Ramsgate.
Apl 21. 99

My Dear Lucy

Your note and enclosure has only just now reached me, which will account for the delay in acknowledging it.

Many thanks for the suggestion, which I hope to carry out this week for "Punch."

It was a grand night the Lyceum won it.

Kind regards to Mrs Lucy and yourself

Sincerely
Phil May

The sea air is doing me a lot of good.

PHIL MAY AT THE SEASIDE.

relics of Pitt, and there would have been less but for the prompt and well-directed liberality of Mr. Smith. When he was appointed Lord Warden he found, to his surprise, that the historic relics, memorials of the daily life of Pitt and Wellington, did not pertain to the castle or its latest tenant. Successive Lord Wardens "took them over" at a valuation. When Lord Palmerston was appointed he, not being of a sentimental turn of mind, did not care to pay the sum demanded for the priceless relics. He was threatened with the alternative of a sale by auction. Even that did not intimidate him. The Duke of Wellington's heir and successor was, naturally, more sensitive on this point. He could not with equanimity face the prospect of the gateway of Walmer Castle being placarded with auctioneer's bills, and probably a broom with a bit of carpet athwart it hung out instead of a banner on the outer walls. He privately purchased the camp bed in which to the last the old soldier slept at Walmer, the chair in which he died, and all the other furniture of a personal character. These were removed to Apsley House, and there they remained till Mr. Smith became Lord Warden.

Shocked to find with what tradesman spirit dukes and marquises had bandied about these precious heirlooms, Mr. Smith gave instructions for the preparation of a deed making heirlooms to the Lord Warden for the time being all the furniture, engravings and portable property that had belonged to Pitt or Wellington. By the time he succeeded to the Lord Wardenship the collection was not inconsiderable, Lord Granville having through the years he lived at Walmer done what was possible to repair Lord Palmerston's Gothic ruthlessness by

picking up, wherever he could, relics of the great dead. The present Duke of Wellington, not to be behindhand in the good work, restored to the castle the camp bed, the chairs, and other articles, removed in anticipation of the arrival on the scene of Lord Palmerston's auctioneer. Mr. Smith died before his pious purpose was effected, but his son, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, loyally carried out his wishes.

Thus it comes to pass that to-day the old Duke's room is refurnished, it and all other relics of olden times now being, as they should ever have been, inalienable from Walmer Castle. It is pleasant to know that among them is slung the telescope with which "Old Morality" equipped himself when he went down to Walmer, hoping for many years to keep watch and ward for England on the ancient ramparts.

In a catalogue, privately drawn up and lodged at Walmer Castle, there figure about seventy pieces of furniture, and nearly fifty pictures or engravings, known to have belonged either to Pitt or the Duke. The most notable of Pitt's belongings is a quaint chair, standing in the hall by the dining-room. The great Minister's favourite attitude when reading seems to have been to sit astride the chair, as if on horseback, with his elbows leaning on the carved back—an attitude made more or less convenient by the build of the chair. Pitt's room is now allotted to the housekeeper. As Earl Stanhope mentions in a private letter written to Lord Granville (dated Chevening, October 20, 1866), it "seemed rather strangely chosen. It looked neither to the south nor yet to the sea, and had on the whole a

gloomy aspect." As a matter of fact, it looks into the moat, and is faced by a dead wall.

For many years, Lord Stanhope testifies in a letter which is not the least interesting of the castle heirlooms, the room remained exactly as Pitt left it, even with the same paper on the walls. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert spent a portion of their honeymoon at Walmer, on which occasion the wall of Pitt's room was pulled down, so as to join it to another apartment and make a new dining-room. On the departure of the royal guests this desecration was repented of and the wall rebuilt as it now stands. The Duke of Wellington told Lord Stanhope that during Talleyrand's embassy to this country he visited Walmer Castle. He particularly asked to be allowed to occupy Pitt's room, "and seemed," according to the Duke, "to live there with a sense of triumph." Pitt had snubbed him when, in 1792, he visited London in a subordinate diplomatic position.

"To sleep in his rival's bed was," the Duke told Earl Stanhope, "like taking a *revanche*."

Wellington's room is fuller of memories. It is kept sacred from other tenancy, and contains most of the furniture in actual use by the great commander. There is the truckle-bed on which he lay in state, a studiously simple affair, suitable for camp life. One is surprised on turning back the coverlet to find the hair mattress covered with faded yellow silk. Close by is the chair in which he died; a shaving-glass, decidedly "groggy" in the legs; a dressing-table of painted wood; a plain cupboard; the common blue ewer and basin which furnished forth his washstand; and, in a glass case, two pairs of the once familiar boots to which he lent

his illustrious name. There they stand, with the spurs in, just as they were when the Duke rode through the gateway for the last time and dismounted from his charger.

The other furniture of the room consists chiefly of desks, of which there is quite a variety. At one high desk Wellington used to stand and read the proofs of his dispatches, some paper-bound volumes of which stand on a modest shelf. At another he sat to write, and there are two others with movable frame to hold a book when he was reading. Full of human interest and mighty memories is this simple, unpretending room, with its outlook on to the battlements that Wellington, as he told Lord Stanhope, would never allow to be touched by the hand of the modern improver, lest it might "weaken the defences of the castle."

When the Duke of Wellington was in residence at Walmer he never took his walks or rides abroad, save in the Cinque Ports uniform of blue with red collar and facings. Such was also the custom of Mr. Pitt; Lord Dufferin, punctilious in the matter of dress, is not likely to have overlooked the precedent. The Duke took his Lord Wardenship seriously in other respects than in that of uniform, frequently riding over to inspect the harbour-works at Dover, and holding in regular course the courts of *Load Manage*, being the court for the government of pilots. Wemmick's father in his moated castle at Walworth was not more of a martinet in his arrangement of approach to his residence than was the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle. At Deal Castle there was, even in the Duke's day, a suspension-bridge leading

from the living-rooms across the moat to the level of the high road. This was all very well for Deal; but the Iron Duke was not inclined to afford a potential enemy such ready and convenient opportunity of approach. He accordingly, to the last, preserved the integrity of the defence of the moat at Walmer, gravely marching round to enter or leave the castle by the drawbridge. By the Duke's orders this was always kept oiled, ready to be drawn up in case of emergency.

Lord Granville, not troubled by soldierly instincts, early in his tenancy threw across the moat the bridge which now gives easy access to the castle. This was only one of the improvements he made with loving care and lavish expenditure of money. He found the castle circumscribed in accommodation, picturesquely in need of repair. Beginning by making little improvements here and there, he in the course of years added largely to its cosiness and comeliness. This work is recorded over the gateway in a Latin inscription, composed by the Lord Warden's nephew, Mr. George Leveson-Gower, M.P. It runs thus:—

HOC CASTELLUM
G. G. COMES GRANVILLE
V PORTUUM CUSTOS
PATRIAE POSTERISQUE
AMPLIFICATUM DICAVIT
A.D. MDCCCLXXIV.

The affairs of the Cinque Ports are cared for to-day—as they were when Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, "by the grace of God, son, brother and uncle of kings," was Warden—by a Brotherhood and Guestling. The Brotherhood were wont to

meet twice every year, the Guestling being a special meeting called upon occasion. Both courts were presided over by Mr. Speaker, an office reached in rotation each year by the mayors of the five ports. A meeting of the Brotherhood and Guestling was held at Dover on June 24, 1887, when the Cinque Ports, through their barons and combarons, congratulated the Queen on her Jubilee. The meeting was convened and held with all the ancient ceremony, not omitting the reading by the solicitor for the Ports of the standing order, made in the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth, imposing a fine of twenty pence on any one interrupting the Speaker, and one of three shillings and fourpence on any one quitting the House without due licence.

Amongst the quaintest, certainly the most cherished, privileges of the Cinque Ports is the right of the barons to carry the canopy over the kings and queens of England at their coronation, and to sit at a table set on their right hand at the subsequent banquet. This privilege is confirmed in the Charter of Edward I, but there is record of its being conceded at a much earlier date, when, in the twentieth year of his reign, Henry III married Elinor, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Provence, and the barons of the ports, clad in purple silk, bore the canopy over the young Queen as she walked up Westminster Hall.

The solicitors to the Ports, who took part in the canopy service at the coronation of George IV, on July 19, 1821, wrote out a graphic account of the proceedings, which rests in the archives of the Ports. I have been privileged to read this racy narrative, the musty manuscript of which was recently found among other papers in an uncon-

sidered box, long a fixture in the Town Hall of Hythe. As soon as the date of the coronation was fixed, the barons (so the solicitors report) put in a claim for their ancient privilege. After much correspondence it was granted, and the barons, repairing to London, took up their quarters at the "Thatched House" tavern in St. James's Street. One of the barons for Winchelsea was Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham. Fresh from participation in the trial of Queen Caroline, it was surmised that he would feel the position proffered him a little awkward. This forecast was verified; Mr. Brougham, in reply to a letter from the solicitors, intimating that "in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed he felt himself under the necessity of most respectfully soliciting permission to decline the distinguished honour of canopy bearer."

On Coronation Day the barons proceeded in state by barge from York Stairs to Parliament Stairs, passing thence to Westminster Hall. They were fearfully and wonderfully arrayed. Each wore a scarlet satin doublet, on which shone the gleam of gold buttons and braid. The sleeves of the doublet were slashed with purple satin, finished off with satin cuffs of the same hue, ornamented with gold twist braidings and rosettes. Round the collar of the doublet was a laced frill, surmounted by a full standing muslin ruff. Trunk hose of purple satin, with scarlet satin strappings, bordered with gold twist, glorified the baronial legs. Moreover, they wore crimson silk hose with white kid shoes, hose and shoes being decorated with rosettes of the same colour. A tunic of purple satin, with scarlet silk lining, hung negligently

from their shoulders. For headgear they donned black-velvet Spanish hats, with feathers turned up in front by loop and button of gold. For all arms there hung within ready reach of their right hand a trusty sword, slung in belt of purple velvet.

The barons, who in spite of this dress were practical men, had made urgent application to the Lord Chamberlain to permit them to have something like a rehearsal of their important duties. They were not accustomed to carry canopies over kings, and could not be expected to take to it offhand. The Lord Chamberlain was not responsive, and they made the acquaintance of the canopy only when they entered Westminster Hall, where they found it placed on the left-hand side of the stone steps at the upper end of the hall. In appearance it was worthy of the costume of the barons. Of gold and purple silk, it was supported on four silver staves, each staff having four corners, and at each corner jingled a silver bell gilded with pure gold.

Meeting at Somerset House shortly after five in the morning, and setting forth on their voyage up the Thames as soon as they were robed, the barons were early on the scene. One of the officers in attendance suggested that they might utilise the spare time by carrying the canopy two or three times the length of Westminster Hall. They eagerly adopted the suggestion, and thrice they staggered up and down, bearing the canopy aloft. It proved unexpectedly heavy; and the spectacle of fifteen gentlemen in purple satin, some of them well advanced in years, struggling with a canopy, created such merriment among the crowd of spectators already gathered in the hall, that the

barons were glad to put the thing down again on the steps and temporarily retire into obscurity.

George IV, not desirous of marking the commencement of his reign by untoward accident, observed the precaution of keeping clear of the canopy in the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. His Majesty tripped along at rapid pace, the barons toiling after him with the canopy. The King evidently kept his eye upon the barons, and had observed that they were equal to the occasion; for on returning he boldly paced beneath the purple silk of the canopy.

On re-entering Westminster Hall, the barons found it transformed into a banqueting hall, with their table duly set on the right hand of the King. They were properly indignant at finding one of their fifteen chairs occupied by a stranger. In answer to inquiries, he said he was a Master in Chancery, and, not finding a seat specially assigned to him, had appropriated one at the table. The barons, who had had nothing to eat since five o'clock in the morning, politely, but firmly, called his attention to the fact that each chair had painted on its back "Barons of the Cinque Ports." The Master in Chancery said he didn't care. He'd been asked to dinner, and he'd come. The sequel is modestly told in the report, where it is written, "The solicitors were compelled to exercise a considerable degree of firmness and decision before they could displace him."

The trouble of the barons did not end when they had got rid of the hungry Master in Chancery. The canopy, with its silver staves and its purple silk, has from time immemorial been the perquisite of the dignitaries who carried it. It was all well

enough whilst the banquet was in progress, the canopy standing on the steps of the hall under the watchful baronial eye. As soon as the King withdrew a crowd of sightseers filled Westminster Hall, and, ravenous for souvenirs of the historic day, made straight for the canopy and began pecking at it. The barons closed in around it, keeping off the crowd as well as they might. They did not rescue the canopy before a handful of small medallions on which were engraved the insignia of different orders of knighthood had been torn off the cornice. Lest worse might befall, the solicitors, always equal to the occasion, removed the silver bells, which, as they observe in their report, "being very portable, were too hazardous to be left."

Then the barons took up the canopy, and marched off to the House of Commons, meaning to deposit it there till the next day. But they found the lobby door too strait for the passage of their charge. There seemed nothing for it but to pass the night in vigil. Happily there was a House of Lords, and it turning out on investigation that the doorway here was wider, they deposited the canopy within the lobby and went off to the "Thatched House" thoroughly done up. Next day they met and divided the spoil in accordance with ancient custom. The gold and silver cloth and the frame of the canopy were separated into sixteen equal parts; the staves and bells, sixteen in all, were drawn for by lot. The fifteen barons being thus made happy, the vigilant solicitors were comforted with an unallotted staff and one-sixteenth part of the canopy.

The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports was in

earliest days sworn in at a place called Shepway, a hill to the west of Hythe on the way to Lympne. There is no record of any building being erected, either for the swearing-in of the Lord Warden or the holding of his Court. Here, at the cross of Shepway, Prince Edward, afterwards King, being Lord Warden, exacted from the representatives of the Ports an oath of fidelity to his father Henry III, then at war with even more powerful barons. At the end of the sixteenth century, Dover was found a more convenient place; and there, upon Bredenstone Hill, overlooking the town, Lord Palmerston was installed Lord Warden.

Lord Granville never took the oath, preparations for the ceremony coming to nought owing to a dispute for precedence arising between the mayors of Hastings and Dover. This quarrel had broken out at the installation of Lord Palmerston. The Mayor of Dover claimed the right to sit on the right hand of the Lord Warden and head the procession. The Mayor of Hastings arrived armed with musty muniments to show that the position belonged of right to Hastings. The quarrel threatened to stop the whole business. It was finally, if not happily, arranged that the Mayor of Dover should consent to waive the question of precedence, it being distinctly understood that such waiver was not to be quoted as controlling future events. Meanwhile the oath was omitted. The difficulty arose again when Lord Dufferin was installed. He adroitly suggested that, since the Mayor of Hastings was, for the time being, a guest of the town of Dover, the mayor of that ancient borough would do a gracious thing by yielding precedence. It was settled accordingly. The Mayor of Dover, standing

aside, allowed His Worship of Hastings to pass on to the seat of honour; and the world rolled on through space as before.

It was on August 28, 1861, that Lord Palmerston was on Bredenstone Hill, and the ceremony then observed was religiously followed in the installation of Lord Dufferin. The new Lord Warden issued his precept, summoning a grand Court of Shepway to be holden at the accustomed place on the Bredenstone Hill, within the liberties of the port of Dover. The document was conveyed by the seneschal to the mayors of the Cinque Ports, to the two ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea, and to the mayors and bailiffs of Seaford, Pevensey, Fordwich, Folkestone, Faversham, Lydd, Tenterden, Deal and Margate, these being corporate towns within the liberties of the Cinque Ports. The delegates from the several corporations assembled in the hall of the governor's apartments in Dover Castle, and thence marched in procession to Bredenstone, escorting the Lord Warden, accompanied by their recorders and town clerks, mace-bearers and other officers. A court-room was fitted up on the Bredenstone Hill, with the Lord Warden in the chair, the mayors of the Cinque Ports, the ancient towns and the corporate towns ranged near. The mayors, bailiffs and barons named in the returns from the ports and towns having answered their names, the seneschal read the Lord Warden's patent of office. His lordship notified his acceptance of the office conferred upon him by the Queen and ratified by the Court. A salute was fired from the neighbouring battery, and the new Lord Warden was thereafter free to exercise all that remain of the powers and privileges of his ancient office.

Not the least quaint incident in this old-time ceremony is that in these modern days the oath is omitted from what is still called the "oath-taking." In Queen Elizabeth's reign, long before and some time after, the Speaker of the Cinque Ports, approaching the new Lord Warden, said in a loud voice, "Sir, ye shall keep inviolate and maintain all the franchises, liberties, customs and usages of the five Ports, in all that ye may do, by the allegiance that ye owe unto our Lady, the Queen of England, and by your knighthood." And his lordship, holding up his right hand breast high, affirmed thus, "Yea, if God will, I shall to my power."

But not in this century has the oath of the new Lord Warden been heard on Bredenstone Hill.

XVII

IN NINETY-EIGHT

WHO dares to talk of ninety-eight? It is an old number of *The Times* newspaper, bearing date "Wednesday, October 3, 1798," which has by good luck floated down the tide of time these hundred years. It is a frail little thing, yellow with age, crumpled and creased, a pigmy by the side of its sturdy great-grandchild of to-day. Nevertheless, it is priced at the same rate—threepence. The news it contains justifies a far higher price, for, in addition to dispatches from the battlefield in Ireland, where open rebellion was being grappled with, it contains the text of Nelson's simple announcement of the glorious victory of the Nile. It is actually a single sheet, which, folded in two, measures twenty inches by fifteen. It bears the imprint: "London: Printed at the Printing-Office in Printing-House Square, Blackfriars, by C. Bell (Brunswick Street), and published by J. Bonsor (Salisbury Square)." There is no reference to the mighty personality already at work upon *The Times*.

The first John Walter was at this epoch at liberty, having been released some eight years earlier from a term of imprisonment that lasted sixteen months, with a supplementary fine of fifty pounds and a position in the pillory for one hour.

PHIL MAY IN HOLLAND.

This was for a libel on the Duke of York. Probably, in view of fresh contingencies, Mr. Walter thought on the whole it was better to keep his name in the background. However it be, it does not appear on this particular sheet.

Of the sixteen columns that constitute the issue, nearly seven are devoted to advertisements—a fair proportion of necessary backbone. From these we get side-glances at social life in England a hundred years ago not without interest. Theatres do not largely advertise, though that one at least was open appears from the news column, where Mr. Kemble is announced as playing the part of Zanga in *The Revenge*. "This Gentleman's delineation of the character," writes the Tom Taylor of the day, "is in many respects as finished a piece as our stage affords. The subtle and malignant spirit of vengeance was finely marked from the beginning by a judicious and imposing semblance of friendship and candour. In the descriptive scenes he was clear and impressive, and in the imitation of the leading passion natural and vigorous. The declaration of the motives which influenced him to the work of destruction was accompanied with a dignity of emotion which almost justified the excessive resentment of the Moor." Mr. Dignum, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Sedgewick, Miss Leak, and Mrs. Bland are named among the *dramatis personæ* on this evening of the 2nd of October 1798.

Besides the regular drama, attractions were offered at the Royal Circus, where "an entirely new comical harlequinade, called *Mirth's Medley, or Harlequin at Home*," was forthwith to be produced. There was also a panorama in Leicester

Square, having paid the admission fee to which, "Observers may suppose themselves in the High Turret of Windsor Castle, and can see at one view a part of fourteen counties. St. Paul's and Shooter's Hill are plainly discernible, with distant Lands beyond Sydenham Hills, half-way to Portsmouth." It is cautiously added that "part of Wiltshire is likely to be seen"; but this is not positively promised. "The whole, interspersed with Towns and Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, forms a delightful scene, rich beyond description." Last, but not least, there was Ranelagh, which announced a "Grand Gala, in honour of Lord Nelson's glorious victory over the French Fleet at the Mouth of the Nile."

Among the business announcements is put forth a notable scheme of what is called progressive annuities. Not less than thirty thousand pounds are wanted. Each subscriber of one hundred pounds was to be granted for life an annuity according to age. From forty-five to fifty the annuity was eight guineas, from sixty-five to seventy fourteen pounds, increasing five shillings every year for the first twenty years of subscription.

On the Wednesday following the day of publication, the anniversary of Charles James Fox's first election for Westminster was to be held at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, oddly enough with "Mr. Fox" in the chair. They dined early in those days (at four o'clock), and cheaply, tickets being only eight shillings. Other things cheap at this epoch were "handsome bay mares." Here is one, "five years old, 14½ hands high, warranted sound, and parted with for no fault whatever; the only reason the Gentleman is gone abroad, and left

her in the hands of a friend to dispose of, at the moderate price of 10 Guineas." Not less cheap—if the season was of moderate length and Mr. Kemble acted every night—are "two or three tickets for free admission to Drury Lane Theatre for the whole duration of the present season, price 6 Guineas each."

We get a view of Old London in the advertisement of "a house to let, situated in the central part of Oxford Street, immediately opposite Great Portland Place, commanding a view of the country between Hampstead and Highgate, remarkably airy and pleasant." These are not attributes of Oxford Street at the present day, when the view from the central part is limited to houses over the way and the densely populated streets lying behind them up to Hampstead and Highgate.

Farther afield the King's highway was by no means safe. Under date July 1798 the Postmaster-General, in an advertisement which had apparently unavailingly dangled a reward of two hundred pounds before the public eye for three months, wants "a young man, middle size, had on a drab-coloured gray coat, and rode a horse with a white face." It appears that the postboy carrying the mail from Bromley to Sevenoaks was stopped about two miles from Farnborough, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, by a single highwayman, who presented a horse-pistol and demanded the mail, which the boy gave him. "The boy offered the robber half-a-guinea," but whether in lieu of the mail or in supplement does not appear. At any rate, "the robber declined taking it." A reference in the text of the advertisement shows that there was a standing offer embodied in an Act of Par-

liament of forty pounds for apprehending a highwayman. The Postmaster-General's two hundred pounds is in supplement of this statutory reward. In addition to particulars given above, the highwayman "had a pair of small saddle-bags, and the appearance of a London Rider, in the opinion of the turnpike-man." However that may be, he seems to have been free three months after committing the felony, and the Postmaster-General was throwing good money after bad by persistently advertising for him in *The Times*.

There is in another advertisement hint of a quarrel about the proprietorship of the *Annual Register*. The volume for 1793 is somewhat tardily announced as "this day published, price 8s. in boards, 8s. 6d. half-bd." The work was originally the property of Mr. James Dodsley, and on November 20, 1797, was disposed of at his sale, and purchased by Messrs. Otridge & Son. Messrs. Rivington laid claim to having "the principal author and editor of the said *Annual Register* engaged with them." But Messrs. Otridge & Son flaunt in their face the assignment of the work to them, and triumphantly ask, "What will the purchasers of Dodsley's *Annual Register* now conceive of Messrs. Rivington's refutation?"

Of births, deaths, and marriages there is an aggregate of four announcements. One is set forth in truly quaint form: "On the 24th of last month, much regretted, at his house at Hackney Terrace, after a short illness, Mr. John Braidwood, many years an eminent instructor of the Deaf and Dumb, and son-in-law of the gentleman of the same name who first brought this useful art to perfection in Great Britain. The public will be

happy to find (see Advertisement in front of this Paper) that an institution so beneficial to an unfortunate part of mankind is to be continued by his Family." It would be interesting to know whether this way of putting it was precedent to the rhymed version of the same happy mixture of sentiment and business:

> Resigned unto the Heavenly will,
> His wife keeps on the business still.

There are only four advertisements of servants wanting places. One, "a widow of between forty and fifty years of age," who wants a place as upper servant, and mentions enticingly in recommendation that she "was eleven years in her last place, *where her lady died.*" There are a considerable proportion of quack medicines advertised. Here are Spilsbury's Anti-Scorbutic Drops, agent for many wonderful cures, including "the remarkable case of Mary Esdale, who went on crutches, and was discharged from St. Bartholomew's Hospital as incurable, was restored to health by these drops, and walked without even the assistance of a stick." To the verity of this "Mr. Croft, taylor [spelt with a 'y,' Sammy], of No. 65 Fleet Street, London," was prepared to testify.

What with dispatches from the mouth of the Nile and news from the headquarters of the forces in Ireland, there is not much room for miscellaneous items. But we read that "Mr. Curran, the Irish barrister, is arrived in town; he resides at Lord Moira's." Mr. Pitt, it seems, "is not confined with the gout at Walmer. We saw him yesterday in the Park, in perfect good health." As for Mr. Fox, we learn that "the Opposition papers state he

does not mean to attend to his duty in Parliament during the ensuing Session." But we can get along without Mr. Fox. "However greatly the talents of this gentleman may be rated, the want of his counsel has not proved detrimental to the public prosperity. It would, on the contrary, appear, from the brilliant successes of the country since his secession, that his absence has been auspicious to the promotion of our national honour and glory." There is talk of making a tunnel under the River Thames from the parish of Gravesend to the parish of Tilbury. Application will shortly be made to Parliament for leave to maintain it by toll. Freedom has not yet shrieked for Kosciuszko's fall. He appears in these far-off October days to be "residing in Paris, whence he has published a letter intimating that all the Polish refugees are to have an asylum in Italy."

The incident of the appropriated postbag earlier mentioned is not an isolated example of the state of the roads. "On Monday evening last, between six and seven o'clock, as Mr. Vernon, of the Treasury, and another gentleman were returning to town in a postchaise, they were stopped near Merton Turnpike by two footpads, who robbed them of their watches, money, and a trunk containing wearing apparel, etc." The same evening Lieutenant Millar, of the Royal Horse Guards, was stopped in a postchaise near Stevenage by two highwaymen, who robbed him of a gold watch and some money. This Monday evening was a busy day with the fraternity, for in another column it is reported that "at six o'clock Mr. Courvoisier, one of His Majesty's Messengers, was stopped by two highwaymen, who robbed him of near £3 in cash." That the high-

waymen did not always have it their own way appears from the current report of Bow Street Police Office, where "Brown, Russell, and Shirley were yesterday finally examined and fully committed to take their trial for assaulting and robbing Mary Ginnery on the highway in St. Giles's." Highway robbery was a hanging matter in those days; and Russell and Shirley at least were in a bad way, being detained for trial on a further charge of robbing the house of Mr. Rose in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, of a quantity of wearing apparel.

The pressgang was in full working order, His Majesty's fleet, busy at the Nile, off Brest, and elsewhere, requiring constant recruits. John Hanning, a seaman, surrounded by the pressgang at Newhaven, turned upon them and slew one. "The keeper of the Lewes House of Correction entering his cell, with intent to remove the prisoner to Horsham Jail by the warrant of the coroner, found him hanging by the neck," a circumstance which provided unexpected work for the coroner. The jury bringing in a verdict of *felo de se*, the unfortunate seaman was in the dead of the night buried in the cross-roads near St. John's Church; "but," it is added, "the stake commonly used on such occasions was dispensed with."

The militia are embodied, and some regiments are on active service in Ireland. The Cambridge Militia, which, under the command of Lord Hardwick, have been all the summer encamped on the cliff at Harwich, on the look-out for Boney or some of his captains, "this morning struck their tents and marched to Colchester Barracks." The Derbyshire Militia, encamped on Clapham Common, will also presently be on the move, having received orders to

strike their tents and march for Lewes Barracks. Lord Kenyon is presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, and has pleading before him, in a case occupying the attention of the Court, one Mr. Erskine. "Among the wonders of the present day," we read, "Mrs. Siddons's late achievements at Brighton, Bath, and London should not be forgotten. She positively performed at each of these places within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours!!!" The coruscation of notes of admiration is of contemporary date.

There is one resemblance between *The Times* of 1798 and *The Times* of 1921, inasmuch as with both Ireland occupied a large share of the space devoted to news or editorial comment. This was the year famous in Irish history when Lord Edward Fitzgerald was still alive, and Napper Tandy was hovering around the coast in command of French troops that never landed. There had, however, at the date of our paper, been a descent of the French, who on the 22nd of August landed at Killala a force nine hundred strong, and, reinforced by the Irish rebels, routed the Royalist army at Castlebar. Our issue of *The Times* contains dispatches from General Trench, in command of the Royalist troops, dated "Camp, near Killala, 24th and 25th September." By this time the Royalist troops had rallied, beaten and captured the French invaders, and General Trench was occupied in disposing of the dauntless peasantry who still remained under arms. The rebels had taken refuge in Killala, which General Trench stormed, rescuing the Bishop and his family, beleaguered in their palace. In the dispatch here published General Trench gives a graphic description of "the Bishop, his family,

and servants, armed with carbines, barricaded in their room, preparing to resist the threatened violence of the rebels." *The Times* "has pleasure to add that by the success of General Trench's operations a decisive blow has been given to every root and fibre of rebellion in Ireland."

The news from Ireland, satisfactory as it was, was eclipsed by the greater glory of the dispatch that had just reached the Government from the mystic Nile. Mrs. Siddons, as already noted, amazed the public by visiting Brighton, Bath, and London within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours. This feat was eclipsed by Captain Capel, son of Lord Essex, who brought to London news of the Battle of the Nile. The engagement began at sunset on the 1st of August. On the 3rd of August, Nelson—he was only Sir Horatio then—sat down to write the dispatch reporting the affair. This he addressed to Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of St. Vincent, understood to be somewhere "off Cadiz." Four days later, on August 7th, it occurred to Nelson that perhaps the people at home in England might like to hear of the little affair. Accordingly, he determined to send Captain Capel overland with a copy of the dispatch. He was evidently not sure that he was not herein overstepping his duty, for in addressing the enclosure to the Secretary to the Admiralty he writes: "In an event of this importance I have thought it right to send Captain Capel with a copy of my letter overland, which I hope their lordships will approve." Having the precious document in his charge, Captain Capel set forth, and travelling, it may be presumed, with the utmost speed then available, reached London in the incredibly short

space of fifty-six days! In justice to Captain Capel it ought to be added—upon the authority of an official statement—that "he was detained at Naples one day, owing to some necessary ceremonies of quarantine." Otherwise the news would have reached London in fifty-five days.

The dispatch in which Nelson made known the accomplishment of this decisive victory is a marvel of modest conciseness. The little sheet prints it in the dignity of its largest type, and it is a pleasant task to disinter it. Here is the text:—

My Lord,

Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's arms in the late battle by a great victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, whom I attacked at sun-set on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gunboats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an Island in their Van; but nothing could withstand the Squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour, and that of the Officers and Men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible.

Could anything from my pen add to the character of the Captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott, of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her First Lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

The ships of the Enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it, but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in.

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present

you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*.

Herewith I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded, and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

HORATIO NELSON.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent,
Commander-in-Chief, etc., etc.,
off Cadiz.

In the covering letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, Nelson says: "I have the pleasure to inform you that eight of our ships have already topgallant-yards across ready for any service."

After the Nile came Trafalgar, and the end.

It is almost impossible in these days of telegraphs and war-correspondents to realise a state of things in which one of the greatest battles in the world's history could have been fought almost within sight of Europe, and that nearly two months should elapse before the news reached London. When it did come there were no bounds to the public delight. The first news was conveyed to the crowd in the streets by the booming of the guns from the Tower and the pealing of bells from a score of churches. At night the city burst forth in a blaze of illumination. Before the Admiralty a vast crowd gathered, and "the mob, as usual," we are told, "insisted upon every person of genteel appearance pulling off their hats. Six officers passing along were ordered to pay the same compliment to the mobility, and refusing to do so, the populace endeavoured to force their hats off. The officers drew their swords, and some persons were wounded." At the theatre, where, as we have seen, Mr. Kemble had been playing Zanga in *The Revenge*, nothing would do but that the company on the stage should sing "Rule, Britannia!" This they did, the audience

joining in the chorus. Then they shouted for more, "and the acclamations were the loudest and most fervent we have ever witnessed."

The King—George the Third, of sacred memory—was staying at Weymouth, whither a message was sent off express in order that His Majesty might learn the glad tidings before he went to rest. The messenger, it is reasonable to suppose, found His Majesty sated with the excitement of celebrations which had taken place a day or two earlier. "The anniversary of the birth of their Majesties' eldest daughter, the Duchess of Wurtembergh, had just hapt, and the King, the Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the Nobility, went to Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, to see the sports of the country-people, which were not over till late in the afternoon." These sports were as manly as they were varied. There was a cheese to be rolled down the hill, with a prize to whoever stopped it. A pound of tobacco to be grinned for. There was a Michaelmas-day goose to be dived for; a good hat to be cudgelled for; a handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle and suspended by a string. There was a leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of one hundred yards in sacks. There was a good hat to be wrestled for; and, appropriately at the end, a prize to whoever caught a harried pig by the tail.

How "the King, the Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the Nobility," must have laughed to see such fun! After this probably the news of Nelson's victory at the Nile fell a little flat on royal ears. There is unfortunately no record of the manner in which the King received the news,

the record leaving Mr. Winchester starting off express for Weymouth.

In another part of the paper there is a single line which will bring the state of the country sharply before the mind's eye. Under the head "Price of Stocks" we find it written, "Three per Cent. Consols, 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$." On February 25, 1921, two years and a half after termination of the Great War, Consols were officially quoted at $46\frac{1}{2}$. But dividend has been reduced by half per cent.

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In course of precarious prowling in odd quarters I became the possessor of another page of English home history. It is a copy of the *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday, April 28, 1802—not a reprint such as is occasionally presented by newspapers reaching their fiftieth or hundredth birthday. It is the actual sheet thumbed more than a century ago by citizens of London

> Whose bones are dust,
> Whose swords [or scissors] are rust,
> Whose souls are with the Lord, I trust.

The paper, price sixpence, consists of four pages, nineteen inches long by thirteen broad. It is printed in excellent small type with ink whose virgin blackness a century has scarcely dimmed. At the top of the front page is the Treasury Stamp of 3d. printed in red ink, without which no newspaper might be sold.

The little sheet, undesignedly, unconsciously prepared for the instruction of a later century, presents a vivid view of life in London when, in that far-off time, peace dawned over the land. Parliament

was sitting, and as compared with the practice in some widely circulated London papers of to-day, exceptionally large space is devoted to report of its proceedings. We learn, *inter alia*, that

> the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought down a Message from His Majesty, stating, that His Majesty being desirous that a competent provision should be made for his well beloved sons, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and feeling that this could not be done from the Civil List, was induced to refer the matter to his faithful Commons, having the most perfect reliance upon their liberality.

Another item of personal interest is the notice given by Mr. John Nicholls that "on Friday se'nnight he will move an address to His Majesty to thank him for having removed the Right Hon. William Pitt from his Councils" In the previous year George III, whose stubborn head was bent against a proposal for Catholic emancipation, had manœuvred out of office a great statesman whose valise he was not worthy to carry. Pitt's forced retirement, which did not last long, gave great pleasure to mean, spiteful minds. Hence the tabling of this motion by obscure John Nicholls.

The Irish question, which like the poor has been with us ever since, was to the fore at this sitting of Parliament on April 27, 1802. The report of a Committee to inquire into the interference of Irish Peers at elections was taken into consideration. Other Bills affecting Ireland, united to Great Britain only a few years earlier, were debated.

In Committee on the Exports and Imports Duty Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a statement Mr. Lloyd George will read with interest. In a few lines it indicates the gigantic strides British commerce has made within a period briefly exceeding a century.

In 1793 (the Chancellor said) our imports amounted to £19,000,000, and in 1801 to £29,000,000; our exports in 1793 to £18,000,000, and in 1801 to £25,000,000. Our exports of foreign goods in 1793 to £6,000,000, and in 1801 to £17,000,000. Since 1793 there had been an increase of registered vessels of 2,798; of tons of shipping 365,000; and of men employed in trading vessels 25,375.

In the financial year before the war (1913–14) imports of merchandise amounted to £768,734,739; exports £634,820,326.

Such theatres as London possessed at that day were open, some embarrassed by the sudden incursion of events connected with the "Proclamation of Peace."

Mrs. Billington presents her respects to the Ladies and Gentlemen who have done her the honour of engaging Boxes for her Benefit, and to the Public at large, and begs leave to inform them, that on account of the Illuminations intended To-morrow, the Proprietors have kindly consented to defer her Night till Friday next, on which evening their Majesties' Servants will act an Opera, in three acts, called *Algonah*.

Mrs. Siddons was playing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with promise of "*Macbeth* on Monday next; Macbeth, Mr. Kemble, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons."

Mr. Incledon was singing at the rival house at Covent Garden. "On Friday next, being his benefit, he will, among other favourites, sing Gay's admired old ballad 'Black Ey'd Susan.'" Later, at the same theatre, Mr. Cooke was to appear in *The Iron Chest*, taking the part of Sir Edward Mortimer. Why does not some enterprising manager of our day revive a drama that a hundred years ago caused our forefathers' flesh to creep in manner that would have satisfied the highest aspirations of the Fat Boy?

On the evening of the appearance of this news

sheet "their Majesties' Servants at Drury Lane will perform"—in those days managers did not "present"—"*The Winter's Tale.* Leontes, Mr. Kemble; Hermione, Mrs. Siddons; Perdita by a Young Lady, being her seventh appearance on any stage." Shakespeare was followed by a farce called *The Devil to Pay*, Mrs. Jordan taking the part of Nell. A paragraph in another column states that "Mrs. Jordan has adjusted her engagements with the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre at forty-five guineas per week," a monstrous fee in those days.

Mr. Crummles, finding in a local paper a laudatory reference to his show, used to wonder how these things got in the papers. Here in the *Morning Chronicle* of April 28, 1802, is a breathless paragraph which, though the date makes it impossible to have been penned by Mr. Crummles' own hand, shows how marvellously close was Dickens's conception of his literary style:—

Welcome Peace restored. We may expect daily additions to Pidcock's Royal Menagerie, Exeter 'Change, by importation of fresh animals from every quarter of the globe, in order to keep up the well-deserved reputation of his incomparable selection, many of the creatures in Pidcock's possession being to be met with in no other, and when we regard the novelty, beauty, and the innumerable variety contained in the admirable collection, we can by no means wonder that the Royal Menagerie is so great a favourite with the public and the Exeter 'Change continues the pleasing and fashionable resort of all the genteel company in the kingdom.

"Old" Sadler's Wells was, it will be observed, once new.

Nothing can equal the sterling merit of the entertainments of the new Theatre, Sadler's Wells, except the quantity and quality of the audiences they attract. This Theatre boasts a Company unparalleled, and the performances are so judiciously disposed that every performer is shown to the greatest advantage; and the evening's recreation combines the strongest beauties of novelty, mirth and rationality.

Several public dinners were announced. The Society of Guardians for the Protection of Trade against Swindlers and Sharpers celebrated their anniversary by a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. "Tickets ten and sixpence each. Dinner on the table at 5 o'clock precisely." To citizens at the West End of London who issue cards of invitation for dinner at 8.15 and think themselves lucky if the company is seated at the table by 8.30, the hour seems a little early. Gentlemen interested in the City of London Lying-In Hospital made provision for an even longer evening. "Dinner on table at 4 o'clock precisely" is the terse intimation in the advertisement. To this day some City Companies preserve the old tradition of early dining, sitting down to an abundant meal not later than half-past six.

Utilising their special advantages, the founders of this still flourishing charity advertise an attraction that must have been irresistible to Aldermen and fathers of families. "Several of the women, lately delivered at this hospital, will," it was announced, "attend with their infants." It is difficult to conceive any adventitious circumstance more conducive to the enjoyment and vivacity of a quiet hour after a ten-and-sixpenny dinner.

In the competition for originality in the attraction of dinners the Duke of Portland easily takes the second place. His birthday happening on a Friday, his Grace, with a liberal hospitality that marks the ducal house of to-day, gave not one but three dinners on successive days. "Lady Carrington, on Monday night, gave a splendid ball at her house in St. James's-place, which was crowded by a long list of Nobility and Persons of Fashion." It will

be noticed that the family name is spelt with two "r's." There was on this matter a difference of opinion among the latest generation, some spelling their name with one "r" and some with two.

On this eve of what was fondly hoped would be a long era of peace, "the Lord Mayor, after examining the Mealweigher's reports of the average prices of wheat and flour, ordered the price of bread to continue at 10d. the quartern loaf wheaten, and household 8½d." Best coal sold at 41s. per chaldron of thirteen sacks. Three per cent. Consols stood at 77.

According to parochial returns made by the clergy, it appears that there were nearly 7,000,000 acres of corn grown in England in the year 1801, of which 1,400,000 acres were of wheat. An additional tax upon windows, falling with special severity on the middle class and the poor, was warmly resented. It was levied in partial substitution of the Income Tax repealed in a Bill read a third time in the House of Commons on the day preceding this issue of the *Morning Chronicle.* A new lottery scheme was announced with the stipulation that no prize should exceed £30,000 in value, and none be less than £17. This form of gambling was encouraged by the Government, a partner in its profits. In addition to Stamp Duty a fee of £50 was paid for the license of every office in town for the sale of tickets and £10 for every one in the country.

There are a couple of personal references to Napoleon, at this date still bearing the title of First Consul. It is recorded that, when the Standards of the Consular Guard were consecrated at Notre-Dame, he crossed himself several times. He was

less reverential in view of preparations for the ceremony. When the leader of the band submitted to him a plan of procedure in which the orchestra were placed in the forefront, the First Consul peremptorily rejected it. "Let the music go into a tribune," he said; "I will have a battalion of troops in front and rear *rangées en bataille*." The bandmaster pointed out that in such circumstances the music would be lost. "That doesn't matter," tartly replied the Consul. "I'll have the soldiers in front of me."

Of Napoleon's despotic treatment of literary people whom he didn't like, later illustrated in the case of Madame de Staël, a less well known case is cited. A dramatic author named Dupaty brought out on the Parisian stage a piece called *Le Valet Maître*, which was not free from suspicion of girding at the august personality of the First Consul. After an exceptionally successful night on the stage, Dupaty received an early morning call from the police, who loaded him with chains and shipped him off to San Domingo.

Even at this date the *Morning Chronicle*, which in time grew to be a formidable rival of *The Times*, appears to have been financially flourishing. Its back page is composed of solid columns of sales by auction, which I believe rank amongst the most highly priced class of advertisements. Looking through them, one is beset by two reflections. One is the almost pastoral aspect presented five-score years ago by what are to-day the most crowded districts of the Metropolis. The other dwells sadly on an opportunity never presented to the present generation—the purchasing at the current price of 1802 some houses, gardens and plots of pasture

land. On such terms possession to-day would make one rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

In the City Road is offered for sale:

A Genteel and substantial Brick Messuage, most commodiously situate on the East side of the City Road, near the New Chapel, and a small distance from Finsbury-square; the fore court enclosed with strong iron railing, and paved way to door, and garden laid out and planted. The house contains a suit of good apartments, with kitchen and useful offices on the basement; the whole in complete and substantial repair, replete with every convenience, and fit for the immediate reception of a genteel family.

Also there is to be sold:

A Valuable and very desirable Freehold Estate, consisting of fifteen acres of very rich pasture land, in one enclosure, called Grice's Field, situate in the parish of Stepney, near Rhodes Well, a short distance from Limehouse and Stepney Churches, and in the high road to Bow.

If these be too townish, there is on hand:

A Valuable and very desirable Freehold Estate, delightfully situate on the West Side of Clapham Common, the property and residence of John Wedderburn, Esq., comprising a commodious Brick Dwelling-house and Offices, erected on a pleasing elevation. The principal apartments handsomely fitted up, and the domestic offices conveniently arranged, with coach-house for two carriages, and stabling for five horses, fore-court, and extensive pleasure ground and garden, walled round (excepting about forty feet, which is oak fence), clothed with choice fruit trees, fully cropped and well supplied with water. Also, two rich Paddocks, one of which is planted with fine thriving fruit trees, and bordered by gravel walks and shrubbery, and inclosed by oak paling. The whole containing near Eleven Acres.

If residence on the banks of the Thames be desired, Mr. Phillips offers

on the premises this day at twelve o'clock A Compact Villa, with Stabling for four Horses, double Coach-house, and competent Offices of every description, excellent Garden, well cropped and planted; Green-house, Pleasure Ground, Yard and Fore-court;

comprised in about two acres, pleasantly situated on the Banks of the Thames, at Battersea, in the county of Surrey, commanding uninterrupted views of the river and the surrounding country; distance from London about four miles.

I wonder what in crowded Battersea stands to-day on the site of that compact villa? Where is the freehold estate on the west side of Clapham Common? Where the fifteen acres of rich pasture land in the parish of Stepney? And where are the snows of yesteryear?

XVIII

NEW JOURNALISM

THE creator of New Journalism in this country was not among the group of able men who to-day profitably carry on the business. He was Frederick Greenwood, who in conjunction with the late George Smith founded and solely edited the original *Pall Mall Gazette.* When that luminary appeared in the journalistic firmament, British newspapers sedately, not to say ponderously, followed on lines established in early Victorian days. There were three leaders of equal length, each divided into three paragraphs, the middle being a little longer than either of the others. Had that condition not been fulfilled, no morning paper would have continued to respect itself.

Every London paper had its resident correspondent at Paris, and some, *The Times* for example, went farther afield among the capitals of Europe. Telegraphic news was scanty, and the Atlantic cable as yet was not. Everything was lengthy—the Parliamentary reports, unrelieved by touch of description of the scene amid which they were carried on, law reports, articles on abstruse subjects, and letters to the editor.

To open a newspaper was to present to the eye a level plain of print. There were no large-type

cross-headings, occasionally conveying more news than is to be found in the columns they adorn. Paragraphs were eyed askance by editor and sub-editor as something too trivial for the dignity of journalism. An unbroken column—three, if matter would run to it—was the thing.

When Frederick Greenwood planned the old *Pall Mall Gazette* he went straight to the heart of the principle, obedience to which, perhaps in exaggerated form, has been the basis of the success of New Journalism. He cut things short. He did not absolutely abolish the leading article. But he made one suffice. In its arrangement he laid ruthless hands on the sacred principle of the three nicely balanced divisions. His leading article was broken up into paragraphs according to turns in the argument under illustration. No man sitting down to write a letter to a friend thinks of framing it in three divisions. Why so treat a leading article, which after all is a communication from a man with a pen in his hand addressing a multitude ?

Next he introduced the occasional note, whose price is above rubies. Under the old order of things, a man having, say, threepennyworth of idea, felt compelled to beat it out through three paragraphs, the aggregate just exceeding a column of large type. With the occasional note there was no incentive to unduly spin out the thread of thought. On the contrary, the briefer the better for the point to be made.

Another audacious innovation, which shortened the lives of some aged printers' readers, was the size and formation of the sheet. Save in respect of *The Times*, which charged threepence a number

and had to live up to the price, London newspapers of forty years ago consisted of eight pages of unwieldy size. The *Pall Mall* came out a trim and heavy sort of enlarged pamphlet.

It is melancholy to reflect that, having these material advantages, supplemented by a literary staff whose brilliance shone like a star amid the vapidity of hack journalism, the success of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, in the first instance, due to a flash of that sort of journalism we still call new. It was not the writing of Frederick Greenwood, FitzJames Stephen, or other of the scholars and gentlemen meeting in the dingy room in Northumberland Street that caught on with the public. It was a stray article of what is known as the sensational order, contributed by an outsider who had the temerity to pass a night in a casual ward, and had the gift of graphic description.

It was on the morning edition of the *Pall Mall* that I fleshed my maiden pen as a recorder of Parliamentary events. The venture, a costly one for the princely proprietor, did not long survive my collaboration. In the autumn of 1872, having in the meantime assisted in the editing of a provincial daily paper, I joined the staff of the *Daily News*, and in conjunction with Archibald Forbes took a step regarded at the time as something tending in the direction of New Journalism. Whenever an event of public importance took place—a wreck off Dungeness, unrest among the miners of South Wales, an agricultural strike in Warwickshire, a balloon ascent, a picturesque trial, certainly in one case an execution at Newgate—one or other of us attended, and wrote more or less picturesque descriptions. If the event took place in the

provinces, it was telegraphed in time for the next morning's issue.

In 1873, there chancing to be on the *Daily News* staff a vacancy for the post of leader of the Parliamentary corps and summary writer, I was appointed to fill it. In the following year there were born a new Parliament and a new era in Parliamentary procedure. Under the leadership of Isaac Butt, the Irish Nationalist Party first became a coherent force. After brief struggle, Butt's inherent constitutional prejudices proving a block to his supremacy, he was pushed aside. Parnell came to the front, with grotesque but shrewd Joseph Gillis Biggar as his lieutenant.

Disraeli was leader of the House of Commons. Gladstone, after for a while uneasily wearing the chain of voluntary quietude, blazed forth in denunciation of Bulgarian atrocities. There were alarums and excursions in which Kenealy and Plimsoll played divers parts. There were all-night sittings, heated debates on foreign policy, and one tragic episode when opposition to a vote of credit led by W. E. Forster, from the Front Opposition Bench, was hurriedly withdrawn when Stafford Northcote, Leader of the House, read a telegram just arrived from Layard, Her Majesty's Minister at the Porte, announcing that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople.

How were these incidents and scenes to be realised in the minds of the newspaper readers through the medium of the old-fashioned, still orthodox, summary, a severe, sedate, short report of speeches made during the sitting? With trembling hand a dash of colour was splashed upon the Parliamentary summary of the *Daily News*. Attempt was made

to invest the columns with some of the light that nightly blazed in the House of Commons. The editor was not shocked. The public seemed to like it. The article speedily became, and for thirty years remained, a prominent feature of the paper.

Another revolution tending towards New Journalism, for which the *Daily News* is directly responsible, was the collection and publication of paragraphs of more or less exclusive political information. When I first knew the Press Gallery, the Lobby of the House of Commons was, to its occupants, as distant, certainly as unfrequented, as the Desert of Sahara. One or two of the more enterprising of the provincial papers supplied in their London letters occasional gossip from the Parliamentary arena. No well-regulated London morning paper would display in its columns small New Journalism wares of that kind. It was during the Parliament of 1880–85 that stray paragraphs conveying political information, derived from private sources, began to appear at the foot of the leaders in the *Daily News*.

My earliest efforts in this new field were hampered by telegrams from the editor's room, over the private wire, asking for authority for particular statements. The credit of a great newspaper was a precious thing, not to be endangered by what might have no sounder foundation than what Disraeli on an historic occasion, alluding to reports of Turkish evil-doings in Bulgaria, described as "coffee-house babble."

When it turned out that some of the allegations were verified, some of the prognostications fulfilled, these paragraphs were eagerly welcomed in Bouverie Street, and appropriated with engaging freedom by the evening papers. One by one, the other London

morning papers followed the lead in this direction of the *Daily News*. Last of all *The Times* came also, with its admirable column of political notes daily published through the Parliamentary Session.

In respect of this phase of New Journalism, as in the matter of the descriptive summary of a night's doings in Parliament, all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed.

The exponents of New Journalism, the sale of whose products leaves the elder journals lamentably lagging behind, have, whilst embodying the principle of brevity that marked the old *Pall Mall*, introduced other features. Our most widely circulated penny morning papers are, in brief, the result of grafting American Journalism on a British stem. Perhaps there is not much of the stem visible. The motto of New Journalism may be read by slight variation of the familiar line, "Be smart, my child, and let who will be accurate."

The inherent weakness of New Journalism is its slavery to sensationalism. It must have with every fresh morning big headlines calculated to make its readers "sit up," whether at the breakfast-table, in tram or railway carriage on their way to business. There is no implacable reason why the column of smaller type that follows should live up to the headline. Still, folk who have planked down their penny want something in return. A newspaper reader cannot live by headlines alone. The weakness of the situation is that every day does not bring its sensation. Consequently a spirit of inventiveness is called in aid, and imagination rushes in where facts, being non-existent, fail to tread.

This is a pity, as, though an occasional flash—

such as an imaginary massacre in a far-off capital, or a frenzied outbreak of a colonial premier by fond fancy feigned—may be overlooked, continuance of the habit of putting forth fables as facts is apt to create a feeling of mistrust in the mind of a generous public. If New Journalism were as reliable as it is readable, it would be an even more mighty power in the land.

As it is, it has revolutionised the British Press, not only by its abnormal circulation, but by its influence upon the older class of newspapers. They all denounce its ways, and timidly imitate some of them. In such a race the contest is not to the timid. New Journalism, fearlessly going the whole hog, leads by many laps.

No annexe of the newspaper world displays more striking submission to the spirit of New Journalism than does the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. When I first entered it, in 1870, it was in all respects a different place from the institution as it now exists. An exceedingly close corporation, only the London morning papers were represented by regular staffs. The consequence was there were boxes sufficient for all duly qualified applicants. Indeed, two were appropriated to each paper, one for the reporting staff, the other for the summary writer. The benches at the back, now nightly fought for through the session by descriptive summary writers, London letter purveyors, and the occasional leader writer, were then an empty space on which Mr. Steel, sole janitor of the gallery, slept—not always noiselessly.

The aggregate number of reporters did not exceed threescore. Even for them the accommodation for their comfort outside the Gallery was

ludicrously inadequate. They were "strangers" whose presence was winked at in spite of the retention among the Standing Orders of an edict prohibiting publication of report of debates under heavy pains and penalties. If they were wise they would take such goods as the Serjeant-at-Arms provided, and, forestalling the custom of Brer Rabbit, yet unborn, "lay low and say 'nuffin.'" Meals, such as they were, were served in a little vestibule at the top of the stairs leading to the Gallery. Here in later years sat the old doorkeeper Wright, who, in intervals of wakefulness, talked with the telegraph messenger-boys in conversational style more nearly akin to that of Dr. Johnson than anything a nineteenth-century generation was privileged to enjoy. Wright, a character in whom Charles Dickens would have delighted, was a brand plucked from the burning by Lord Charles Russell, at that time Serjeant-at-Arms. He was in early life brought up to the boat-building business somewhere on the banks of the Thames. The tradition in the Gallery was that the Serjeant-at-Arms, a godly man, strolling at ease by the river's marge, heard Wright praying or singing a hymn (I forget which, he was capable of both), entered into conversation, and was so impressed with his intelligence and simplicity of manner that he appointed him guardian of the outer approach to the Press Gallery.

In the course of time Wright, perceiving an opening for business, furtively brought down in a red pocket-handkerchief (not, it was faintly hoped, earlier devoted to its appointed purpose) a chunk of boiled beef. This, engagingly displayed with plates and knives and forks on his table, attracted

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hungry gentlemen of the Press accustomed to go outside in search of supper. Encouraged by growing custom, Wright supplemented the boiled beef with the knuckle-end of a ham. There he stopped. It was ever boiled beef and boiled ham. When the sybarite got tired of beef and ham he had ham and beef.

I suppose it was due to handling knives and saws and things of that kind in the boat-building business that Wright developed a skill for cutting slices of ham and beef thinner than ever before were laid on the plate. That was a pardonable mannerism. What the fastidious found objectionable was that, whilst engaged upon the delicate operation, he brought his nose into undesirably close contiguity with the joint he carved.

In this twentieth century there are provided, for the convenience of the more than two hundred gentlemen who have access to the Press Gallery, suites of spacious rooms in which notes may be written out, in some with the comforting assistance of the homely pipe or the lordly cigar. There are dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, tea-rooms, and an excellent library of reference. These are accessions to personal comfort for which those who benefit by them have to thank the increased power of the Press, largely due to its growth in the spirit of the New Journalism.

On the whole, the opportunity of gaining a footing on the Press ladder is far more generous to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago. There are few businesses in the United Kingdom that have within that period advanced with equal measure of leaps and bounds. The motive power is found in the Education Act with its compulsory

authority and its machinery of School Boards. Forty years ago, at the time of Mr. Forster's much discussed Bill, in cases where, in despite of Dogberry's theory, reading and writing did not come by nature, the proportion of the population to whom all books were sealed was appallingly great. To-day, thanks to modern legislation, the boy or girl in the humblest walk of life who cannot read is a rarity, a sort of curiosity which, if discovered, would form the subject of a many-headed article in one of the penny papers.

For this countless accession to the reading public it was necessary that fresh provision should be made in the way of newspapers and magazines. We find it spread to-day in the multitude of penny papers, supplemented by tons of cheap reprints of standard novels and masses of sixpenny novels wherein Mary and Alice in the kitchen make the acquaintance of real Dukes and Marquises.

The invention of evening papers, whether self-contained or offshoots of morning editions, has within the last twenty-five years almost doubled the demand for pressmen. Whilst above the roar of London in the afternoon there rises the shrill cry, "Extra speshal," there is not a moderate-sized town in the provinces which has not its evening paper, the larger centres of population enjoying full opportunity of selection. In many cases it has come to pass that the sturdy offspring of the morning paper not only enjoys the larger circulation, but brings in the greater revenue.

Whilst this growth of production widens the field of employment it has resulted in producing a labourer in many respects differing from earlier comers to the vineyard. What is prized to-day by

the enterprising product of New Journalism is not scholarship, not literary gifts, not even the humbler art of stenography. The ideal contributor is a smart, bustling chap, unembarrassed by conventionalities that might stand in the way of good copy, a sort of journalistic marine, ready to go anywhere and do anything: one who, commissioned to interview the man of the hour, failing to find him at home or being repulsed on the threshold of his retreat, is not debarred from turning out his column of stuff replete with weird information. With these other times we have not only other manners, but other men. The aspirant to advancement, or even engagement, upon the Newspaper Press of the day must make his account accordingly.

Two results concurrently wrought by the revolution effected in British journalism is an increase in the number of sub-editors and the decline of the Parliamentary reporter. When thirty-four years ago I became editor of an historic London morning paper, I found on the staff a single sub-editor, whose birth preceded by some years that of the newspaper. The Parliamentary reporting staff, also composed of veterans, were some eight or ten strong. That force was rather under than over the average of contemporary London morning papers.

In the New School of Journalism the reporter withers and the sub-editor blossoms, more or less like a rose. A London morning paper, pioneer of New Journalism in this country, which boasts, justly I believe, the largest circulation in the kingdom, has no staff of Parliamentary reporters. The example is followed by a rival constituted upon the same lines. The arrangement involves a considerable saving in salaries which more than covers

the extra expenditure in the sub-editor's room. It also vividly illustrates the new wells of intelligence tapped by bold adventurers who have made fortunes out of the discovery that the British public do not want long reports of anything, except of tasty divorce court cases and dramatic murders.

There is one aspect of New Journalism compared with the old which the aspirant to a place on its staff will do well to take into consideration. At the time when I was admitted to the ranks of journalism a position on the staff of an old-established paper was something in the nature of a freehold. It practically depended on a man's own conduct whether or not he remained at his post for the rest of his working days. Moreover, when he had given the best years of his life to the service of his journal, what days of leisure remained to him on retirement from active service were soothed by gift of a pension.

Brisk New Journalism has no sympathy with old-fashioned sentimentalities of that kind. Whilst its own particular staff is constantly weeded out, fresh cuttings are planted in place of branches worn out with the storm and stress of twelve months' or even two years' hurry. Within the last ten years men who have spent their lives in the service of old-established London morning papers, going to bed with the comfortable assurance of permanency of place and income, have waked up in the morning to find that the paper has overnight passed into the possession of new people, and that a clean sweep of the old staff will be made, from the editor's room to the hall-porter's chair.

These are matters for the young man about to become a journalist to ponder.

XIX

AN ELEVEN OF ALL ENGLAND

Sir Henry Lucy has presented to the Reform Club his collection of oil portraits of contemporary public men, for which special sittings were given to the artist. They include Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Viscount Morley, Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. Labouchere, "Toby, M.P.," Sir John Tenniel, Sir Henry Irving, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the Earl of Rosebery. The portraits will be hung in the strangers' dining-room. —The Times.

THE idea of presenting to a Club, whose Committee thirty-four years ago did me the honour of electing me to membership without undergoing the ordeal of the ballot, a collection of oil portraits of contemporary public men, occurred to me shortly after the collection was completed by addition of the portrait of Lord Russell of Killowen. I privily communicated the intention to Sir Wemyss Reid and Joseph Parkinson, at the time holding leading positions in the management of the Reform Club. They cordially approved, and fixed upon the strangers' dining-room as the most appropriate place wherein to hang the pictures.

During its long existence the Club has, through the generosity of various donors, become possessed of a notable collection of portraits. The latest, presented last year, was one of Mr. Asquith, which hangs in the Members' dining-room. Others add interest to the spacious hall, by counterfeit presentments of Lord Macaulay; the fifth Duke of Devon-

ALMA TADEMA'S MASTERPIECES.

(Not Exhibited at the R.A.)

[*See* PREFACE.

shire, better known as Lord Hartington, who after close colleagueship with Mr. Gladstone, extending over a long period, finally gave up the puzzle of trying to understand the ways of his chief; the Earl of Durham, who left behind a fine record as Governor of Canada; Daniel O'Connell; Lord Palmerston; Lord Brougham; Richard Cobden; Earl Grey; Earl Russell; Charles P. Villiers; Lord Holland; William M. Thackeray; Bernal Osborne; Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Dalhousie); Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; W. E. Forster; John Bright; Earl Granville; W. E. Gladstone; Charles Dickens; Henry Irving.

These are full-sized paintings by eminent artists. My collection is exclusively formed of what are known as kit-cats. It is somewhere written in Scripture, "The Lord delighteth not in any man's legs." Neither do I, when they are introduced into portraits. Limitation to head and shoulders of the sitter naturally guides the artist in the direction of concentrating his efforts on the face and head, which, after all, are the main things in portraiture.

My original intention, communicated to Wemyss Reid and Parkinson, was to bequeath the portraits to the Club, the gift to take effect upon my death. Doubtless it was fancy; but for some years later, whilst the old friends were still with us, sharing occupancy at lunch or dinner time of a famous side-table in the dining-room, I was conscious of an embarrassing scrutiny whenever they came across me. They were ever punctilious in enquiry as to the state of my health, a kind custom, suggestive to morbid fancy of the supplementary question exchanged with each other when I was out of sight and hearing, "How long is this fellow going

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to live, keeping us out of possession of our pictures ?" Alack! like the "little Jane" of Wordsworth's maudlin fancy, they were "the first to go," dying some years before realisation of their earnest desire to see the Club, which was in exceptional measure their home, enriched with the portraits. In connection with the group the hand of Death has in other quarters been busy. Of "The Eleven of All England" portrayed, eight have been bowled out—only three, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Morley, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, to-day remaining at the wickets.

The collection grew out of an accident. In the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, I was attracted by a kit-cat portrait painted by an artist with an unfamiliar name. I felt disposed to commission him to do one of myself in the same unpretentious style. A difficulty in the way was impossibility of finding time for sittings during the Parliamentary Session. I wrote to the artist pointing this out, and suggesting that, if the procedure were practicable, I would receive him in my study and go on with my work whilst he did his. The arrangement proved highly successful. I dictated articles to my secretary unembarrassed by—virtually unconscious of—the presence of a third party.

A natural result was avoidance of the attitude of posing, painfully apparent in photographs, not always absent from oil paintings. When, some years later, I sat to Sargent, he told me that not the least important, and equally difficult, function of the artist is the posing of his subject. In my case he, by accident, accomplished this preliminary without a moment's hesitation—a thing, he said, rare in his experience. During a subsequent visit

to Washington, this statement was in measure confirmed. Lunching at The White House, Mr. Roosevelt told me that when Sargent arrived on a special mission to paint him, the greater portion of two days was occupied in endeavour to fix upon a situation that satisfied the artist. After luncheon on the second day, returning to the temporary studio for renewed effort, the President, leading the way and, in accordance with his habit, avoiding waste of time by talking, half turned round, and with a hand resting on the bannister faced the artist.

"That will do!" cried Sargent. "That's the very position."

And in it the President was painted for the pleasure of his contemporaries and the satisfaction of posterity.

Sargent's action whilst painting is curious. Standing for a moment steadily regarding his subject, seated in the chair before the easel, he walks a few steps backward. Then, with brush in right hand, suggestive of a poised lance, his palette in left hand as a shield, he rapidly advances and almost dabs a bit of colour on the canvas. A not infrequent cigar is smoked by him in a morning sitting. In society he has the reputation of being a reticent man, ungifted with supply of small talk. Whilst I sat to him, he conversed freely. One of his stories he enjoyed as much as did the listener. Engaged in painting a picture in which a Chelsea pensioner was a prominent figure, he happed upon one who, like Mr. Wegg, sported a wooden leg. Engaging him as a model, he was consumed by increasing desire to learn the story of the mutilation. In his fancy he pictured the veteran engaged in some desperate encounter, peradventure left all night on

the battle-field, to be picked up wet with the morning dew and carried off to the base, his case carefully considered by the surgeon, who reluctantly but decisively came to the conclusion that he must lose a leg.

Fearful of wounding sensibilities by recalling disaster, he hesitated to make enquiries. At length he gently enquired when and where it happened? He supposed in the Boer War, that being the latest conflict in which, at the time, the country had been engaged.

"Lor' bless you no," said the crippled man, with amused smile. "I was through that business sure enough, but came out without a scratch. When it was over I had to look about for work, and got a job with a furniture remover. It was in this very street, higher up, on the opposite side. I was helping to bring down a pianner, when I missed my footing, and the instrument—a semmy-grand—fell on me. It snapped my leg above the joint, so it had to come off. Not being able to work, I got took on at the 'Orspital."

"I went on with my work," said Sargent, lighting another cigar; "but its charm was gone. Instead of picturing my subject amid the glare and glory of battle, I persistently saw him lying on the staircase under what he called a semmy-grand pianner."

Success of the first experiment in this new departure in portraiture suggested extension. The men whose portraits are most desirable form a class whose time is too precious to be spent, by the hour, seated before a canvas. The leading case of Mahomet and the mountain suggested a method of overcoming the difficulty. If a busy statesman did not go to the artist, how would it be if the

artist waited on the statesman ? It did exceedingly well. Some of the portraits to-day hanging on the walls of the strangers' dining-room at the Reform Club accidentally challenge comparison with works of larger size and greater pretension. On one occasion, embarrassing testimony was forthcoming as to the result. At dinner one evening in Ashley Gardens, Lady Dorothy Nevill, looking up at the portrait of Lord Morley on the wall immediately facing her, emphatically said, "That's the best portrait of John Morley ever painted." It happened that her neighbour on the right was a popular R.A. who, on a commission from Lord Rosebery, had painted the statesman who in rare combination adds supreme literary gifts to Parliamentary success, leading to the highest Ministerial office. Either by display of tact, or not having overheard the remark, the R.A. made no sign.

Another portrait that commands similar commendation in the superlative is that of Lord Randolph Churchill. Like the rest, it was painted at his private residence. His study in Connaught Place served as studio, and the picture faithfully presents his desk, chair and other accessories as they appeared when the Leader of the Fourth Party was at the height of fame and in the plenitude of personal power. The portrait was exceedingly popular with Lord Randolph's family and brought the artist several commissions. His sister, Lady Tweedmouth, had her husband painted in the same style. Its convenient size made it possible for her to carry it with her when, at the end of successive seasons, she started a fresh series of hospitalities at her husband's Highland home, Guisachan. Mr.

Winston Churchill, desiring to make his mother a pleasing present, asked permission to have a replica of my picture, a request readily granted. Guests at dinner or luncheon at Ashley Gardens throughout the Parliamentary Session were generous patrons of the artist. With characteristic lavishness of enterprise, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, not yet advanced to the peerage, was moved to commission the artist to produce portraits of each of his brothers.

The artist has a fancy for adding little effects to a picture. Shadowed on the glass of the bookcase, by which Lord Randolph is seated writing, will, on close inspection, be discovered a sketch of the face of Lady Randolph. In my own portrait, he introduced the dog Toby of *Punch* regarding with evident admiration the face and figure of Mr. Gladstone. On the wall behind Joseph Cowen hangs a portrait of his old friend Mazzini. When Mr. Chamberlain's portrait was completed he was shown in company of Disraeli and Lord Hartington, whose portraits hung on the walls of the study in which he is seated. On viewing the picture he sharply said, "That will never do. We must have in Mr. Gladstone." It was difficult to obey this injunction. Available space on the canvas was so fully occupied that it was not possible to work in the full figure of Mr. Chamberlain's first political Leader. The artist did his best. The result is that, having only a few inches of room at his disposal, Mr. Gladstone appears to be quitting the company of his former lieutenant, and passing out of the room, certainly off the canvas.

The incident, totally undesigned, proved to be prophetic. It happened in 1888. At that period of a political crisis that temporarily shattered the

Liberal Party, Mr. Chamberlain, in company with Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James, having severed their connection with Gladstone's Ministry, still occupied seats on the Liberal side of the House of Commons. As the episode of the Round Table Conference indicated, Mr. Chamberlain at this period was not void of conviction that reunion with old political friends was possible. Meanwhile, even in so trifling a matter as the painting of a portrait it would not do finally to break off personal relations with Mr. Gladstone and range himself under the banner of Lord Beaconsfield. Hence the sectional appearance of the Liberal Prime Minister, in the right-hand corner of the scene pictured in Mr. Chamberlain's study whilst his portrait was being painted.

Many observers find in the portrait of Joseph Cowen, in his day a powerful political influence in the North of England, a facial resemblance to Carlyle. The picture preserves the costume in which he walked the streets of Newcastle, in no detail altered when he went to the House of Commons. A striking bit of colour is supplied by the red shirt-cuffs visible beneath his coat-sleeves. On his knees rests the soft felt hat whose appearance within range of the Speaker's eye, forty years ago, fluttered the dovecote of the House of Commons. At that time there prevailed a rule that made the tall silk hat an indispensable appendage to man's out-of-door attire.

Since then much has happened in the way of loosening the bonds of sartorial etiquette. I remember the thrill of pained astonishment that ran through the House when one afternoon, in summer-time, Lord Randolph Churchill, flinging

himself down on his corner seat below the gangway, on the Opposition benches, held out to full view a pair of tan-coloured shoes! Later still, in an exceptionally hot summer, waistcoats were discarded even on the Treasury Bench. Cummerbunds were openly worn by Secretaries of State.

In this connection one recalls the picture incidentally drawn by Wraxall, in memoirs dating something more than a century earlier. Ministers of all degree at that time took their places and their part in debate, arrayed in full Court dress, equipped with the sword which to-day even Sheriffs, attending to present a petition at the Bar of the House, are peremptorily ordered to leave in charge of the doorkeeper, as if it were a wet umbrella. The gossip of the close of the eighteenth century tells how, on one occasion, George III's favourite Prime Minister, Lord North, rising from his place on the Treasury Bench with intent to quit the House, holding his sword horizontally in his right hand as if it were a lance, carried off on the point of the scabbard the wig of a colleague at the end of the bench who, at the moment, happened to be sitting with head bent downwards in meditative mood.

But that is a long time ago—a far cry from Joseph Cowen's felt hat or Lord Randolph's tan shoes. Both, on their appearance, regarded as startling anachronisms, are now commonplaces of daily life in the Commons. Since Cowen's soft felt hat appeared on the scene we have had Keir Hardy's tweed cap, and the billycock built on the model of the roof of a Swiss chalet under which, before he went to the War and rose to the rank of Colonel, John Ward walked about the Lobby and sat in his place in the House of Commons. A more

costly structure, as became a member of his family, was a hat constructed of finest Panama straw with which, for a while, Mr. Rothschild dazzled the eyes of his fellow-Members. Its flight through the lobbies was, however, meteoric. It excited such marked attention that the Member for Aylesbury, most modest of men, shrinking from the prominence attained, dispensed with a structure which, in conception and construction, had evidently cost him some thought.

The first public exhibition of the collection now housed in the Reform Club was made at the New Gallery in the season of 1888. It attracted much attention on the part of the public and the Press. F. C. G., illustrating the evening paper still known by its original name, *Pall Mall Gazette*, drew humorously exaggerated sketches. Burnand seated at his desk, pen in hand, was represented as saying, "Must really write a line to Toby, M.P." Round the head of Mr. Morley shone a halo, an effective addition to the almost devotional expression unconsciously assumed for the occasion. Writing to me on May 10, 1888, Mr. Chamberlain took note of this expression. "I was," he said, "at the New Gallery on the opening day, and saw the portraits you mention. I thought Burnand and Labouchere very good. John Morley I did not like. He is idealised almost beyond recognition, looks as though he had just been hypnotised and was seeing visions. I am flattered by your request. I had made a vow that I never would sit again. But I do not like to refuse you, especially as the artist is able to do his work without interfering with that of his subjects. I will therefore place myself at your disposal after Whitsuntide."

This mention of a former sitting evidently refers to Millais' fine portrait commissioned by Sir Charles Dilke, who gave it a prized position in the reception-room at the top of the stairway of his house in Sloane Street.

Mr. Morley, not dreaming at the time of the government of India or of a subsequent Viscountcy, was one of four of the Eleven of All England who, discarding the invitation to carry on their ordinary work whilst their portrait grew on the canvas, stood or sat to suffer the ordeal. Another was Tenniel, who, with instinctive art, paper and pencil in hand as if he were drafting one of his famous cartoons for *Punch*, assumed an attitude equally characteristic and unrestrained. The third was Henry Irving, who made it a condition of sitting for his portrait that he should have his pet dog Flossie on his knee. And there she appears accordingly. That, according to the authority of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Morley's portrait is the best ever finished, is the more satisfactory since he remains to this day the despair of attempts to reproduce his likeness in current journalism. One does not remember an occasion where he has successfully come through the ordeal, even in the pages of *Punch*.

On this matter Lord Morley wrote :—

PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE,
WHITEHALL, S.W.,
February 12, ?

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am delighted to have so kind a note from you. I deplore my defect in meeting the needs of the artists, grave and gay alike. 'Tis not the only scurvy trick that Providence has played me. But it is pleasant to think that the homely portrait of a man bearing my name will be associated with your name at the Reform. The picture has rather faded from my mind's eye

but I know that people thought it good, and anyhow it is an honour to me to figure among such men as you name—all of them friends of my own. Sincerely, my dear Lucy, do I hope that it will be many a long year before your bequest takes effect. With hearty thanks to you for many kindnesses,

Believe me,
Yours most truly,
MORLEY.

The fourth portrait for which the subject actually sat is that of Lord Russell of Killowen. The only decorative picture in the little collection, it presents him in the stately robes of the ex-Lord Chief Justice, wearing the SS collar, a prerogative of high estate. I hope no one will ask me what the SS collar is. At the time the picture was exhibited, I made several enquiries in authoritative quarters, including Sir Frank Lockwood (who knew most things about his profession), but failed to obtain definite information. However, the books of reference report it to be a decoration first instituted by Henry IV, and still worn by certain high officials. Dining with Lord Russell one night in Cromwell Road, I saw hanging on the wall a portrait of our host, fresh from Sargent's easel. He wore the full-bottomed wig pertaining to the Advocate's robe, covering the stately head and the noble expansive brow that distinguished him above his fellows. I asked if I might add his portrait to my collection, stipulating absence of the wig. A busy man, he readily consented, and the artist waited upon him at work in his Chambers.

Sittings were interrupted by an attack of illness that, to the irreparable loss of the Bench, proved fatal. The Lord Chief Justice was compelled to give up work—temporarily, he trusted—and retire for a period of rest to his loved country house at

Epsom. He found it there—rest eternal. With characteristic insistence upon accomplishing a resolved purpose, he invited the artist down to Tadworth Court, and there the work was completed. There is not shown here, as in the other portraits, a suggestive sketch on the wall of the room in which he sat. But to feigned fancy there is plainly visible the Shadow of Death, standing behind the chair of one whose renown as an Advocate was, by rare exception, equalled by his reputation as a Judge.

It was with some difficulty Lord Rosebery was induced to join the company portrayed. He cherishes an almost unconquerable prejudice in the matter of sitting for his portrait. I believe that in the Reform Club has only one companion. Sir William Agnew, to whose agency the country is indebted for other memorable portraits besides Millais' Gladstone, once told me he had made several applications to Lord Rosebery to permit him to commission any foremost painter of the day he might name, but always met with refusal. There is something pathetic in Lord Rosebery's first response to my request. It consisted of a single line, in its almost anguished apprehension more eloquent than a tome. "My dear Lucy," he wrote from Berkeley Square on June 4, 1888. "If you only knew how I hate to sit for my picture!" Presuming on old friendship, cultivated in a succession of Midlothian campaigns, coming to full growth in a journey across the United States bound for San Francisco—he and Lady Rosebery journeying round the world via Australia, my wife and I by way of Japan—I pointed out that his share of the business would be minimised by the method of procedure adopted. The artist would

take easel and palette to Berkeley Square, and the portrait would develop as his Lordship dealt with his post-bag or his morning paper. This brought generous reply.

"Amen, so be it!" he wrote by return of post. "But it cannot be till July. I am greatly flattered by your wish to have my portrait."

I am bound to say, without intending reproach, Lord Rosebery did not sit for his portrait, or even stand for it. He walked restlessly about the room, occasionally out of it, not reappearing for a considerable period. As the artist, telling the story, forlornly said, "If his Lordship had only not shut the door when he left the room, I could have gone on working on an occasional glimpse of him. As a rule, he closed it sharply as he disappeared." In this instance, as in proverbial cases, patience had its own reward. A striking portrait recompensed faithful endeavour, an attractive bit of colour being provided by the scarlet collar of a smoking-jacket worn in the privacy of Lord Rosebery's study.

Bismarck shared with Lord Rosebery a rooted dislike to sitting for his portrait. The difficulty was in both cases met by the same manœuvre. Herr Lenbach, a German artist, was, with the passive connivance of the Prince, permitted to pay occasional visits to Friedrichsruh, where the Pilot dropped by the impetuous young Kaiser dwelt in proud isolation. Smalley, the famous London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, fresh from a visit to the Prince, where he met Lenbach, told me a pretty story about the most successful of his portraits. Bismarck's gentle spirit was stirred against crows, because they preyed on the singing birds he loved. Walking in the woods one day

with the artist, and catching sight of a brace perched on the branch of a tree, his eyes suddenly flashed with real anger. This momentary look transferred to canvas distinguishes it by the revelation of the real Bismarck.

A cognate difficulty attended on the process of sittings given by Mr. Arthur Balfour. He was at the time Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, revealing unexpected character to the House of Commons by ruling with hand of steel, not always covered with silken glove, a nation simmering in revolt. In the course of a morning he had frequent visitors from Dublin Castle and the Irish Office. The interviews were, of course, strictly confidential, and the artist, possibly in a moment of inspiration, was reluctantly compelled to quit the room till the visitor had departed.

To those familiar with the personal appearance of the Foreign Secretary to-day the picture painted thirty years ago is an interesting study. Up to a recent period Mr. Balfour was the Peter Pan of British statesmen. It seemed as if he would never grow old. During the terrible war-time, now happily a memory, his hair suddenly whitened, a change which, by coincidence, about the same time and with equal suddenness, befell Mr. Asquith. The occupant of a room in the Irish Office by Storey's Gate, lounging with unstudied grace by his desk, was at the time his portrait was painted debonair in figure, with dark hair, moustache of the same hue, and unobtrusive side-whiskers.

At one of the Allied War Councils at whose meeting Marshal Foch represented France, Lucien Jonas, the French painter, was commissioned to paint a picture of the historical gathering. Equally

with the artist portraying Mr. Balfour in the arcana of the Irish Office, he was not permitted to be present at official interviews. An arrangement was made whereby he viewed the scene through a glass door, whence he observed the General on his legs addressing the meeting. This incident will be a leading feature in a picture, at the present time of writing, not completed.

One result of the method of work imposed upon the artist was a certain measure of identity of attitude on the part of his subjects. This is shown in the case of Sir Frank Burnand, Henry Labouchere, and Lord Randolph Churchill. All three are discovered at their desks, pen in hand. Happily the commonplace attitude is in capable hands possible of revealing character. Lord Randolph's firm grip of the pen indicates a ruthless persistency that carried him through many stormy scenes in political life. Labby, with inseparable cigarette between finger and thumb, preserves the attitude and aspect of humorous indifference to whatever might be going on in the world, near at hand or afar.

There is a special appropriateness in the accident that Labouchere, by the medium of his portrait, finds his last home in the Reform Club. For many years preceding his startling self-exile to Florence he never passed a day without spending an hour or two at the Reform. When Parliament was in session, he left the House immediately after Questions were over and walked to the Club. Throned in the smoking-room, with a delighted audience clustered round his chair, he, with mellow voice and winning smile, discussed men and matters with occasional vitriolic frankness.

One of the stories graphically told by him related to the laying down of the asphalted path from Storey's Gate to the bottom of the Duke of York's steps. Skirting St. James's Park, it originally shared the rough gravel of the Horse Guards roadway. In summer gritty, in winter muddy, it did not offer a pleasant promenade. Labouchere frequently approached the President of the Board of Works with the request that an asphalt pavement should be laid down, but was ever put off on the plea that it would be an expensive job and the Treasury were adamant in such matters. One night, in Committee of Supply, a Vote on behalf of the Board of Works came under discussion. There was a thin House. The dinner hour was at hand, and the Whips reported risk of disaster in the Division Lobby. The Chief Whip, seating himself by the Member for Northampton, who had cheerily led the revolt, besought him to let the Vote go through.

"Certainly, on one condition," was Labouchere's smiling response. "If the First Commissioner will promise forthwith to lay down an asphalt footpath between Storey's Gate and the Duke of York's steps, you shall have the Vote. If not, we'll have a division immediately, and you know where you'll be."

Crossing the gangway, the Whip held hurried consultation with the First Commissioner. The pledge being given, Labby rose and gravely remarked that the Department had had a severe lesson. It was, he added, perhaps not desirable to go to extremes, and he suggested to hon. friends to let the matter drop. They followed his advice, and to this day the asphalted pavement between St. James's Park and the Horse Guards perpetuates an adroit manœuvre truly Laboucherian.

XX

FANNY BURNEY AT NORBURY PARK

THESE brief notes are penned at Norbury House, the "dear Norbury" in which and its neighbourhood some of the happiest years of Fanny Burney's life were spent. The mansion stands on a richly wooded crest facing Box Hill in the near distance. In later time the peerless country-side homed a novelist greater even than the author of *Evelina*. For many years George Meredith lived in a cottage on a grassy slope of Box Hill, within half an hour's drive in his pony-cart of Norbury, a convenient proximity that invited frequent visits.

Writing from Norbury Park on November 9, 1784, Fanny Burney says:—

> This sweet place is beautiful even yet, though no longer of a beauty young and blooming such as you left it. But the character of the prospect is so grand that winter cannot annihilate its charms, though it greatly diminishes them. The variety of the grounds and the striking form of the hills always afford something new to observe and retain something lasting to admire.

In this same month she writes to her father:—

> Winter here does not sweep away all beauty though it deducts much from its character of smiling gaiety. But the bold and majestic form of the surrounding hills and the thick mass of the noble though leafless wood still, and throughout the whole varying year, afford objects sufficiently diversified to engage though not fully delight attention. Every fresh gleam of light from every

fresh breaking of a passing cloud so changes the point of view and so metamorphoses the principal object from the hill to the vale, and from the wood to plain, that much as summer is everywhere to be regretted, winter here has a thousand claims to being admired.

In another letter of this same year she records: "Arrived at dear Norbury Park. . . . They will not let me go whilst I can stay, and I am now most willing to stay till I *must* go." The tradition of hospitality and its effect upon the mind of the guest of a hundred and twenty-nine years ago are fully maintained at Norbury Park to-day. *Experientia docet.*

Fanny Burney's host was Mr. Lock, a man whose sympathies were as wide as, happily, his purse was full. There is a portrait of him in the Burney Parlour at Camilla Lacey, a comparatively modern residence that enshrines what is left of the little cottage built out of the profits of *Camilla,* where Fanny Burney, become Madame D'Arblay, settled with her husband. For so kindly natured a man, one whose works long "did follow him," the expression of the face, notably the eyes, is curiously sad. Strangely enough, the portrait, a drawing after a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has strong points of resemblance to an engraving of a portrait of Robespierre I bought years ago on the Quai at Paris. This is probably in some measure due to the circumstance that in both cases abundant hair is trimmed in the same fashion.

Among other things that keep Mr. Lock's memory green at Norbury House is what is known as the Picture-Room. This, serving as a larger drawing-room, looks out on Box Hill across a richly wooded valley. Gilpin, an artist who had his share in producing the unique effect, writes:—

The walls of the room are painted to represent a bower or arbour admitting a fictitious sky through a large oval at the top. It is covered at the angles with trellis work interwoven with honeysuckle, vines, and clustering grapes. The sides of the room are divided by light painted pilasters appearing to support the trellis roof and open to four views. That towards the south is real, the other three are artificial. When the natural hour corresponds with the hour represented, there is a coincidence of artificial and natural light and all the landscapes both within and without the room appear to be illumined by the same sun.

In the autumn of 1792, at a time when Paris, on the eve of making swift end of King and Queen, gave herself up to the mad joys of Revolution, the immediate neighbourhood of Norbury Park was the scene of a French invasion that, incidentally, had momentous influence upon the life of the unsuspecting Fanny Burney. A colony of *émigrés aristocrats* fleeing from the guillotine by strange chance became tenants of Juniper Hall, a roomy red-brick house standing at the foot of Norbury Park, between the villages of Mickleham and Burford Bridge. How they discovered this remote valley in Surrey, through which the River Mole sometimes turbulently flows and whiles lies stagnant, a narrow stream between muddy banks, is a problem as obscure as why their new home should be called Juniper Hall. As far as the latter was concerned, the French, in accordance with their patriotic fashion, straightway changed the spelling and the pronunciation, translating it to *Junipère*. If it were only by reason of the identity of two of the tenants the gathering would have been notable. One was Talleyrand, the other Madame de Staël, who when little Fanny Burney appeared on the scene opened wide her arms and took her to her heart.

We are familiar with Talleyrand in the terrible old man, lean in body, wizened in face, whom

Maclise years later saw and sketched. In a portrait preserved at Camilla Lacey we look upon an almost plump, finely dressed personage in the plenitude of his physical and intellectual power and the enjoyment of his thirty-eighth year.

Among others of this pathetic company suddenly exchanging the splendours of ancestral homes and princely rent-rolls for the stolid homestead of Junipère and the penury necessitated by incomes pinched almost to the vanishing point, were Narbonne, Lally-Tallendal, Malouet, Girardin, and General D'Arblay, sometime adjutant to Lafayette, of whom more anon. In a neighbouring cottage lived Madame de Broglie, daughter-in-law of a Maréchal in the French Army, who had served with the Royal Princes. Escaping from Paris, she crossed the Channel in an open boat with a little son in his teens. She did not live alone, there being several others crammed into the cottage, whose ground-floor consisted of a parlour and a kitchen. They were happily near enough to share the company of their fellow-victims of the Terror, housed in roomier quarters at Junipère. Here in the direst circumstances was maintained that lightheartedness and perfection of ceremonial grace in manner and speech that distinguished old friends who awaited in Paris prisons their turn to be called to the guillotine.

Fanny Burney was straightway admitted to this charmed circle on terms of affectionate intimacy. The accompanying rest, mental and physical, fortuitously arrived close upon her emancipation from Windsor, her deliverance from the chill presence of Queen Charlotte and the occasionally embarrassing personal attention of fatuous King George.

Macaulay has described in unforgettable terms the nature of her gilded servitude.

> A slavery of five years, of five years taken from the best part of life and wasted in menial drudgery under galling conditions and amidst unfriendly and uninteresting companions. . . . Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven in order to dress the sweet Queen and to sit up till midnight in order to undress the sweet Queen. The established doctrine of the Court was that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself of malingering, as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing till she fell down dead at the royal feet.

The fact that we owe the essay on "The Diary of Madame D'Arblay," from which this passage is quoted, to personal animosity on the part of its writer, adds to, rather than diminishes, the zest with which it is read at this day. Croker had contributed to the *Quarterly* a review of the many volumes in which the author of *Evelina* preserved recollections of her father and of the greater part of her own life. In the course of it, he was at pains to enlarge upon a purely fictitious charge brought against Fanny Burney, obviously founded upon misapprehension. In the preface to *Evelina* it was stated that the narrative embodied the experiences of a maiden of seventeen. Out of this grew the story that the authoress had fraudulently attempted to mollify the possibly austere judgment of the public by representing herself as being of this interesting age.

It was a small matter of which Croker with characteristic malignant pettiness made much. Macaulay despised Croker with a touch of hatred that found its parallel in Disraeli's attitude towards the same prominent personage. In the *Edinburgh* he replied to Croker in the *Quarterly*. One can

imagine with what delight he on an early page worked in the following passage :—

> There was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish register of Lynn in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous action was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

In spite of sad memories connected with her sojourn at Court, Fanny Burney to the last preserved affectionate regard for the personage whom, to Macaulay's infinite scorn, she always alluded to as "the sweet Queen." When at last, almost literally worn to death, she reluctantly retired from the Court, Her Majesty bestowed upon what was left of her frail servitor a yearly pension of £100. When marriage with M. D'Arblay was conditionally arranged, Fanny in fear and trembling approached her royal mistress with humble supplication for consent. She seemed to have instinctive apprehension that the Sweet One, affecting disapproval, might seize the opportunity of relieving her purse of this charge. Her delight was unbounded when she was dismissed from the interview with a blessing and in continued enjoyment of her pitiful pension.

When *Camilla* was published, a period which marked the height of her popularity, her first impulse, diffidently carried out, was to lay at the feet of her old mistress and the King early copies of the book beautifully bound. During her reception in the Queen's dressing-room, the King, as usual, flustering round with irritating "What ?

what ?" entered, overwhelming her with questions for which he did not always await answers. One remark he made was sensible and to the point. Inquiring who had corrected the proofs of *Camilla*, the quivering author timidly answered, "Only myself." "Why," cried the King, genuinely delighted at last to have something sensible to say, "some authors have told me they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me besides that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work, and that the livelier the imagination the less it should be trusted to."

This remark is so shrewd and far-seeing that one is disposed to doubt whether King George actually hit upon it, or whether Fanny Burney, out of her great possessions, did not generously, perhaps unwittingly, attribute it to him. A short time ago I was privileged to address a company of Readers for the Press, gathered under the auspices of that excellent institution, the Printers' Pension Committee. I had not when I spoke re-read for the purposes of this article *Madame D'Arblay's Diary*, or I would have cited the passage as illuminating the priceless services of the printers' reader to the mere writer. Utilising *l'esprit d'escalier*, I quote it now.

There was an unexpectedly pleasing close to this revisiting of a familiar scene. Fanny Burney took with her two sets of *Camilla*, one for the King, the other for the Queen. On the following day, having been invited to dine with the successor of the terrible Madame Schwellenberg, the Queen's chief woman in attendance whilst poor Fanny was in slavery, a packet was put into her hands with

the intimation that it came from the Queen. On opening it, it was found to contain one-hundred guineas. It was really the King who should be credited with this pleasant surprise. After Fanny withdrew from the royal interview he bustled into the Queen's dressing-room, put fifty guineas into her hands with the remark, "This is for my set." The Queen could do nothing less than follow his example, and from this extraneous source the author of *Camilla* drew a sum far in excess of what the publishers had paid for *Evelina*.

From the first M. D'Arblay paid Fanny Burney attention exceeding in warmth the general reception that brightened her visits to Junipère. Early in their acquaintance he volunteered to correct her French pronunciation, a dangerous undertaking. In one of her letters home the pupil writes: "M. D'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness and ingenuous openness of nature I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman." Dr. Burney was not so warmly appreciative, for some time opposing the marriage. Nor did Macaulay when he came to deal with the bridegroom display enthusiastic regard. He sketches him in a sentence free from eulogy. "With M. de Narbonne," he writes, "was his friend and follower, General D'Arblay, an honourable and amiable man with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters."

A natural objection in the prudent father's eyes was absolute lack of means on the part of the proposed bridegroom. D'Arblay's particular friend in the community at Junipère was M. Narbonne,

who like the rest lost all his possessions in anarchy-ridden France. With a generosity that recalls the yet unborn Mr. Micawber in loftiest mood, he insisted on sharing with his friend what was left. "*Quoique ce soit,*" he said, with a limpid tear in his eye, "*nous le partagerons ensemble.*" As "whatever it be" was, to the common knowledge of the two, actually nothing at all, Fanny Burney commenced her married life with her royal pension of £100 a year as sole resource.

However, love in its new-born ecstasy laughs at contingent butcher's bills. On July 29, 1793, the French *émigré* and Fanny Burney were married at Mickleham Church. Mr. Leverton Harris, remembered in the House of Commons as Member for Stepney in one of the quick-change Parliaments that marked the mid career of Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, has collected and enshrined in his Surrey home on the skirts of Norbury Park a rich and rare collection of relics connected with the author of *Evelina.* Among them are the original marriage lines, to which are set the signatures of bride and bridegroom, attesting witnesses being Mr. Lock, the bountiful host of Norbury House, and James Burney, the bride's cousin. Her father, whilst unable to prevent the marriage, diplomatically absented himself from the ceremony.

The young couple began their married life in apartments in a farmhouse on the summit of Bagden Hill. Thence they moved to a somewhat larger cottage at Bookham. Finally, when *Camilla* proved a financial success, they built themselves a house on the outskirts of Norbury Park, known during their residence as "Camilla Cottage." From the first M. D'Arblay, conscious of inadequacy to

bear his fair share in the wherewithal for meeting the cost of the little household, developed a fearsome frenzy for gardening. Pursuit of the vocation involved him in delightfully ludicrous dilemmas. Writing under date April 1794 from the cottage at Bookham, the young wife says: "Think of our horticultural shock last week when Mrs. Bailey, our landlady, entreated him not to spoil her fruit trees—trees he had been pruning with his utmost skill and strength."

A picture of him drawn for the admiration of her father presents him "mowing down our hedge with his sabre with air and attitudes so military that had he been hewing down other legions than those he encountered—i.e. of spiders—he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous or have denuded an arm more mighty."

Neighbouring authorities, looking on with professional jealousy, were accustomed to point out that seeds had been sown where plants should have been bedded out, while plants were running to seed, the irrepressible D'Arblay looking on anxiously, wondering when they would come to maturity. He devoted many days' toil, from morn till eve, to planting strawberries round the garden hedge. When he learned that the plants would not bear fruit the first year, he realised the fact that his tenancy would terminate before that time.

Nothing daunted him. His prevailing passion was for transplanting.

> Everything we possess (his wife wrote) he moves from one end of the garden to the other, to produce better effects. Roses take the place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as space allows. Whether the effect may not be a general mortality, Summer only can determine.

There was a silver lining even to this cloud. For a whole week the indomitable D'Arblay day by day triumphantly marched in with a cabbage under each arm. "Oh, you've no idea how sweet they tasted," the entranced wife wrote to her doubting father. "We agreed they had a freshness and a *goût* we had never met with before." Bliss was short-lived. Towards the end of the week the cabbages began to pall on the palate. The devotees were even constrained to admit that like the buds hymned by Dr. Watts they had "a bitter taste." On mentioning this to a neighbour it was pointed out that for something like ten days the cabbages had been running to seed.

There came a time when, owing to a regrettable incident, the land had rest for many days. Towards noon, after a morning of furious transplanting, D'Arblay caught sight of a bucket of cold water standing by the pump. He straightway plunged his heated head in it, the shock bringing on dangerous illness that confined him to his room for some weeks. Taking his first walk abroad after convalescence, he observed a bed in the garden bristling with weeds of exceptional rankness. *Ciel!* Thus was advantage taken of his temporary withdrawal from the scene of his labours. Throwing off his coat, he picked up a spade and in less than an hour he had levelled the forest of weeds. Mentioning the feat with shy pride to a neighbour who also had a garden, he learned that he had dug up the only bed of asparagus.

Among other touches of vanished hands that crowd the Burney Parlour at Camilla Lacey is a water-colour sketch of the original cottage as it stood when the indomitable D'Arblay, elate at

sight of a new garden on which to practise his prized art, brought his bride to her third home. It was of modest dimensions, with the bare look of a house so new that ivy or other rambling green thing has not had time to creep up its walls. What remains of it, including the stuffy little parlour that bears the earliest tenant's name, is absorbed in the inner structure of the roomy mansion known to-day as Camilla Lacey.

Perhaps most precious amongst the miscellaneous relics closely connected with the life and labours of Fanny Burney are the manuscripts of her novels, *Evelina* and *Camilla*. They are jealously locked up in a mahogany case, through whose glass top the outer leaves of the musty yellow-toned, partly moth-eaten pages may be scanned. It is curious to note that in this original manuscript which served the purposes of the printer Fanny Burney's first novel is entitled *Eveline*, with the sub-title retained, *A Memoir of a Young Lady in a Series of Letters*. The story is written in now faded ink on both sides of quarto sheets. Being permitted to make closer inspection of them, one notes that whilst *Evelina* was fairly written out with comparatively few emendations, *Camilla* is scored heavily with corrections not always involving improvement. This tendency, marking painstaking effort to improve a style originally charming in its simplicity, ended, as we know, in the hopeless pedantry of literary manner that made almost unreadable her biography of her father.

By the manuscripts is stored a miniature of Fanny adorning the lid of a circular ivory and tortoiseshell snuff-box. Arrangement of the hair suggests the wearing of a wig. It was, of

course, merely the way in which ladies dressed their own hair in those far-off days. Another relic interesting as having been in the personal possession of Fanny Burney is a pincushion with her name embroidered on it. Among portraits on the walls are those of Horace Walpole, Garrick, Joshua Reynolds, Sheridan, and Talleyrand already referred to. Whether at her father's house or at Junipère, these folk with deathless names were Fanny's daily acquaintances.

In even closer intimacy was Mrs. Thrale, of whom there is a lively portrait. Towards the end of her long life Dr. Johnson's friend, become Mrs. Piozzi, went to reside in Bath, where she maintained something of her former social activity and much of her habitual hospitality. Close by the portrait hangs a framed card on which is written "Mrs. Piozzi requests the honor" (thus she spelt the word, discarding the "u" as they do in the United States to-day) "of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's company to a concert ball and supper at nine o'clock on Thursday evening, 27th of January next, at the Lower Rooms, Bath, being her eighty-eighth birthday."

The year was 1820. For a lady in her eighty-eighth year, concert, ball and supper formed a liberal programme.

The indefatigable D'Arblay, spade in hand, was early at work in the garden at Camilla Lacey. Among achievements of which there remain traces was a mound in the front garden on which he built a summer house. Mr. Leverton Harris tells me that digging about the mound this year there was found a Louis XVIth copper coin of the date 1792. Copper coins were the chief currency among the tenants of Junipère. Silver and gold they sorely lacked.

XXI

DOLLAR NOTES

VOYAGING from Liverpool to New York in the *Lucania*, a patriotic New Yorker, sniffing the air as we crossed the Banks of Newfoundland, enthusiastically said, "Ah, this air reminds me of home. It is like drinking champagne." It was a bleak day, and I thought the champagne was perhaps a little over-iced. That is a detail. It is only the new-comer or the citizen returning after long absence who fully appreciates the exhilarating air of New York. I do not specially mean in the neighbourhood of the Bowery, being more familiar with the up-town district. I arrived after a laborious London season and session. It is hard to say which is the more exhausting. Certainly the combination makes heavy calls on one's stamina. I was in the States on a sort of holiday, and, with design to keep up the dissimulation, went on a week's visit to a charming house in New Jersey, some fifteen miles outside New York. Immediate, irresistible, was the influence of the atmosphere and surroundings on the wearied Londoner.

I straightway got to work, accomplishing a morning's literary task with ease and swiftness unknown at Westminster. If I were engaged upon an important work involving close attention and sustained effort, I should emigrate to New York

PHIL MAY ON HORSEBACK, RIDING TO THE ——

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

[*See* PREFACE.

State, and find a quiet resting-place in New Jersey or Long Island. On my mentioning to Henry Irving (at the time playing at a Broadway theatre) the recreative influence of New York air, he said, "Yes, I feel it too. Only at first—only at first," he repeated with a far-away look, brushing his forehead with his hand as if Hamlet saw his mother dallying with the usurping king and wanted to sweep away the hateful vision.

It is probably true that the physical and mental effect of the magical atmosphere that environs New York is, like the influence of the champagne to which it has been likened, evanescent—may even, like an overdose of champagne, ultimately lead to headache. But there it is day and night, and to its influence I trace the peculiar characteristics of the New Yorker—his restlessness, his pushfulness, his inventiveness, and his energy. Presumably he sleeps sometimes. Like the weasel, it is uncommonly hard to happen upon him in that condition. Seen through the pure atmosphere of his homeland, all things loom large. His places of business affront the heavens to a height of twenty storeys. If he hankers after a palace for a homestead, he buys a block or so in the most highly rented quarter, pulls down the tenements, and builds his soul a lordly dwelling-house that shall be the envy of his friend and neighbour who last embarked on similar enterprise. If he is concerned in a particular line of trade, he does not rest till he has linked all competing firms in a gigantic Trust. If he is director of a railway, he rests nor night nor day till he has amalgamated other lines with his own. If incidentally he turns his attention upon hotel property, he creates and

magnificently furnishes an edifice capable of homing the population of an average hamlet. Having daily to traverse the length of Manhattan Island on business bent, he is not satisfied with the ordinary method of locomotion along street-levels. He flies by the Elevated Railway, races by the surface cars; and, there being no convenient waters under the earth affording means of locomotion, he has now builded himself an underground railway.

How is this pace kept up? Is the average life of the New Yorker as long as that of his brother in London, Dundee, Dunfermline, or other comparatively slow-going place? Envious English sisters, whilst admitting the prettiness and style of the American girl or the young matron, hint that it does not last. American women, they more than whisper, rapidly fade, becoming old, even haggard, before their time. Women will say anything about each other, more especially when there rolls between them the broad barrier of safety represented by the Atlantic. I shrink from recording observation on so delicate a subject. But if American women do not prematurely wear themselves out, their preservation of freshness is marvellous testimony to the durability of the material.

During the London season we have some *grandes dames*, young and—and otherwise, who slave through a long day with energy and tirelessness that shame the grumbling navvy with his eight hours day. There is nothing in London society equal to the tremendous efforts an American woman with a recognised position in society puts into a day's work.

New York society women—like St. Paul, I speak

as a fool—are more in evidence than their London sisters. More self-reliant they are, less dependent upon fathers and husbands. They pitch their voices higher in conversation. They are not so studious in the effort to obtain quiet effect in dress. They are not the rose, but they live near it. They are not men, but that is no reason why they should not wear men's hats, high collars, sailor-knots, horsy breastpins, gay waistcoats, and coats cut away into tails so as not to obscure well-rounded hips.

* * * * *

It was written by one of old time, "Good Americans when they die go to Paris." To-day, more especially during the Horse Show Week, fair American women will die if they don't go to the Waldorf Hotel. Living, as I chanced to do through the festive week, in that vast hostelry is wholesome discipline for mere man. What with bazaars in the morning, long lunches in a land where it seems always afternoon, five o'clock tea, dinner, the Horse Show, back to supper, and all the time the endless stream of elaborately apparelled women in morning or evening dress flooding the promenades, men, swept away to the smoke-room, the billiard-room, or draughty corners of the corridors, begin to understand their true position.

Making occasional commentary on the dearness of things in the United States, I was sometimes met by the rejoinder that Americans visiting London suffered similar experience. Special complaint was made of the charges at the hotels. If they exceed those imposed upon me in New

York, Washington, and above all Boston, American visitors to London have my sincere sympathy. Of the three towns it is only fair to say that whilst charges were pretty stiff at the Waldorf in New York and the Shoreham at Washington, one got something handsome in return. There were well-appointed bedrooms, with bath *en suite*, excellent cuisine, luxurious coffee-rooms, drawing-rooms, and smoke-rooms. At the Boston hotel boomed by unsophisticated Baedeker as a large and sumptuously equipped house, we paid for a dingy attic room without a bath only a dollar and a half less per day than we were charged for the perfection of accommodation at the avowedly costly Waldorf.

One extravagance common to all the hotels is grape fruit. The finest specimens offered in the streets at a charge of fivepence cost at the breakfast or dinner table half a crown. Another luxury a limited income permitted me to enjoy only once. Leaving my shoes out overnight to be cleaned, I found in my bill an item of thirty cents (one shilling and threepence) for the service. That imposition, as Dr. Johnson confessed when a lady asked him why he had spoken of a horse's pastern as its knee, was due to "Ignorance, Madam; pure ignorance." Americans dwelling in hotels don't put their shoes outside to be cleaned, nor do they to appreciable extent avail themselves of the shoots found in the bedrooms of some modern hotels which deliver the boots and shoes of guests in the bootblack's study. They walk out to the nearest stand, or to the lowest floor, where bootblacks hold their court, and get a shine at the minimum price of five cents.

Five cents is practically, for visitors at least,

the lowest coin current in the United States. There are cents, value one halfpenny, and there are even newspapers priced at that figure. Inspired by fraternal desire to further the prosperity of a newspaper, I bought in the streets of Washington a copy of the *New York Times*, a sheet which contains more matter than our London penny papers and is priced at a halfpenny. The boy gave me a copy of the paper. I gave him a nickel (twopence halfpenny), and waited for the change. I am still waiting. The same experience befell me in buying on a car a copy of the *World*, also priced one halfpenny. Bang went a nickel, the hurried newsvendor slaying me with a silent stare when I hesitatingly mentioned a difference of four cents presumably due to me. I suppose New Yorkers do not suffer this imposition, which, if universal, effectually spoils the game of enterprising proprietors who almost give their paper away in the race for big circulation. I speak only of what I know.

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One morning in New York I deposited a limited number of dollars in the hands of a lady addicted to lavish shopping in London, and begged her to go forth to a draper's shop and see what the coins would fetch. As we may live to see protective duties levied in this country, it seemed interesting to ascertain how housekeepers in New York fare when they want small supplies of haberdashery and the like. The establishment chosen for the experiment was a colossal building known all over the States for its bold advertisements of the exceptional cheapness of its wares. My emissary returned with a scared countenance and an exceedingly limited

assortment of tapes, ribbons, shoe-laces, hair-pins, and one tooth-brush. But she had no dollars and very few cents. In no case were her small purchases completed on a scale less than double London charges, whilst in some instances affecting the commonest necessaries of household existence the price was three times what would be charged in a similar establishment in London. She reported that the place was crowded with customers, a circumstance which indicated that the claim of comparative cheapness was admitted by the class best qualified to know the facts.

These are the experiences of a flying visit. The resident American to the manner born bears the burden uncomplainingly. It is nothing compared with others of serious import—house-rent and servants' wages, to wit. High rents are the inevitable corollary of the geographical position of New York. Built as it is on a narrow tongue of land running out to the sea, the area of building sites is arbitrarily circumscribed. In London, Paris, and other great capitals a growing population may swarm out in search of residences over a circle indefinitely enlarged. God made Manhattan Island, and man, even the New Yorker, cannot laterally extend its building sites. The difficulty is met in characteristic manner. As there is no room, save at prohibitive cost, to spread out on the surface, American builders soar upwards towards the heavens. Happily no ground-rent is leviable upon altitude. Accordingly business premises, tenements, offices, are built from twelve to twenty storeys high, with innumerable lifts, some going right away to loftiest heights without stopping, others of the Parliamentary train order, stopping at every station.

For well-to-do gentlemen like Mr. Carnegie, who bought on Fifth Avenue several blocks of tenements, razed them to the ground, and built his soul a lordly mansion-house, it is possible to live in comfort up-town. Down-town huge blocks of buildings like the monstrosity known as the Flat Iron rear their loveless heads to the height of twenty-one storeys. For the professional man in a small way of business, the city clerk, or the shopkeeper's assistant the struggle for life in lodgings is grievous. In London citizens of this class can find within easy approach to their place of business snug little houses, often with Lilliputian gardens, at rentals varying from twenty pounds to thirty pounds a year. There is no such domestic elysium for Brixton's brother or Camberwell's cousin living in New York.

One of the products of the United States which, as a journalist, naturally attracted my attention, was their newspapers. We in England have diurnal sheets that rank under the generic name. Alike in appearance and contents, they are wide as the Atlantic asunder. I am afraid New York babes and sucklings, nurtured on the *Herald*, weaned on the *World*, would turn up their little noses in bored disgust at our staider journals. Some years ago an exceedingly shrewd Londoner conceived the idea of grafting on the mother-tree of English journalism a slip of American growth, selling the result at a halfpenny a specimen. It chanced that on the day the first number of the *Daily Mail* was issued, I travelled to town with the editor of one of the oldest, at the time the most prosperous, of metropolitan penny morning journals. He looked over the little sheet with the eye of an

expert. "It will never pay," he said. "It can't be done on these lines at this price."

To-day the halfpenny paper thus summarily dismissed trumpets uncontroverted assertion that its circulation is five times greater than that of any other London morning paper sold at a penny. It is no secret that its profits exceed the dreams of avarice realised by a London brewer in Dr. Johnson's time.

The difference in the point of view of the editor of a leading English paper and that of his American *confrère* is strongly marked. The Englishman lays himself out to provide his readers with substantial fare, something analogous to a round of beef or a saddle of mutton. The American purveying for his customers gives them for daily bread an equivalent to what on bills of fare written in French are called *entrées*, the course immediately succeeded by piquant savouries. Even in these days, when an enterprising outsider going down to the pool of the English journalistic Siloam has effectively troubled its waters, the leading British papers of the old school religiously report Parliamentary proceedings, furnish lengthy law reports, and will sometimes give up a whole page to a tasty police-court case. These undertakings deal, more or less successfully, with matters of fact. If hard fate condemns a New York city editor—and city editor, by the way, means something quite different across the water from its accepted meaning with us—to deal with mere facts, he likes to see them served up with a garnish of fiction.

One day I happened to look in at the office of a great New York morning paper. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I found the city

editor in a state approaching coma. Though worn out, he was triumphant. At noon news reached the office that a member of a millionaire family had become engaged to a young lady occupied during the day in dispensing ham and beef to a discriminating throng of customers in a non-fashionable quarter of New York. In his versified account of the forgathering of Werther and Charlotte, Thackeray asks and answers:

> Would you know how first he met her?
> She was cutting bread and butter.

That is all very well in poetry. Regarded from the point of view of a millionaire meditating matrimony, it is quite a different thing for the damsel to be found intent on cutting ham and beef designed as the basis of a ten-cent sandwich. For the city editor the situation was made more alluring by the fact, much to the fore at the time, that a kinswoman of the millionaire was about to build up at the matrimonial altar the fortunes of an indigent English duke.

Rumour of the engagement over the counter of the ham-and-beef shop, as I have mentioned, found currency at noon. Four hours later the city editor, with pardonable pride, whose expression was checked by international courtesy, handed me a special issue of his paper containing at column's length a minute history of the case, illuminated by portraits of the bridegroom-elect, the ham-and-beef girl, the father (in an apron with carving-knife in hand), and the hapless British duke who was soon to be connected with the family by marriage ties. The whole thing turned out to be a hoax. It was perhaps not altogether vain imagining of an astute

tradesman desirous of extending an already prosperous sandwich business. What of that? It made opportunity for successive special editions on a Tuesday. On Wednesday came the contradiction with fresh portraits, and for two following days the paper was filled with thrilling accounts of the adventures of "our special detective" on the track of the impostor who, frequenting the ham-and-beef shop, had, according to the revised version put forth from that hive of industry, impersonated the millionaire.

This is an episode in the birth and career of the ordinary daily issue of a New York paper. What shall be said for the Sunday paper on sale at break of day in all the great cities of the States? As Macaulay wrote when he took in hand Dr. Nares's *Burleigh and his Times*, it filled me with astonishment similar to that which possessed the mind of Captain Lemuel Gulliver when first he landed in Brobdingnag and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, wrens of the bulk of turkeys. Macaulay, by way of conveying impression of the ponderosity of the three volumes, weighed and measured them, and found they contained two thousand closely printed pages, occupied fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighed sixty pounds avoirdupois. Taking a hint from the petulant reviewer, I weighed and measured the ninety-six huge pages of my Sunday paper. It held down one scale with a pound and a quarter avoirdupois weight in the other. Spread out, its sheets would make a track down Fleet Street forty-eight yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide. Full of interesting matter, every page a picture-gallery, how welcome it would have been

in the household of Noah during the dull days and long evenings of their cruise in the Ark!

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The leading New York Sunday papers spread all over the States, in due time reaching the uttermost ends of a continent whose shores are girdled by two oceans. But every town of moderate size, in addition to several morning papers, has its Sunday papers, more or less successfully mimicking the enterprise of the giants in New York.

In general character and point of view a popular American daily and its staider British contemporary are wide as the poles asunder. The American is morbidly feminine in his curiosity about the private doings of his neighbours. This passion his favourite journal spares neither money nor labour in ministering to.

Interviewing prominent people, whether citizens or visitors, is a practice of late years grafted on British journalism. The American papers have worked it into the position of an exact science. Personalities which a British journal, if it printed them at all, would present in bald paragraph form, are in a New York paper extended over a column by means of hysterical headlines. Space is obtained by the sacrifice of reports of Parliamentary proceedings, of the speeches of public men, of law reports, and of other weighty matters in which the austere heart of the British sub-editor delights.

British journalists are occasionally inclined, with pharisaical pride, to plume themselves on keeping their papers clear of the sort of journalistic free

lunch, served with strong drink, at the bars of what are called "the yellow journals." There is, however, one respect in which the standard of purity is higher in New York than it is in London. In *causes célèbres* involving charges of immorality, while the most reputable British journals give full reports, some, in fact, supplying a record almost verbatim, the yellowest of New York journals, so far from following that course, studiously omits from its narrative of current events reference to matters not talked about in the presence of ladies. Short of that, it will with frenzied haste and fervid imagination (the latter not infrequently supplying the facts) work up the details of personal and private matters its London contemporaries would not barely record.

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Wandering about the streets of New York and Boston, I was struck by the purposeful pushfulness of the teeming throng. While still a small boy, Benjamin Franklin, resenting waste of time involved in the paternal pious habit of invoking divine blessing every morning over the breakfast delicacies, startled his father by suggesting that it would save time to "say grace once for all over the whole barrel of red herrings." This business-like proposal, casually passed over the breakfast-table, strikes a leading note in the character of Benjamin Franklin's countryman to-day. Whatever he is doing, whithersoever he is going, he, to quote the vernacular, wants to get there right away, by the shortest route, with the least possible expenditure of time. A natural consequence of this determination to reach a particular goal whosoever may be

in the way is a certain brusqueness of speech and manner. In social intercourse the bearing of an American towards guests, especially those from across the sea, is even warmer in its kindness, more unwearying in its consideration, than is customary in England. But in the streets, at railway stations, and in the domestic service of hotels there is an off-hand manner that startles the timid Britisher.

I heard a story, not absolutely apocryphal, of an Englishman who landed in New York on a Saturday bursting into the room of an hotel companion on Sunday morning with enquiry whether there was a homeward-bound steamer sailing next day. Battered, browbeaten, bewildered, he had in eight hours seen enough of New York. What had happened was that, being an amiable creature of gossiping tendency, accustomed to the leisurely consideration of friends and neighbours in a country town, he had gone about the streets asking busy people all kinds of irrelevant questions. By comparison with the New Yorker on business bent stopped by a stranger with fumbling enquiry the Wedding Guest buttonholed by the Ancient Mariner was a tractable person. What with policemen struggling with traffic in Broadway; what with stopping the wrong surface car, confidently getting in, and on discovering that it was going down town, he wanting to go up, insisting upon getting out; what with blocking the stairway of the elevated railroad, and when he was half-way up insisting upon turning back and stemming the turbulent tide of home-seekers, the idea having struck him that this wasn't the line he sought—the hapless man concluded he had seen enough of

New York, and yearned for the peace and comfort of home.

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At the time of my visit New York was on the eve of one of the most momentous struggles in its modern history. Two years earlier the outraged citizens, long prostrate under the heel of Tammany, rose in righteous wrath and dislodged the tyrant. A new class of men, of a character unknown in office as far as memory of the present generation ran, were substituted. They devoted themselves with conspicuous success to the task of clearing out the Augean stable of corruption. It was fondly thought that, after this utter rout, and the forced retirement of some of Tammany's favourite sons into the seclusion of the State prison, nothing more would be heard of that singular organisation. But Tammany had its roots deeply set in a stratum of human cupidity. In the palmy days of Boss Tweed every man who wanted money and was indisposed to earn it by honest labour looked to Tammany to supply it. The fundamental principle of the brotherhood enriched the American language with a new word. It is spelled "graft." No one can trace its derivation or its authorship. Its meaning is, however, incontestably clear. It describes money, more or less secretly, always feloniously, transferred from public revenues to private pouches.

Old retainers having suffered the bitter experience of two years' deprivation of a regularised supply of "graft," Tammany was, with their assistance, making a desperate effort to recapture the citadel of local government. At the approach of the

election of mayor and other civil officers controlling revenues amounting to thirteen million sterling a year, the discharge of their duties affecting the health, comfort, and prosperity of three and a half millions of people, Tammany,

> Like a tall bully
> Lifted its head and

clutched at power. The fight was essentially a matter of dollars. To bring back the good old times when Boss Tweed, and, later, Mr. Croker, unloosed the purse-strings, was a consummation worth staking money on. Tammany's coffers were, accordingly, overflowing.

There is nothing sentimental about Tammany's dealing with current problems. It is essentially a business corporation. Every man who hoped to share the spoil was required to subscribe to the war-chest in proportion to his expectations. It was reported that a certain body of contractors who found the strict supervision of the retiring civic government embarrassing, planked down £10,000 to turn them out. This was supplemented by a similar sum levied upon another contractor, who thought it a reasonable price to pay for the return to power of more generous patrons. A polluted cave of Adullam, everyone that was in financial distress, everyone that was in debt, everyone that was discontented, and all who objected to the inquisitiveness of civic law as administered by the outgoing council, rallied round Tammany. With cash if they had it, with personal service if they were penniless, they fought for their ancient benefactor.

On the other side were ranged the decent citizens,

who formed themselves into ward associations and laboured day and night to deliver the city from the threatened curse. Women figured largely under this flag, subscribing to the campaign fund and canvassing for the anti-Tammany candidates. Nominally Tammany is, in politics, counted for the Democrats. It was founded with the mission of directing the affairs of the Democratic Party, as, once upon a time, the Birmingham Caucus proposed to rule the Liberal host. The gravity of the situation was testified to by the fact that the better class of Democrats, sinking political differences, made common cause with the Republicans in the effort to prevent the resurrection of Tammany.

Pending the election, New York was in a condition of seething excitement. Multitudinous meetings were held every night, not only in public buildings, but in the open thoroughfares. I drove on a motor-car over an area of the city covering its most populous tracks. The crowded streets buzzed with excitement. Americans enter upon an electoral contest with even exaggeration of that thoroughness and attention to details that mark their ordinary business transactions. One device, unknown in English municipal or Parliamentary contests, is the display of huge white sheets spread on the footpath. On these, through the agency of gigantic magic-lanterns, reflections on the personal character of opposing candidates are literally cast. Another expedient, much in favour with Tammany, is the equipment of greengrocers' carts and the like as peripatetic platforms. These are crowded with men, including a fair sprinkling of boys, who hold forth at street-corners.

The cosmopolitan character of the constituency

was illustrated by the fact that in one street I heard a man shouting in German, while a little farther on a blear-eyed boy addressed his fellow-countrymen in what, I was told, was the Yiddish tongue. On neither side did the candidates spare themselves. Motor-cars filled an important part in the armament of the campaign. Rival candidates flashed by each other, going east or west to keep appointments at distant public halls. If *en route* they happed upon a moderate-sized crowd, they pulled up and improved the occasion. On the whole, though language was not restrained, the proceedings were orderly.

The pulpit joined the platform in the fray. On the Sunday preceding the poll the election was the topic in many churches. Looking in at Madison Square Presbyterian Church, drawn by the fame of a popular preacher, I was privileged to make a note of the following breezy passage delivered from the pulpit by the esteemed pastor: "Considered as an institution, Tammany, capitalising itself by theft, fortifying itself by perjury, wallowing in uncleanness, maintaining a propaganda of lust, growing fat on the debauched innocence of women, is the devil's own, morally fragrant with the mephitic odours of his sulphurous kingdom." In due time the congregation, who were evidently not in the pay of Tammany, dispersed, with the pleased consciousness that they had assisted at an uplifting discourse.

Analogous things were said with circumstance about individuals in the hostile camp, till the stranger wondered whether the law of libel is operative in the United States. At a public meeting the Mayor of New York, round whose

chair the battle raged, talking about the distribution of patronage by Tammany, stated that a man appointed at a fat salary as inspector of sewers was blind. Tammany's response was apt and cynical. The nominee, it was pointed out, could use his nose, which, in the particular business committed to his charge, would be quite as useful as eyes.

To one familiar with election riots in England, not to mention Ireland, it seems inevitable that angry passions running thus high must lead to outbreaks of public disorder. Nothing serious in that way happened. I suppose those directly concerned have grown accustomed to this kind of verbal assault, content to repay in kind. During the closing days of the contest I happened to be the guest of one of America's most famous public speakers, a man who played on the passion or the humour of a crowded audience with the deftness and certainty of a great musician seated in the organ loft. On the breakfast-table, among piles of morning papers, were those of the side opposite to that championed by my host. Looking through them, I found him accused of almost every crime short of murder, and, at least on one occasion, that was hinted at. My impulse was to secrete the journals lest he should suffer pain. He glanced over them with a smile in which there was more of amusement than contempt.

To describe in detail how a public man has, through devious courses, dipped his hand into the civic purse, is in New York during the week of contest for civic supremacy merely a *façon de parler*. To call a fellow-citizen a perjurer and a thief is but a form of American humour. No one

seemed a penny the worse, nor did the person attacked take any pains to correct possible misapprehension. He was content with the retort, "You're another," pleased if he could sharpen its blunted edge by advancing an even graver countercharge.

After all, Tammany won, sweeping the polls with a majority of 70,000 votes. This crushing victory was all the more striking since, with one insignificant exception, the whole Press of New York were united against the gang. Morning after morning millions of readers had held up before them the iniquity of Tammany, its shameful history through half a century, and the duty of every decent citizen to sit on its tombstone and prevent its resurrection.

The name of Tammany is familiar throughout Great Britain. But for most of us, its birth, like that of Jeames, is "wropt in myst'ry." By diligent enquiry I discovered that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the other side they found in possession of the Delaware Indians some desirable land. William Penn bought it from a chief whom the tribe revered by the name of Tammany, which being translated means "The Affable." More than a century ago a political organisation founded in New York made the Delaware's name its own. To this day Tammany observes some of the aboriginal ritual and boasts a governing council of Sachems. Their proceedings are secret, but their influence, subtly spread, has at successive epochs been autocratic. It operates through a highly organised system of local clubs and district associations. By these means, under Tweed's direction, it obtained possession of every important office,

every avenue of public employment, in the city of New York.

* * * * *

As one long accustomed to procedure in the House of Commons, what struck me chiefly as a spectator of the opening of a session of Congress at Washington was its note of simple, severe business intention. The inauguration of a session in the House of Commons, more especially when its first action is the election of a Speaker, is marked by a ceremony whose formulæ go back to Stuart times. If the candidate for the Chair be not opposed, and he rarely is, his election is moved from the ministerial side by a private Member of high personal standing, the resolution being seconded by a Member of the Opposition of equal repute. Stately speeches are made, extolling the virtues and capacity of the candidate. The election carried, whether by unanimous vote or after a division, the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition make further high-toned speeches, the latter, though defeated, rivalling the spokesman of the Ministerialists in his courtesy and submission to the new Speaker.

As between Congress and the House of Commons during the process of electing a Speaker, there is one thing in common. During the temporary non-existence of a presiding official the Clerk of the House directs preliminary affairs. But, while the Clerk of Commons is not permitted to open his mouth, dumbly indicating by outstretched hand the Members designated to move and second the resolution nominating the Speaker, the Clerk in Congress is even voluble in his remarks.

The names of two candidates being submitted, a division followed, the procedure at Washington differing wholly from that at Westminster. The Clerk read out the names of Members inscribed on the roll of Congress, and each responded with a cry of the name of the man he delighted to honour. Another clerk seated at the table ticked off the vote. The separate columns added up gave a majority of thirty-two in a House of 364 Members. In the House of Commons this would be reckoned a moderately small muster. But the division occupied twenty minutes, a point of time that compares unfavourably with practice at Westminster, especially since Mr. Lulu Harcourt's reform came into operation.

Thus elected, the Speaker was brought in, escorted by the oldest Member of Congress, on whose arm he leaned. He took his seat in the uncanopied Chair with as little ceremony as if the action were preliminary to having luncheon spread on the table before him. Not for him the butterfly state of the Speaker of the House of Commons, arrayed in black silk gown and full-bottomed wig, silken stockings shining over shapely calves below knee-breeches, with silver buckles set on Oxford shoes. The suit the Speaker donned when yesterday he went about his business as a private citizen he wore in the Chair when presiding over business in Congress, and, subject to careful brushing, will wear it every day he is called upon to perform his lofty duties.

To one who has long lived in the House of Commons, has known and reverenced four of our greatest Speakers, there was something furtively pleasing in hearing the Speaker of the fifty-

eighth Congress of the United States invariably alluded to in conversation as "Uncle Joe." The well-conditioned mind shrinks from the thought of allusion to Mr. Speaker Peel during his term of office as "Uncle Fred," to Mr. Gully as "Uncle Bill," or to the present occupant of the Chair as "Uncle Jim." In Washington, alike in conversation and newspaper gossip, Mr. Cannon, Member for Illinois, was ever "Uncle Joe," and no change in the friendly custom was made because he had grown to the dignity of the Speakership.

Having been sworn in, Uncle Joe took to the Chair as a duck takes to water. At the outset he had a little difficulty with his spectacles. An old Parliamentary hand, accustomed to display the fluency of speech which comes to Americans by nature, the occasion was one on which he felt it more proper to commit the expression of his thoughts to paper. As a preliminary to reading, he fixed on his nose a pair of glasses that had long seen service while he was still a private Member. But they would not work. After a moment's struggle, watched with keen interest by the crowded House, he dived into the recesses of his breast-pocket and fished forth another pair. These apparently bore the Speaker's mark. Anyhow, they served. In a voice a trifle tremulous, he read a dignified speech, as warmly applauded on the Democratic benches as it was by the Republican majority. Having finished his reading, the Speaker in quite another tone, reminiscent of the New York surface car man's "Step lively!" said, "I am ready to take the oath of office."

Here, again, broad difference was marked between procedure in the two legislative Chambers. The

swearing-in of a new House of Commons occupies nearly a week of the Session. Rows of tables are set out on the floor; three or four Members grasp a copy of the Bible; others struggle for place at the table; the Clerk reads the prescribed oath; Members kiss the Book; and thus groups of ten or fifteen are worked off with more or less despatch. In Congress swearing in is a simpler and, I am bound to say, a more decently accomplished performance. As in the Commons, the Speaker is first sworn in. Uncle Joe, rising from his chair, uplifted his right hand while the oldest Member, standing well out on the carpeted space before him, recited the terms of the oath. There was no repetition of the words, no kissing of a book. The uplifted hand signified acquiescence. The Speaker sworn in, the roll of Congress was again called over. As many as could gather in the space before the Chair mustered there, stood with hands uplifted while the oath was read, and disappeared to make room for another batch. It was all over in half an hour, and the business of the session already in progress.

The voting in the case of the election of the Speaker is known as vote by roll. There is another process, being vote by counting heads. To a stranger the former was wearisome; the latter was slovenly, inviting error. There is no walking through division lobbies with elaborate preparation for ticking off the names of Members as they pass through a wicket. In Congress the Speaker does the counting. To see Uncle Joe standing by his chair determinedly clutching by the head the hammer with which he calls for order, while he points the handle individually at some three

hundred and fifty fathers of families, is fatally suggestive of the sufferer from insomnia who from his sleepless pillow tries to count how many supposititious sheep are passing through an imaginary field gate. Obviously, on a close division upon a possibly critical issue, such a method of counting votes is dangerously lax.

Looking down from the Diplomatic Gallery on the crowded benches, and comparing the bustling scene with the more familiar one at Westminster, I noticed a marked difference in the general aspect. The average age of Congress men is considerably less than that of Members of the House of Commons, lowered though it was by the influx of new Members consequent on the General Election of 1905. With us Parliamentary life is, in the main, the goal of long labour in the commerical and professional mart. We have a sprinkling of dukes' sons and the like who enter the House because their fathers were there before them, and it is still the proper thing to do. But the majority is composed of men who have spent their best years in other fields of labour. Having made their mark and their fortune, they feel they can afford to add to their affluence the stamp of M.P., which, socially and otherwise, is of substantial value. Congress men mustered at Washington gave a foreign observer the impression that they were fully engaged in business outside the Capitol, and had "taken on" Congress as a sort of relaxation from the daily round of private affairs.

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